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WEEK ENDING JUNE 26, 1926

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A Weekly for the Whole Family

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DONALD DENTON

How many wives discuss these intimate matters with their husbands?

NOT so long ago the majority of women were afflicted with a self-consciousness which prevented a frank discussion of personal subjects. Now this state of affairs has been replaced by a more fearless attitude. The motto of the younger married woman of today seems to be "Knowledge itself cannot harm me."

The barriers of ignorance have been broken down. To be up-to-date in the subject of feminine hygiene, for instance, is no longer a mark of worldliness. It is a mark of common sense.

In fact, the health of the race is so much a part of this question that it is not surprising to find doctors and nurses up in arms against the use of poisonous antiseptics so prevalent for this purpose in the past.

Perfect frankness desirable

The use of these poisons goes beyond the mere personal danger. It has become a family concern, almost a public menace. Every responsible married citizen, whether man or woman, owes it to his or her family welfare to investigate personally this matter of poisonous antiseptics. Between husband and wife perfect frankness and confidence should be established, because there are many facts bearing on this subject which a man can more easily check up. Any husband or brother who saw service in Europe will tell you about the Great War antiseptic which superseded the poisonous carbolic acid and bichloride of mercury in the hospitals of the Allied Armies. Now this same antiseptic under the name of *Zonite* is superseding these poisons in the practice of feminine hygiene in American homes.

New discovery banishes poisoning risk

As every doctor knows, most compounds of cresol and phenol (carbolic acid) contain soapy ingredients to reduce the caustic, burning effect, but nevertheless they remain corrosive in their action. Their use by women frequently results in areas of scar-tissue and eventual hardening of delicate membranes.

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However, the Women's Division has issued a special booklet for the use and convenience of women. The information it contains about modern feminine hygiene is concise and authentic. It is a booklet every mother will want to give her daughter—a booklet every wife should have. Send for it. Read it. Pass it along to others. Zonite Products Company, Postum Building, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

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291 Jumping Frog, and Other Tales
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663 Journalism in Tennessee
668 Humorous Fables
930 An Idle Excursion
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108 The Fall of the House of Usher
162 The Murders in the Rue Morgue
186 How I Wrote "The Raven"
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289 Diary of Samuel Pepys
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664 Wilde's Letters to Sarah Bernhardt
735 Confessions of St. Augustine
867 Cicero as Revealed in His Letters
888 Memoirs of Madame de Stael
201 Intimate Conversations. Goethe

COMPARATIVE RELIGIONS

132 Beliefs of the Major Religions
61 What Is Religion? Leo Tolstoy
218 The Essence of the Talmud
325 The Essence of Buddhism
412 Mahomet: Founder of Arab Faith
428 The Essence of the Koran
471 The Essence of Confucianism
684 Essence of Judaism. Rabbi Jung
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170 A History of the Ancient Church
67 A History of the Medieval Church
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851 Sources of Bible Myths and Legends
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66 Crimes of the Borgias. Dumas
139 Crimes Against Criminals. Ingersoll
149 Historic Crimes and Criminals
819 A Book of Strange Murders
942 Two Great Detective Stories

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72 Color of Life. Haldeman-Julius
220 Merry England in Shakespeare's Time. Finger
328 London Life in Addison's Time
563 New Light on Prehistoric Cultures
605 The Indians of the Pueblos
756 The Story of the Sioux Indians
755 Five Civilized American Tribes
754 History of the New York Indians
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899 Rome Seen by Tacitus and Juvenal
934 Realism in Literature and Art
965 Life Philosophies of Literary Masters. Arthur Symons
660 My Brother Paul. Dreiser

DEBATES

43 Marriage vs. Divorce. Greely-Owen
122 Spiritualism. Doyle-McCabe
129 Rome or Reason? Ingersoll-Manning
130 Christianity. Ingersoll-Gladstone
171 Meaning of Life. Harris-Ward
206 Socialism. Seligman-Nearing
208 Birth Control. Sanger-Russell
234 McNeal-Sinclair on Socialism
341 Famous Lincoln-Douglas Debate
652 K-K-K Destructive? Evans-Zangwill
762 Optimism or Pessimism? Frank-Ward
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910 Is Life Worth Living? Darrow-Starr
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17 The Joys of Walking. Thoreau
63 The Practical Value of Poetry
153 Chinese Philosophy of Life
195 Thoughts on Nature. Thoreau
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37 Dream of John Ball. Wm. Morris
352 Tales of 13th Century. Morris
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232 The Three Strangers. Thos. Hardy
182 Daisy Miller. Henry James
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38 Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
279 Will o' the Mill, and Markheim
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462 Everyman: A Morality Play
572 The Beggar's Opera. John Gay
619 Tragical Dr. Faustus. Marlowe
308 She Stoops to Conquer. Goldsmith

William Shakespeare

246 Hamlet
247 Macbeth
263 King John
255 King Lear
248 King Henry V
249 Julius Caesar
240 The Tempest
243 Twelfth Night
68 The Sonnets
816 Popular Shakespearian Quotations
241 Merry Wives of Windsor
245 Measure for Measure
250 Romeo and Juliet
264 Richard III
265 Richard II
253 Henry VIII
257 Henry IV (1)
258 Henry IV (2)
259 Henry VI (1)
260 Henry VI (2)
261 Henry VI (3)
267 Pericles
254 Taming of the Shrew
252 Othello, the Moor of Venice
262 Comedy of Errors
256 Venus and Adonis (Poem)
268 Merchant of Venice
242 As You Like It
244 Much Ado About Nothing
251 Midsummer Night's Dream
528 The Genius of Shakespeare
266 Shakespeare's Life and Plays

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876 Curiosities of Mathematics

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467 Evolution Made Plain. Mason
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568 Darwin and Evolution. Fenton
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71 Poems of Evolution. (Anthology)

EXPLANATIONS OF LIFE

165 Discovery of the Future. Wells
48 Truth, and Other Essays. Bacon
649 A Defense of Cosmetics. Beerbohm
534 Studies in Mystic Materialism
60 Compensation and Friendship
542 Power and Behavior. Emerson
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31 Pelleas and Melisande. Maeterlinck
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237 Poems in Prose. Charles Baudelaire
406 The Pierrot of the Minute. Dowson
595 The Happy Hypocrite. Beerbohm
766 Gallant Cassian (A Puppet Play)
1019 Bluebeard and His Eight Wives

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407 Hints on Farming
430 Poultry for Profit
480 Hints on Animal Husbandry
484 Hints on Raising Farm Crops
486 Hints on Soils and Fertilizers
860 Our Insect Enemies
805 Beekeeping for Profit

FRENCH FICTION

314 Stories of French Life
319 Comtesse de Saint-Geran. Dumas
15 Atheist's Mass, etc. Balzac
143 Time of Terror, etc. Balzac
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229 Ridiculous Women. Moliere
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134 The Misanthrope. Moliere
99 Tartuffe. Moliere
379 The King Enjoys Himself. Hugo

HEALTH AND HYGIENE

93 How to Live 100 Years. Cornaro
167 Plutarch's Rules of Health
648 Rejuvenation: Fountain of Youth
688 Teeth and Mouth Hygiene
761 Food and Diet. Carrington
794 "Patent Medicine" and Public Health
136 Childhood Diseases. Dr. Weaver
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690 Man's Sexual Life. Fielding
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214 Speeches of Abraham Lincoln
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564 Volney's Ruins of Empires

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802 Contemporary European Philosophers: Bergson, Croce, Russell
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27 The Last Days of a Condemned Man

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18 Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow
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70 Roast Pig, and Other Essays. Lamb
90 The Mikado. W. S. Gilbert
187 Whistler's Humor
193 Wit and Wisdom of Charles Lamb
205 Artemus Ward, His Book
368 To California and Back. Ward
369 Artemus Ward's Travels
382 Humor and Wisdom of Lincoln
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807 African Negro Folk Tales
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989 Hunting of the Snark. Carroll

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98 How to Love. Clement Wood
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988 The Art of Courtship. Wood
29 Dreams: Short Stories. Schreiner
84 Love Letters of a Portuguese Nun
87 Love: An Essay. Montaigne
89 Love Letters of Genius
123 Mme. Du Barry: A King's Mistress
175 A Hindu Book of Love
203 The Love Right of Women. Ellis
285 Euphorian in Texas. An Amour
294 Sonnets from the Portuguese
296 Lyric Love. Robert Browning
355 Aucassin and Nicolete: Lovers
665 Love Letters of Bernhardt to Sardou
676 Bernhardt's Love Letters to Berton
675 Bernhardt's Philosophy of Love
747 Duse's Love Affair with D'Annunzio
712 Shelley and the Women He Loved
713 Byron and the Women He Loved
975 Cleopatra and Her Loves
976 Casanova and the Women He Loved
977 Pope Alexander VI and His Loves
780 The Blessed Damozel. Rossetti
781 The House of Life. Rossetti
791 Poems and Ballads. Swinburne
792 The Triumph of Time. Swinburne
871 Love Letters of Abelard and Heloise
909 Amorous Tales of the Monks
929 Maxims of Love. Stendhal
963 A Book of French Love Artists
846 Love Sonnets of an Artist. Ficke
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832 Life and Poems of Catullus
841 Italian Lyric Poetry
896 Augustan Poets of Rome
164 Sonnets of Michelangelo
881 Areopagitica. John Milton

MODERN DRAMAS

131 Redemption. Leo Tolstoy
226 The Anti-Semites. Schnitzler
335 Land of Heart's Desire. Yeats
337 Pippa Passes. Robt. Browning
371 Empedocles on Etna. Arnold
383 The Creditor. Strindberg
384 Four One-Act Plays. Strindberg
416 God of Vengeance. Asch
396 Embers. E. and M. Haldeman-Julius
539 None Beneath the King. Zorrilla
378 Maid of Orleans. Samuels

Henrik Ibsen

154 Epigrams
302 Wild Duck
303 Rosmersholm
353 Doll's House
80 Pillars of Society
16 Ghosts
295 Master Builder
354 League of Youth
350 Hedda Gabler
436 Life of Ibsen

MUSIC

859 Enjoyment of Music. Goldberg
984 Harmony Self Taught. Goldberg
476 The Gilbert and Sullivan Operas
403 A History of Music. Sheehan
410 Substance of Die Walkuere
440 Substance of Cavalleria Rusticana
441 The Buffoon—I Pagliacci
455 Substance of Richard Strauss' Salome
456 Substance of Carmen
457 Substance of Lohengrin
458 Substance of Tannhauser
459 Substance of Das Rheingold
494 Substance of Siegfried
495 Substance of Rigoletto
569 Substance of Gotterdammerung
507 Richard Wagner: An Introduction

OPTIMISTIC PHILOSOPHY

76 The Prince of Peace. Bryan
101 Meditations on Man. Blaise Pascal
111-112 Words of Jesus. Vedder
212 Precepts of Life and Character
278 Friendship. Thoreau
414 Art of Happiness. Powys
593 As a Man Thinketh. James Allen
636 Greatest Thing in the World
637 Common Sense Sermons. Drummond
737 Thoughts on the Meaning of Life
848 Poems About Jesus
532 Essays About Jesus
533 Essays About the Friends of Jesus

PERSONALITIES

5 Samuel Johnson: Blustering Philosopher. Lord Macaulay
10 Shelley: Idealistic Dreamer
22 Tolstoy: Russian Novelist. Garnett
51 Martyrdom of Bruno. Turnbull
69 Mary, Queen of Scots. Dumas
718 Great Women of Antiquity. Wood
223 Swinburne, Voluptuous Poet
288 Chesterfield and Rabelais
128 Julius Caesar's Amazing Career
269 Bernard Shaw: Modern Don Quixote, with Other Contemporary Portraits. Frank Harris
270 George Moore and Jesus. Harris
271 Lloyd George, H. G. Wells, Clemenceau and Others. Harris
272 Contemporary Portraits of English Knights of the Pen. Harris
287 Whistler: Famed Brush and Tongue
305 Merciless Machiavelli. Macaulay
312 Laurence Sterne: "English Rabelais"
323 Joan of Arc: Martyr Maid of France
324 Life of Abraham Lincoln
339 Thoreau: Who Escaped the Herd
340 Life of Jesus. Renan
359-360-361-362 Man Shakespeare—His Life and Loves. Harris. 4 vols.
393 Frederick the Great. Macaulay
394 Boswell's Life of Johnson
423 The Uses of Great Men, and Plato, the Philosopher. Emerson
424 Swedenborg, the Mystic. Emerson
425 Montaigne, the Skeptic; Shakespeare, the Poet. Emerson
426 Napoleon, the Man of the World; Goethe, the Writer. Emerson
429 Jonathan Swift: Dean of Satirists
490 Michelangelo: Artist Supreme
506 Voltaire: French Skeptic. Brandes
518 Charles Dickens: British Novelist
521 John Brown: American Martyr
522 Thomas Paine: American Liberal
523 B. Franklin: Printer and Statesman
525 Genius of Goethe. Brandes
526 Caesar: Soldier-Statesman. Brandes
530 Camoens: Portuguese Soldier-Poet
537 P. T. Barnum: Circus Showman
566 Ernst Haeckel: Youth. Fenton
567 Darwin as a Naturalist. Fenton
598 Haeckel: Philosopher-Naturalist
604 Theo. Roosevelt and the Big Stick
610 Martin Luther and Protestantism
612 Disraeli: England's Novelist-Premier
622 Xenophon's Memorabilia of Socrates
666-667 Sarah Bernhardt's Conquest of Life and Stage (2 vols.)
678 E. Haldeman-Julius: Woolworth of Literature. Gunn
680 Pasteur: Chemist of Human Ills
704 Diderot: French Savant
705 Charles Lamb and His Friends
714 Emerson: America's Philosopher
752 Walter Scott: Historic Romanticist
765 Francis of Assisi and His Order
769 Life of Thomas Jefferson
809 E. Haldeman-Julius: An Intimate Portrait by His Wife
814 Carl Sandburg: Chicago Poet
839 Anatole France: Laughing Cynic
854 Loyola: Spanish Soldier-Priest
503 Strindberg: Literary Enigma
448 Three Eminent Frenchmen: Montaigne, Psacal, Voltaire. Powys
449 Three Gallant Frenchmen: Rousseau, Balzac, Hugo. Powys
450 Guy de Maupassant, Anatole France, and William Blake. Powys
451 Remy de Gourmont and Lord Byron
452 Two British Story-Tellers: Emily Bronte and Henry James. Powys
453 Joseph Conrad, Destiny-Driven; Oscar Wilde, Scoffer at Life.
434 George Brandes: Danish Genius
702 A Book of Intellectual Rowdies
235 Five Significant Figures. Chesterton

PESSIMISTIC PHILOSOPHY

138 Studies in Pessimism. Schopenhauer
140 Reflections on Life and Destiny
472 Strange Notes of Samuel Butler
574 The Christian System. Schopenhauer
581 Lucretius on Life and Death
763 Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy
838 Dialogues of the Dead. de Fontenelle

PLAYS OF ANCIENT LIFE

418 Bacchantes. Euripides
500 Medea. Euripides
502 Hippolytus
560 Electra. Euripides
906 Iphigenia at Aulis. Euripides
511 King Oedipus. Sophocles
623 Electra. Sophocles
562 Antigone. Sophocles
901 Oedipus at Colonus. Sophocles
647 Clouds (Satire). Aristophanes
759 Birds (Satire). Aristophanes
758 The Frogs (Satire). Aristophanes
801 Knights (Comedy). Aristophanes
817 The Acharnians. Aristophanes
834 Peace (Satire). Aristophanes
842 The Wasps (Satire). Aristophanes
316 Prometheus Bound. Aeschylus
760 Agamemnon. Aeschylus
850 The Captives. Plautus
852 Pot of Gold. Plautus
858 Three-Coin Man. Plautus
863 The Brothers (Adelphi). Terence
869 Woman from Andros. Terence
900 The Self-Tormentor. Terence
889 Agamemnon. Seneca
880 Octavia. Seneca
882 Thyestes. Seneca

PSYCHOLOGY—PSYCHO ANALYSIS

491 Psychology for Beginners
190 Psycho-Analysis: Key to Conduct
217 Psycho-Analysis: Personality Puzzle
447 Auto-Suggestion: How It Works
782 Psycho-Analysis: Link Between Mind and Body
784 Tests Used in Psycho-Analysis
800 Sex in Psycho-Analysis. Wood
417 The Nature of Dreams
804 Freud on Sleep and Sexual Dreams
904 Sex Symbolism. Fielding
524 Death and Its Problems
53 Insects and Men. Clarence Darrow
693 Experiments in Animal Psychology
720 Intelligence of Invertebrate Animals
721 Intelligence of Vertebrate Animals
92 Hypnotism Made Plain
727 Psychology of the Affections
651 How to Psycho-Analyze Yourself
980 How I Psycho-Analyzed Myself
985 A Psycho-Analysis of America
978 Vital Psychology of Jung
861 Behaviorism: Newest Psychology
996 Dual and Multiple Personality

RATIONALISM

4 The Age of Reason. Paine
28 Toleration. Voltaire
88 Vindication of Thomas Paine
174 Dialogues: Religion and Philosophy
185 The Gods. Ingersoll
200 Ignorant Philosopher. Voltaire
460 Miscellaneous Rationalistic Essays
935 Necessity of Atheism. Shelley
936 Logical Essay on Christianity
937 Refutation of Deism. Shelley
1008 Origin of Religion. McCabe
1007 Revolt Against Religion. McCabe

RUSSIAN FICTION

948 Famous Russian Stories
24 The Kiss, etc. Chekhov
105 Seven That Were Hanged. Andreyev
239 26 Men and a Girl. Gorki
386 Creatures That Once Were Men
385 Chelkash. Maxim Gorki
389 My Fellow-Traveler. Gorki
45 Short Stories of Russian Life
390 Death of Ivan Ilyitch. Tolstoy
949 The Cloak. Nikolay V. Gogol
947 Queen of Spades; The Postmaster
951 An Amateur Peasant Girl. Pushkin

SELF-EDUCATION

868 General Hints on Self Improvement
7 Liberal Education. Huxley
897 Enjoyment of Reading. Goldberg
75 On the Choice of Books. Carlyle
86 On Reading. Georg Brandes
435 Outline of 100 Best Books
463 Art of Reading. E. Haldeman-Julius
367 Essay on Conversation. DeQuincey
364 Art of Controversy. Schopenhauer
1003 How to Think Logically
109-110 Facts You Should Know About the Classics
703 Physiology Self Taught
725 Zoology Self Taught
710 Botany for Beginners. Wood
895 Astronomy for Beginners
679 Chemistry for Beginners
994 Physics Self Taught
995 How to Teach Yourself to Play the Piano
856-857 Arithmetic Self Taught. 2 vols.
1009 Typewriting Self Taught
465 Esperanto for Beginners
999 Latin Self Taught

Practical Handbooks

499 Dictionary of Classical Mythology
905 Dictionary of Biblical Allusions
387 History of Painting. Sheehan
466 History of Sculpture. Sheehan
468 History of Architecture. Sheehan
556 Hints on Etiquette. Floyd
629 Handbook of Legal Forms
687 U. S. Constitution
749 Camping, Woodcraft and Wildcraft
750 Helpful Hints for Hikers
815 Book of Familiar Quotations
835 Handbook of Useful Tables
872 Manual of Parliamentary Law
853 How to Know the Song Birds
877 French Cooking for Amateurs
997 Simple Recipes for Home Cooking
998 How to Make Money in Wall Street
1004 How to Save Money. Frederick
685 Hints on Interior Decoration

English Language

25 Rhyming Dictionary
514 Hints on Writing Poetry
78 Hints on Public Speaking
82 Common Faults in Writing English
681 Spelling Self Taught
682 Grammar Self Taught
683 Punctuation Self Taught
822 Rhetoric Self Taught
823 English Composition Self Taught
821 How to Improve Your Vocabulary
855 How to Write Letters
894 Hints on How to Advertise. Cheyney
986 How to Talk and Debate. Wood
639 4,000 Most Essential English Words
734 Book of Useful Phrases
192 A Book of Synonyms
326 Hints on Writing Short Stories
496 Hints on Writing One-Act Plays
342 Hints on News Reporting
437 Hints on Scenario Writing
764 Hints on Writing Book Reviews
708 Science of Language
696 How to Pronounce Proper Names
697 4,000 Words Often Mispronounced
902 Dictionary of Foreign Phrases
1002 Dictionary of Sea Terms

SKEPTICISM

3 Little Essays. Voltaire
26 On Going to Church. Shaw
62 Religion. Schopenhauer
103 Pocket Theology. Voltaire
160 Wit and Wisdom of Voltaire
512 Voltaire and French Enlightenment
571 Kant's Critical Philosophy
706 Should the Bible Be in the Schools?
535 Critical Estimate of the 4th Gospel
829 Voltaire. Clarence Darrow
52 Oration on Voltaire. Victor Hugo
1020 Why I Am an Infidel. Burbank

SOCIETY AND THE INDIVIDUAL

83 Origin and Development of Marriage
172 Evolution of Sex. Wood
221 Women, and Other Essays
177 Subjection of Women. Mill
717 Modern Sexual Morality. Wood
176 Four Essays on Sex. Ellis
213 Havelock Ellis and a Sane Sex Life
811 Genetics for Beginners
189 Eugenics Made Plain
812 Introduction to Heredity
286 Prostitution in the Ancient World
273 The Social Contract. Rousseau
709 Sociology for Beginners. Wood
711 Sociology of Lester Ward
748 History of Social Ideals. Mahan
768 The Philosophy of German Idealists
820 Max Stirner and the Individual
135 Socialism for Millionaires. Shaw
157 The Republic: An Ideal State. Plato
163 Sex Life in Greece and Rome
225 Certain Condescension in Foreigners
320 The Prince: Political Intrigue before Mussolini
209 Aspects of Birth Control
372 Problems of Overpopulation. Gambs
405 Outline of Economics. Gambs
575 Essays in Ethics. Schopenhauer
638 Crime of Poverty. George
650 K. K. K.: Kreed of the Klansman
661 Neurotic America and Sex Impulse
797 20 Years Among African Negroes
974 Ordeal of Prohibition. Darrow
A-1000 Rep. and Dem. Platforms (1924)

THE SUPERNATURAL

40 House and the Brain
41 A Christmas Carol. Dickens
107 The Dream Woman: Yellow Tiger
145 Great Ghost Stories
215 Miraculous Revenge. Shaw
925 Empire of the Ants, etc. H. G. Wells
969 Tales Strange and Supernatural
970 Out of the Earth, etc. Machen
445-446 Psychical Research. Carrington

WISDOM OF THE AGES

35 Maxims of La Rochefoucauld
59 Epigrams of Wit and Wickedness
65 Golden Sayings. Marcus Aurelius
77 What Men Have Said About Women
304 What Women Have Said About Men
96 Dialogues of Plato
106 Brilliant Thoughts. George Sand
155 Military Maxims. Napoleon
179 Gems from Emerson
180 Worldly Epigrams. Shaw
181 Rugged Epigrams. Thoreau
197 Whimsicalities, Witticisms. Sevigne
216 Wit of Heine. George Eliot
228 Brief Bits of Insight. Huxley
402 Pungent Precepts. Moore
310 Wisdom of Thackeray
381 Wit and Wisdom of Dickens
444 Pert Paragraphs on Life. Gourmont
576 Encheiridion or Manual. Epictetus
621 Wit and Wisdom of Disraeli
643 Terse Truths About Life. Bacon
671 Moral Discourses of Epictetus
736 Morals of Human Conduct. Seneca
751 Wit and Wisdom of Walter Scott
890 Epigrams of Nietzsche
891 Lucretius: "The Nature of Things"

PROVERBS OF MANY LANDS

113 Proverbs of England
114 Proverbs of France
115 Proverbs of Japan
116 Proverbs of China
117 Proverbs of Italy
118 Proverbs of Russia
119 Proverbs of Ireland
120 Proverbs of Spain
121 Proverbs of Arabia
348 Proverbs of Scotland
380 Yugoslav Proverbs
388 Proverbs of Hindustan
401 Proverbs of India
479 Proverbs of Germany
478 Sanskrit Proverbs
505 Proverbs of Jungle Negroes
825 Proverbs of Turkey
979 Proverbs of Modern Greece

WONDERS OF SCIENCE

1000 Wonders of Radium. Shipley
493 Novel Discoveries of Science
409 Great Men of Science. Carrington
408 Theory of Relativity Explained
238 Reflections on Modern Science.
133 The Principles of Electricity
778 The Environment of Life
419 Origin and Nature of Life
779 The Fitness of Life. Fenton
806 The Nature of Science
776 The Foundations of Science
722 Electricity and Life
510 Electric Energy: What It Does
557 Is the Moon a Dead World?
603 ABC of Electron Theory of Matter
607 Solving the Mystery of the Comets
608 Evolution of the Atomic Theory
609 Are the Planets Inhabited?
808 Man's Debt to the Sun
837 Greek Physics and Modern Science
728 Life Among the Bees
796 Life Among the Butterflies
818 Life Among the Dragonflies
833 Life Among the Ants
885 Life Among the Spiders
227 An Introduction to Zoology
827 Life Among the Apes and Monkeys
873 Dwellers of the Ponds
874 The Lower Invertebrate Animals

THE WORLD'S BEST POETRY

427 Poems of John Keats
281 Lays of Ancient Rome
282 Ancient Mariner. Coleridge
283 Courtship of Miles Standish
79 Enoch Arden. Tennyson
404 In Memoriam. Tennyson
799 Deserted Village. Goldsmith
297 Ballads and Story-Poems
306 Shropshire Lad. Housman
317 L'Allegro, and Others. Milton
284 Poems of Robert Burns
329-330 Dante's Inferno. 2 vols.
346 Rollicking Old English Ballads
365 Lyric Odes of Love. Horace
366 Odes of Roman Life. Horace
488 Great Yiddish Poetry
492 Poems of William Morris
501 Poems of Carew, Suckling, Lovelace
616 Lady of the Lake. Scott
618 Nature Poems of Wordsworth
701 Unconventional Poems of Herrick
724 Short Poems of Friedrich Holderlin
744 Best Poems of Shelley
785 Ballads of Sir Walter Scott
788 Ferkin Warbeck. Lord Douglas
789 City of the Soul. Lord Douglas
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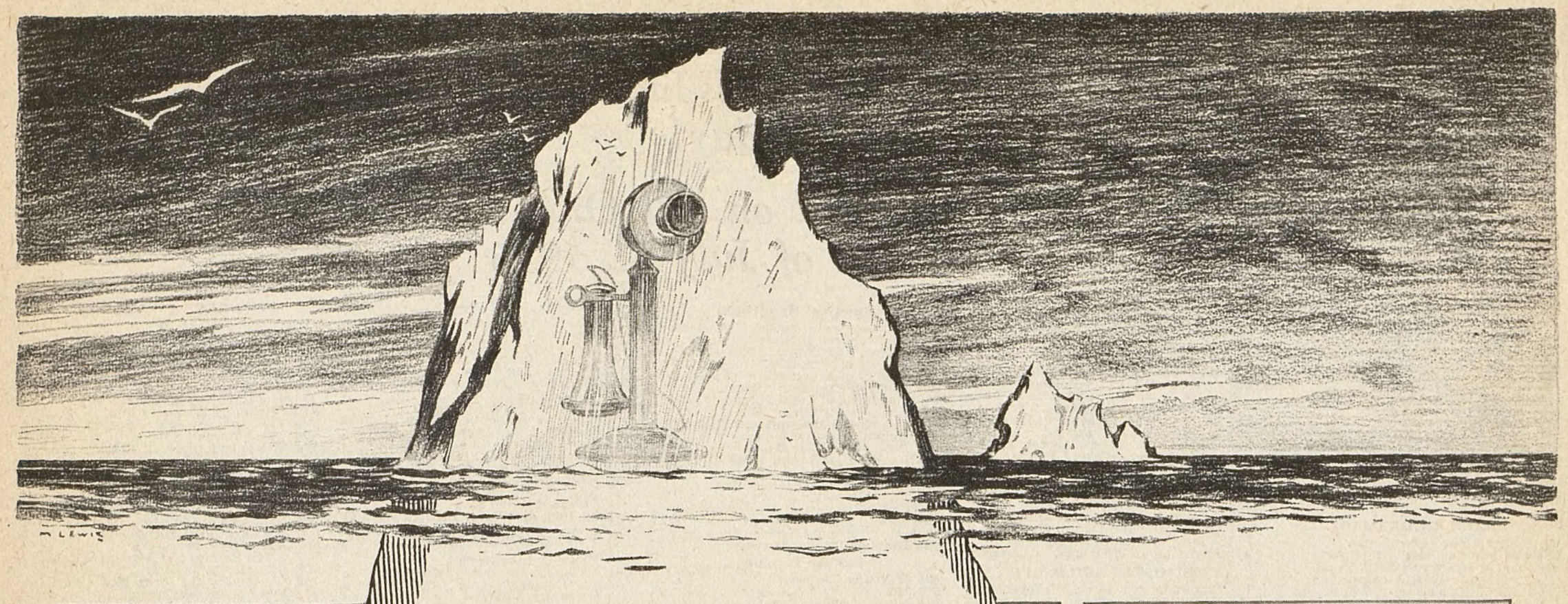

Telephones *and* Icebergs

don't overlook the part you cannot see

With the telephone system as with an iceberg, by far the greater part is unseen. The instrument on your wall or desk calls into action vast equipment, all of which had to be produced to a standard of accuracy rarely found in industry.

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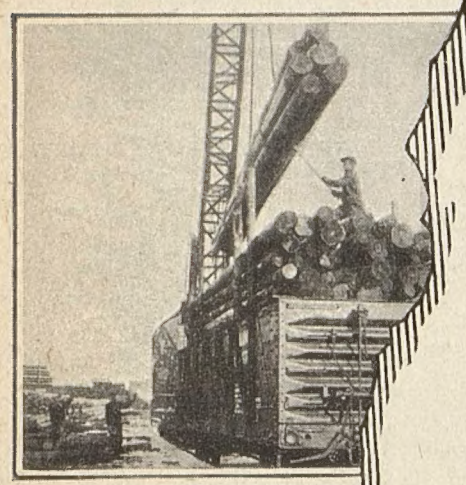
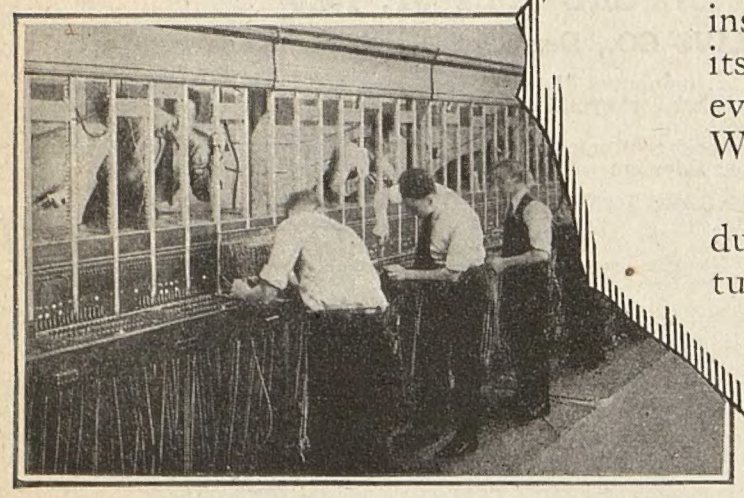
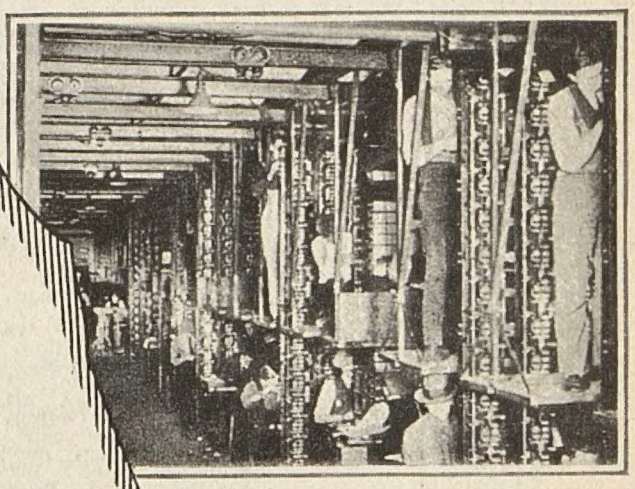


Millions of poles are in the vast system "back of the telephone."

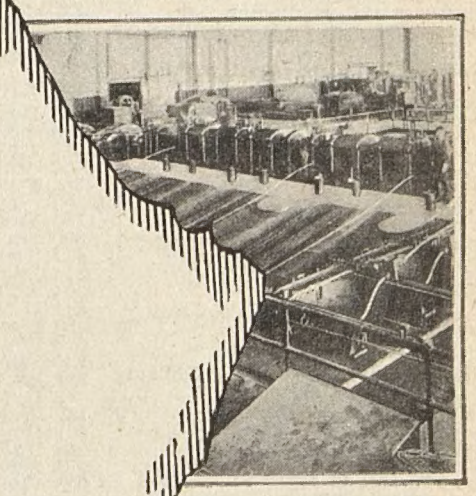
Many busy hands braiding threads of conversation—the telephone cord.



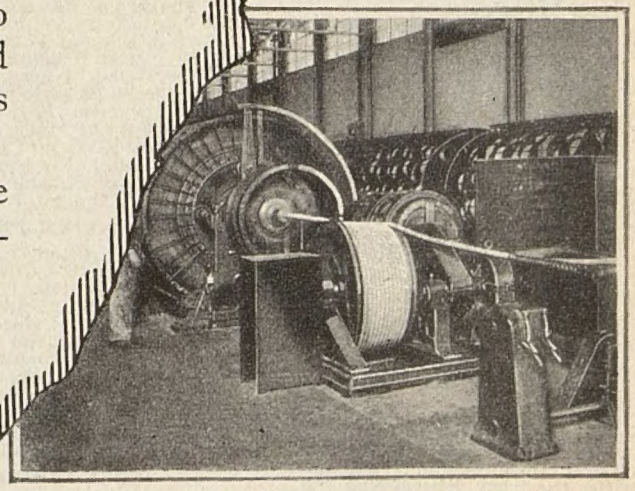
Assembling a giant switchboard, made up of thousands of parts.



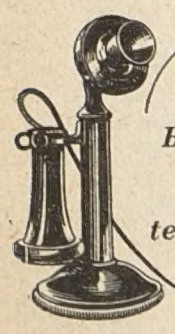
Part of the great unseen equipment that goes into a telephone exchange.



Just wire—but see all the equipment needed to make it.



Huge machines like these are needed to produce telephone cable.



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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THE LADIES! GOD BLESS 'EM!—*An Editorial*

The Ladies (God bless 'em!) have scored again. Expressed in baseball terms the score would be approximately 41 to 2 in the contest between the Ladies (God bless 'em!) and the august committee of the august Senate of the United States which was chosen to investigate prohibition.

The two score or more Ladies (God bless 'em; no matter what the Senatorial Committee thinks but dares not say) who testified scored heavily in argument, in information regarding conditions in their particular sphere or district, proved better posted on their subject, eliminated the element of "bunk" politics from the situation, and overwhelmed the most august representatives of the most august deliberative body in the world in repartee.

The committee should have been warned by experience against what happened. As old, experienced, married men they should have realized that against the Ladies (God bless 'em!) they did not have a chance, regardless of the merits of the controversy. The writer, himself a married man with a record of having lost more than six thousand, tied five, and won one (and that one still disputed) arguments, during his Golden Wedding years, could have warned them that, when the Ladies (God bless 'em) have studied a problem and made up their minds, man has no chance against them.

There were times when the august Senator Reed appeared like a husband who, having given a good and true account of his doings the preceding evening, finds, in spite of that, that he is in the wrong. At times, too, the slightly less august Attorney Julian Codman, representing organizations seeking modification of the dry laws, was made to appear much like a husband who is trying to explain why his pay envelope is shy five dollars. Husbands will understand his predicament of starting right and being in the wrong whether he is right or not.

The august Senators, especially Senator Reed and Attorney Codman, made a great mistake when they assumed the attitude of: "Now, my dears, of course you understand little about public questions—" They may have been immersed in state affairs or absent from home so long they have not grasped the fact that American women who have interested themselves in public questions are, as a rule, better educated, better informed, and closer in touch with conditions than is the average august statesman. They are in the attitude of a certain party leader who assembled the leading ladies (God bless 'em!) of his party, and, after delivering one of the old-fashioned, flag-waving, Fourth of July, hokum addresses, was served with a list of those present and discovered that practically every woman present was holder of a degree in political economy and that every one of them was better educated and trained than he was in the art of government.

The Ladies (God bless 'em!) didn't fight quite fair before the august Senate Committee. When pressed hard in open argument on specific points, they fell back upon broad moral generalities and left the cross-examiners feeling as husbands usually do after a family argument.

Even worse, from the male standpoint, is the fact that the Ladies (God bless 'em!) crossed the august Senate Committee by entirely wrecking the male tradition that women are garrulous. They stuck to facts and essentials, and made their testimony short, snappy, and to the point, cutting "bunk" and "hokum."

Altogether they came off with flying colors, regardless of the merits of the argument, and opened the eyes of the blinder elder statesmen as to the force of American women in public affairs.

Here's to the Ladies: Wet or dry—the Ladies (God bless 'em)!

IN THIS ISSUE

PAGE

Without Surrender.....By SAX ROHMER 9
The story of a girl who played with fire

The Night Clubs of New York.....By MILDRED HARRIS 15
A startling survey of Gotham's gilded boob-traps

For Sale—Dog.....By EDWARD HOPE 21
The tale of a man who lied when he told a girl the truth

An Eye for an Eye.....By ROSITA FORBES 29
How the Far East solves its crime problem

Mr. Dooley on Eugenics.....By FINLEY PETER DUNNE 39

The Corbin Necklace.....By HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER 43
Continuing a serial of stolen pearls and a girl's revolt

Nine Lengths Ahead of Father Time.....By HUGH FULLERTON 53
The chronicle of Yale's famous crew of '86

Custer's Last Battle.....By ARTHUR CHAPMAN 56
A new account of the fifty-year-old mystery

For the Love o' Lil—LIBERTY'S New Cover Serial..... 66
$1,000 a week for a title

Some of the Troubles That Home Builders Meet.....
By ARTHUR A. TILLER 69
Continuing LIBERTY'S great Own Your Home series

To Have and to Hold Those Locks of Yours...By EILEEN BOURNE 73
What science says about baldness and falling hair

Pressure—The Story of the Soul of Japan.....
By RODERICK O. MATHESON 77

Bright Sayings of Children (p. 52); Food (63); Movie Review (64); News of the World (65); Patterns (67); Fashions (68); LIBERTY'S Cross-Word Puzzle No. 73 (76).

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

The Machine-Gunning of McSwiggin

WILLIAM H. McSWIGGIN, Chicago's "hanging prosecutor," dies in a battle between rival gunmen. What sinister forces lie behind this killing? SIDNEY SUTHERLAND tells you. His series of articles shows you the amazing organization of an underworld where crime and politics walk hand in hand. He's called his initial article: THE MACHINE-GUNNING OF MCSWIGGIN. Don't miss these revelations.

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Without Surrender

A Tale of a Man's Man and a Girl Who Played with Fire

A Two-Part Story by

SAX ROHMER

Pictures by ARMSTRONG SPERRY AND RICO TOMASO.

PART ONE

THERE was comedy in it; very nearly tragedy.

There were the palm groves of Madeira; a group of rather ordinary people (until O'Shea came); and there was Nanette.

The whole thing started with the arrival in the harbor of a big German steamer out of Bremen, in from the River Plate.

Jack Kelton, Ensleigh, and I had chartered the hotel launch to go out to her; but after breakfast, on the terrace:

"*I* love German lager, too," said Nanette. "Besides, I refuse to be deserted for a whole morning."

Her Japanese parasol lay along the rail of the veranda, her round bare elbows rested upon it, and she cuddled her obstinate little chin in upturned palms.

"Young ladies of eighteen do not drink beer," I remarked. "It isn't done."

Nanette turned a slim shoulder in my direction and gazed out pensively across the bay. I thought that she had the most perfect arms imaginable.

Then the others came out and the fun began. Jack Kelton got the brunt of it, of course, poor fellow. He was so crazy about the girl that the mere sight of her made him dizzy.

He was dispatched to find Nanette's mother, and obediently went swinging in through the open French window—one of those lean-limbed young men who always look amazingly clean.

Nanette's mother presently appeared — a gracefully pretty woman who solved the mystery of Nanette's beauty for those who had met only her father.

Her smile was very like Nanette's. "Your father simply won't hear of you going on board a German ship, darling. Don't ask me why. You know him as well as anybody."

Standing there, poised on tiptoe, a slender young goddess. Jack's coat was in her hand, and she waved it furiously.

"Pop can never forget that I was once a baby!" Nanette said, flashing blue eyes rebelliously.

"You are still a baby, Nan—a mere infant."

Nanette threw back her shapely bobbed head and laughed scornfully.

"Don't be huffy about it, darling," said her mother. "Really, you will only have time for

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WITHOUT SURRENDER
Continued from Page Nine]

a swim and a sunbath if you are to make yourself presentable for lunch."

Nanette turned swiftly. She had all her mother's grace as well as the divine abandon of youth. With never another glance at any of us, she walked in through the French window.

Following a moment of silence:

"Look here, you chaps," said Jack. "It looks rather mean for us all to desert Nanette. It's beastly tame swimming alone!"

It was perhaps ten minutes later when a figure arrayed in a pink bath robe and shaded by a Japanese parasol passed slowly down the path below the terrace; whereupon:

"There goes Nanette!" said Jack, jumping up. "Excuse me. I'll just run and ask her if she would rather I stayed."

He hurled himself in the direction of the steps and disappeared. A moment later he reappeared, running after the girl. We watched.

"Nanette!" he called.

Nanette paused, turned, waved her hand, and went on. She walked under a veritable awning of hibiscus, sweeping some of the blossoms off with her parasol. Rounding the corner, she came into view again on a lower path; then she vanished.

Jack Kelton turned and started to walk back. He kept his curly head lowered, taking out a brier from his pocket and fumbling for his pouch. Nanette's mother glanced at Ensleigh.

"Poor Jack," she said. "He is very young!"

Then the others came out and the fun began. Jack Kelton got the brunt of it, of course, poor fellow. He was so crazy about the girl that the mere sight of her made him dizzy.

II

WE did not take the elevator down to the landing-stage. It was busy with bathers; therefore we descended by the rambling stairway cut out of the rock. At the bend I paused.

Half across the bay, far beyond the waddling group who hugged the bathing-pool, I saw a flashing of white limbs and glimpsed a pink-covered head lowered to the swell. Came a rapturous murmur behind me:

"Nanette! Gad! That girl swims like a fish!"

"They should follow with the boat," Ensleigh's voice broke in on Jack's. "There's a beastly current cuts round the headland."

"She is safe enough," said I. "Her fairy godmother was a mermaid."

Nevertheless, when we reached the waiting launch, Nanette's daring had attracted attention. I could not see her mother; but there was a buzz of excited conversation all around, and the brown-skinned professional was making urgent signals to the boatmen.

"She's right on our course!" cried Jack. "Come on! Hurry up!"

"Don't worry," I implored him, tumbling into the launch.

"But she'll never be able to swim it!" said Ensleigh, jumping in behind me. "Hullo! What's this?"

He had stumbled over a bulky parcel wrapped in newspaper. I thought I recognized the *Times*.

"Please leave alone, sir!" cried the Portuguese in charge. "I aska tella you no touch!"

"Oh!"

Ensleigh stared at him suspiciously, and then we were off.

The purr of the motor made it difficult to hear the shouts that followed us. But excitement was growing intense, and I looked out ahead uneasily. I could not see Nanette.

"Can you see her, Decies?" asked Jack hoarsely.

"No."

"There she is!"

The cry came from Ensleigh, and:

"Where?" Jack and I yelled together.

Ignoring us:

"Port, easy!" he directed the man at the wheel. "Now—as she is! Hold it."

We raced, all out, in the direction of the rash swimmer. I felt particularly sorry for Jack Kelton. He was hanging over the bow in a perfect anguish of terrified expectation.

Presently:

"She's still swimming strongly!" he gasped; then, almost immediately: "My God!"

"What?"

Ensleigh and I were peering ahead over Jack's shoulder.

"She's gone down!"

Above the noise of the motor, above the sound of the sea, it reached us dimly—a prolonged, horrified cry from the watchers on shore.

WHAT happened in the next few minutes I am unable to record. I think Jack was fighting with the boatman because he couldn't get another ampere out of his engine. Ensleigh, I remember, looked disheveled for the first time in my experience of him. I was drenched with perspiration—and it was not wholly due to the sun.

Then, dead ahead, not six lengths away, a white arm was thrown up out of the sea.

"Stop her!" I yelled.

Hot on the words came a splash—and Jack was in. He was fully dressed, except that he had shed his college jacket. He reached Nanette as she came up for the second time.

"Reverse her! Starboard!"

We described an untidy crescent; and then Nanette was being hauled aboard. She sank on the cushions as Jack came clambering over, looking like a half-drowned Airedale.

"Nanette!" he panted, and dropped on his knees before her.

She opened starry eyes and looked at him.

"Yes?" she said.

"Back to the landing-stage," I heard Ensleigh direct the boatman.

"What's that?" cried Nanette, surprisingly sitting upright. "Not on your life, Pedro!"

We were riding the swell, the motor silent, and from the now distant bathing-pool I heard a sound of great, prolonged cheering.

Nanette sprang upon the thwart, standing there, poised on tiptoe, a slender young goddess. Jack's coat was in her hand, and she waved it furiously, looking back to where moving figures showed upon flower-draped terraces.

The cheering was renewed.

"That will relieve mumsy's anxiety," said Nanette, sitting down again. "Please go ahead, Pedro—and would somebody pass me my robe?"

"What!" cried Jack.

Ensleigh tore away the pages of the *Times* from the mysterious bundle—and there was Nanette's pink robe!

"Be careful, please!" she said. "My shoes are wrapped up in it." She turned to Jack, at the same time pulling off her pink bathing-cap. "I'm so sorry you jumped in," she added. "You were a darling to do it, though."

Jack had been positively glowering at her; but at this he blushed like a girl. When I say like a girl, I mean like a girl of Victorian literature. Today one should say like a boy. I never saw Nanette blush in all the time I knew her. I saw her grow deathly pale once; but this was later.

SHE shook her tousled head distractingly. Stooping, she pulled out from the folded robe a pair of high-heeled shoes and proceeded to squeeze five tiny wet toes into each of them.

"Nanette!" I said slowly. "Weren't you drowning?"

She looked up at me.

"Of course I wasn't drowning!" she returned. "I was swimming under water. I was good for another mile!"

"Nanette!" said Ensleigh. "You will come to a bad end!"

"Please pass me my parasol," Nanette retorted. "It's in the locker. And be careful. My bag is inside it."

The Japanese parasol was discovered. From it Nanette took a small vanity bag. Surveying herself disdainfully in a square mirror, she combed her hair.

"You are all wet!" said Jack.

His case was worse than hers, and I marveled at the altruism of love.

"The sun will dry me. But, oh, how good that lager will taste! Won't someone please give me a cigarette?"

I held out a yellow packet, and:

"Nanette," I said, "one day a someone will come who will teach you how to behave yourself!"

"Tosh!" said Nanette. "I've outlived that sheik stuff."

III

AS we drew alongside the German and started up the ladder, I thought some of the spectators aboard would either fall overboard or break their necks, so urgently did they crane across the rails.

"They are anxious to see the gallant rescuer," said Ensleigh.

I knew better. They were anxious to see Nanette.

The lady in question, supremely indifferent to the curiosity of the passengers, was walking aft with Jack. Jack, in sodden flannels, was ridiculously happy because Nanette hung on his arm.

"Leave them alone," said Ensleigh. "God knows, he's earned it."

We found our way to the smokeroom and ordered drinks. They were good and cheap.

It was a distinctly mongrel company. Germans predominated, with a big sprinkling of those nondescripts and nonesuch usually invoiced as Argentines but sometimes mistaken for Greeks.

One man, who sat alone, puzzled me. He was handsome, in a way. He wore his wavy hair rather long and was dressed in a perfectly cut and immaculately white drill suit.

With the aid of a black-rimmed monocle attached to a thick ribbon, he read what looked like an official document.

Glancing aside, I saw that Ensleigh, too, was staring at this individual.

"Looks like John Barrymore," said I.

"I know," Ensleigh replied. "But he didn't wear his hair like that the last time I saw him—coming out of the salient with what was left of his regiment. By Jove!" He jumped up and crossed the room. I followed, to see what manner of man Ensleigh's friend would be.

"O'Shea!" he cried.

The man addressed dropped his monocle and stood up; then: "Ensleigh!" he exclaimed, and held out his hand.

"Ensleigh it is!" was the reply. "And I want you to meet Mr. Decies. Decies, this is Major O'Shea."

The Major readjusted his monocle and looked me over briefly, as if to determine whether he wanted to know me. I found myself looking into a pair of the coldest gray eyes that had ever examined my hidden motives.

But, to tell the truth, I was more than a little flurried. For, as Ensleigh spoke, the fact had dawned upon me that I stood in the presence not only of an Irishman of ancient family, nor merely in that of a distinguished officer, but in the presence of a messroom tradition. This was "The O'Shea."

HE dropped his monocle and grasped my hand warmly.

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Decies," he said.

We formed a trio, and there were some inevitable reminiscences and more drinks; then:

"What, in the name of wonder, are you doing on this ship?" Ensleigh asked.

O'Shea shrugged his shoulders. He had some queerly Gallic mannerisms. In fact, if one had not known better, one must have written him off as an incurable poseur.

"Peace-time soldiering is a dull business," he replied. "I take on odd jobs to keep me out of mischief."

He rang for the steward. Following some aimless chatter:

"Are you for Bremen?" asked Ensleigh.

"I don't know," said O'Shea surprisingly. "I may come ashore here."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

NANETTE glanced at him, then down again—and shivered. But it was not because she was cold. O'Shea talked impersonally of the beauties of the harbor by night.

[WITHOUT SURRENDER Continued from Page Eleven]

"You *may!*" I exclaimed, and glanced at the clock. "You have twenty minutes to decide!"

"Two would be sufficient," he assured me. "I travel light!"

He smiled—and in the smile I met for the first time the real O'Shea. The cold gray eyes were cold no longer; they smiled too, whimsically, lovably. A vague dislike vanished as morning mist. I knew that men would follow O'Shea into the thickest and the hottest—if he needed them.

"There goes the first shore signal," said Ensleigh. "We had better rescue Nanette."

We found her on deck with Jack and another man who had tacked himself on to the party, and whose heavy-lidded, dark eyes were literally devouring the girl's dainty beauty. He had met Jack in London; and now Jack was the most unhappy man in Madeira.

The gentleman was presented:

"Ensleigh, Decies—meet Senhor Gabriel da Cunha."

We met him—reluctantly.

"This," said Ensleigh, "is Mr. Jack Kelton—Major Edmond O'Shea. Doubtless, Senhor da Cunha, you have met already?"

"No," murmured O'Shea, bowing coldly. "One does not meet everybody on board."

"Nanette!" I called.

She had stepped to the rail with da Cunha. She turned.

"Yes?"

"Come here. I want you to know Major Edmond O'Shea."

She came forward and I introduced them formally. Nanette gave one quick, startled look at O'Shea; and noting her unusual attire—for she wore, of course, her bathing suit, her pink robe, and her high-heeled shoes—O'Shea smiled. Nanette dropped her lashes, said something meaningless, and ran back to da Cunha, who was undeniably handsome.

I HEARD Jack grind his teeth. When he joined the pair at the rail I stood at his elbow.

"We must be saying good-by, Mr. da Cunha," he began, but:

"Not good-by at all!" da Cunha exclaimed, turning. "I was undecided until this morning, but now—it is settled! Here in Madeira"—he indicated distant hills—"I have a bungalow. Do you know," he included us all in the conversation, "that this is what they call a blind spot in radio? Yes. But in my bungalow, high up, I have the most perfect set on the island; and one night—tonight, maybe"—he glanced aside at Nanette—"we shall dance to the Savoy band!"

"You are going ashore, then?"

"But certainly! It is settled. Is it not?"

The question was addressed to Nanette, and:

"I should just *hate* to lose you so soon," she replied. "Let's go and see if your things are in the boat."

Side by side with the radiantly smiling da Cunha, she hurried forward. She glanced at Jack, at me, at Ensleigh. O'Shea was watching her, but she avoided his gaze. He turned and went in at the saloon entrance.

The last gong sounded. Jack had suddenly disappeared. I stared at Ensleigh. He whistled softly.

"Nanette has been bitten at last," he remarked.

"Yes," I said; "I think she has."

Da Cunha's baggage was loaded into Reid's launch and we all got aboard. We were surrounded by a babbling gang in boats who held up Madeira lace and shawls and bedspreads, desperately inviting bids from the passengers.

It was so distracting that I scarcely noticed a steward coming down the ladder, carrying a suitcase and a valise. Then, suddenly realizing that someone was beside me, I turned—and met the cold gray eyes of O'Shea.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "Your decision was a sudden one!"

"Yes," he replied, "it was—very."

"Hullo, O'Shea!" cried Ensleigh. "This is fine!"

Nanette bent toward da Cunha, talking animatedly.

IV

A PARTY of us went down to the Casino that night—Nanette, Nanette's mother, Ensleigh, and I. Jack excused himself. Nanette had been put through the hoop for her escapade, but she looked none the worse for the parental correction. She was learning the dangerous truism that beauty governs mankind.

Da Cunha was waiting at the Casino—and Nanette pretended to be surprised. Her mother really *was* surprised, and maternally alarmed.

DA CUNHA wanted to dance. Nanette loved dancing. Therefore she decided to play roulette.

"Please, mumsy," she pleaded—"until I have lost a pound!"

Her mother consented, silently signaling me to sit beside Nanette at the table.

The game was dull. Da Cunha constantly urged the superior charms of the ballroom. But Nanette played on. Presently:

"Do you think Jack will come along?" she asked.

"I hope so."

An interval in which Nanette lost five shillings; then:

"Had you met Major O'—— what's his name—before?"

"No. I had heard of him."

"Really. Is he famous?"

"I suppose he is—in a way."

"But listen!" da Cunha exclaimed, "this is *so* boring! Let us dance."

"Not until I've lost my pound," said Nanette.

More aimless play; then:

"I saw your Major when we first went on board," said Nanette, casually staking her all on a number. "Jack and I peeped into the smokeroom."

"Really?"

"Yes. Wasn't it odd I should meet him after—seeing him like that?"

"Very odd."

Nanette's fortune was swept away. She remained unperturbed. "Please take me out on the terrace and get me a long, cool drink."

WE crossed to the open doors. Da Cunha grabbed Nanette's arm and led her out. As I followed, I saw Jack coming in. He looked very flushed. I waved to him, but he swung around and went out again.

It was dark on the terrace and at first I couldn't see Nanette. Then I glimpsed a raised white arm over in a distant corner. She was standing with her back to the railing, and da Cunha stood in front of her, bending forward, one hand resting beside her and his face very close to hers.

"What about that long, cool drink?" said I.

Nanette immediately ran to me.

"Oh, please!" she cried. "I'm simply gasping! Where shall we sit? Somewhere by the windows—where we can watch."

jeweled cigarette-case. She bent toward me.

"A match, please," she begged.

She was determined, and so we sat there sipping iced drinks until Nanette's mother and Ensleigh joined us. There were inquiries for Jack, but I said nothing—for the boy had been palpably drunk.

Nanette was unable to mask her preoccupation, constantly looking into the lighted rooms. Then suddenly, halfway through a tango, she jumped up.

"Come on," she said to da Cunha, and threw her wrap to me. "Let's dance!"

He was on his feet in an instant, and the two went in. Nanette's mother was playing, and O'Shea was standing watching the play.

Da Cunha danced perfectly. Nanette floated in his arms like a bit of thistledown. He talked to her constantly. Sometimes she smiled up at him. But always she glanced into the roulette-room as they passed.

Ensleigh joined me.

"Yes," said he; "little Nanette is in the throes of her first infatuation."

As he spoke, she went past in da Cunha's arms, and frowned at Ensleigh—because he blocked her view of the roulette table.

"She is," I agreed.

She danced every dance after that with da Cunha, becoming more and more animated as the night wore on. Then her mother moved an adjournment. Of course Nanette objected.

"Mumsy," she said, "Mr. da Cunha has invited us all to drive up to his bungalow. We can dance to the Savoy band. Think of it!"

But her mother refused to think of it. Da Cunha was not defeated yet, however. His car was waiting. He would drive the party to Reid's. In the end this invitation was accepted. Nanette, her mother, Ensleigh, and I elected to go.

"How many can you take?" Nanette asked.

"Oh, six—easily."

"I wonder if anyone else is going back?" said Nanette.

Following her glance:

"I might ask Major O'Shea if he is ready," said I. "Do you mind, Senhor da Cunha?"

"OH," said a voice in the darkness. We all turned—and there was Nanette, distracting in deshabille. "I can't sleep, and I left my book out here!" she exclaimed.

It was clear enough that da Cunha had been making love to her. "Why not here?" he suggested. "In the moonlight, with the dark groves and twinkling lamps."

"No," said Nanette; "I feel chilly and I want to watch the dancing."

"If you are cold, let us dance."

Nanette shook her head and opened a tiny

"But of course not!" he replied, looking like Caesar Borgia thinking out a new prescription.

O'Shea thanked me. He preferred to walk. "And I dislike Senhor da Cunha," he added.

Therefore we five packed into a luxurious flamingo-red car that stood before the Casino. Da Cunha, of course, had Nanette beside him in front. I could hear his constant murmur over the roar of the engine. He took us up to Reid's at an average of about fifty-five.

Nanette's mother steered Nanette to bed, and da Cunha did not stay long. I sent a page to look for Jack, but he was not in his room.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WITHOUT SURRENDER Continued from Page Thirteen]

At about midnight O'Shea joined us. We went out on the terrace, pipes going, and sat watching the fairyland of the gardens below, with the winking lights of the town climbing the slope beyond. Presently I heard a faint movement, and:

"Oh!" said a voice in the darkness.

We all turned—and there was Nanette, distracting in deshabille.

"I can't sleep, and I left my book out here!" she explained.

"Let me look," said Ensleigh.

But he looked in vain.

"May I stay a while and smoke a cigarette with you?" Nanette pleaded. "Or were you telling funny stories?"

She stayed—seated on the arm of my chair. There was not much conversation, but after a while O'Shea got up and disappeared. Nanette began to talk, then, with feverish animation. Presently O'Shea came back, carrying a loose wrap. Very gracefully he placed it around Nanette's shoulders.

"You must be cold," he said.

Nanette glanced at him, then down again—and shivered. But it was not because she was cold.

O'Shea talked impersonally of the beauties of the harbor by night.

Later, long after Nanette reluctantly had retired to her room, Jack was driven up. We put him to bed without arousing anyone.

"I'll kill that slimy da Cunha," he declared thickly—and went to sleep.

O'Shea surveyed him through the black-rimmed monocle.

"I wonder if cats and pretty girls know how cruel they are?" he murmured.

V

THE days wore on in that lotus-eaters' paradise. There was a mystery that intrigued me vastly—and Ensleigh shared my curiosity.

I could not imagine what The O'Shea was doing in Madeira.

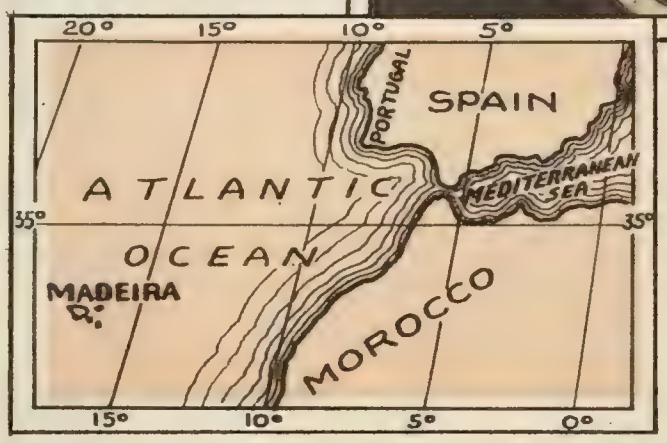
Da Cunha palpably had broken his journey to pursue Nanette. But I found it hard to believe that any such motive had inspired the Major. Ensleigh, with singular density, believed that Nanette was desperately infatuated with da Cunha. I let him think so, and studied O'Shea.

This strange man spent a large part of every day seated on his balcony, reading and writing. What he read or what he wrote, nobody knew. On occasions he disappeared for hours.

It was queer, too, how many times Nanette strolled through the unfrequented part of the gardens below this balcony—sometimes alone, sometimes with Jack, more often with da Cunha. But always she paused to powder her nose before she turned the corner. O'Shea, apparently, never noticed her.

She would loiter at the bathing-pool for hours, then suddenly throw off her robe and plunge into the sea with the easy, gliding dive of a young dryad. By this token I would know O'Shea was sauntering down the steps.

Bird's-eye view of Funchal and harbor, Madeira.



Location of Madeira off Moroccan coast.

As she went in, da Cunha and Jack would take the water like twin ducks. It was a miracle they never tried to drown each other.

O'Shea was a hard man to know; a lonely man. I was honestly proud of the fact that, little by little, he began to grant me something like friendship. Occasionally he would join me on the cocktail terrace before lunch; and Nanette would ask him for matches, and then run back to her mother, Ensleigh, Jack, da Cunha, and the rest of the party, who among them had enough matches to have fired the building.

Da Cunha was ceaselessly persevering in his endeavors to take her to drive, to fish, and to dance at his bungalow. Her mother negatived these plans.

One day a very (apparently) indignant Nanette came across to where I was sitting with O'Shea. Jack sauntered after her.

"Mr. Decies!" she burst out. "Gabriel wants to drive me out to a perfectly wonderful cliff. Now, do *you* see any earthly reason why I shouldn't go?"

"I don't suppose Decies sees any earthly reason why *I* shouldn't," said Jack. "But I haven't been invited."

"You are always quarreling with Gabriel," Nanette retorted, fixing a cigarette in her holder. "Please, Major, would you give me a light?"

As she stooped over the match he struck for her, I could see her eyes—looking at every wave in his hair, seeking out the hint of powder at his temples, studying his long, sensitive fingers. He threw the match away, and then:

"You are such a restless little girl," he said. "Why not spend a few peaceful hours in the garden, reading? Let me lend you a book."

FROM any other source this suggestion would have provoked a scathing rejoinder, but:

"Thank you," said Nanette simply; "I will."

She sat for that entire afternoon in a secluded corner of the garden, a comfortable empty chair drawn up beside her own, reading a Russian novel and waiting for O'Shea to join her.

But he didn't.

A rather special dance had been arranged at the hotel—I forget why; and O'Shea, quite the best-dressed man there, was last to go to his room and first down. He could get into black quicker than anyone I have ever met.

You may know Reid's blue-and-yellow jazz cocktail bar? Well, as I looked in, having changed, there was O'Shea on a tall stool, studying a dry Martini through his monocle.

We had the bar to ourselves, and presently:

"How long do you expect to stay in Madeira?" I asked.

"In the strictest confidence, Decies," he replied—and suddenly his gray eyes grew steely; he was smiling no longer—"until I have in my possession a certain small black dispatch box."

That evening the comedy became drama. I was to learn in a few short hours how Nanette's alluring beauty had averted tragedy from a royal house.

O'Shea and Decies at grips with a sinister problem! A fight and a rescue—these are the climaxes that carry Mr. Rohmer's story to its conclusion in next week's issue.

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It Appears in Next Week's Issue of LIBERTY

The Night Clubs of New York

Where $100 Buys a Kiss—$50 Pays for a Song—$20 Wins a Smile—and $5 a Sneer

An Article by

Mildred Harris

Pictures by EDWARD RYAN

East Side—West Side—all around the town,
There's welcome on the doormat—if you lay your dollar down.
The boys who sell us butter, the producers of our pork
Trip the light fantastic in the Night Clubs of New York!

"EVERYBODY who has ever written a story about New York's night-club hostesses has done it all wrong," she told us; "and just to give you a chance to get it straight, I'll let you come down to my place and be a hostess yourself."

At midnight of the appointed date we arrived at the club. But Miss Johns herself had not appeared, and we waited for her and her instructions.

Her entry was like a streak of lightning—she seemed to wake up the whole place. Swanking through the crowded tables, she greeted everybody, occasionally stopping to embrace and kiss a male. We learned later that these favorites were chronic spenders of about $200 a night.

HIS friends looked mildly surprised, but he was simply speechless. It was probably just her playful way of thanking him for bringing down so many friends.

At a very conspicuous table sat a large party of friends, only one of whom seemed to be familiar with the club. When Miss Johns spied

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

" I think you'd better pay up tonight, Ed," Miss Johns said. " It isn't that I don't trust you—but we like to keep our books straight."

[THE NIGHT CLUBS OF NEW YORK Continued from Page Fifteen]

him, she leaped gracefully to his side and, before he knew what had happened, he had been quite enthusiastically embraced and kissed.

His friends looked mildly surprised, but he was simply speechless. It was probably just her playful way of thanking him for bringing down so many friends.

While he tried to smile to conceal his shock, she put her arms around his neck and cooed: " Don't be so ignorant, Georgie! Introduce me to your friends."

The most pampered and spoiled character at the club was Ed. He was the handsome forty-five-year-old darling who, until five years before, had been Broadway's favorite bachelor. Then, with a gay past and a prosperous future to cheer him, he married so that he could share his fortune with children of his own. But Ed's wife bore him no children.

That is why, he says, he spends every night and all kinds of money at the club. He buys champagne for anybody who wants it and he's hurt if you don't want it. His sole reward for all this is at dawn, when the violinist in the orchestra plays a heartbreaking solo for him (at $50 a solo). Ed drops his head on the table and weeps unashamed and unrestrained.

HE was telling an amusing story at our table when the orchestra broke into a very sad melody. " I'm sorry," he apologized, leaving the story and us in midair, and there was real pain in his face, " but I'll have to go hear that."

We watched him stumble over to the piano, rest his head against it, and sob.

When he came back the rest of the party were discussing his tremendous estate somewhere in the Adirondacks. Miss Johns said she had spent some of the happiest hours of her life there. She asked him to take her there again.

" You know I can't any more, Alice. And you don't know how much I should like to. But Elsie'd have a fit if I did that now. I can't do it. That's all over and done with."

" Oh, is that so? " said Alice. " Well, if you want to know something, I never did approve of your marrying a crab like Elsie. If you had married Louise, as I told you to—we'd all be having lots of fun now. There was a woman for you—a regular fellah! "

In a minute Ed was sarcastically craving her pardon for his choice in matrimony.

JUST then the manager stepped up and whispered to Ed that there was a small matter of $150 from the night before to be settled. His air was deferential.

" I won't pay it now," said Ed. " I'll pay tonight's bill and I'll pay that other bill next week."

" No, I think you'd better pay up tonight, Ed." Miss Johns' voice was a symphony of sweetness and detached concern for him. " It isn't that I don't trust you and all that—but we like to keep our books straight."

" Bah—you trust me! " he remarked sullenly. " All you care about me is my money. If I didn't come down here every night and leave all this jack behind me, you wouldn't have any use for me at all."

" Oh, is that so? I don't like to have you talk that way, Ed, and, besides, you know it isn't true. I like you for yourself—not for your money. It wouldn't make any difference to me if you didn't have a cent. The trouble with you, Ed, is that you're too darn mercenary."

He paid both bills. And so she went, on and on. She took part in the show, kept an eye on her employees as well as on her customers, encouraged everybody to consume more food and more liquor, and professed to be very gay all the while.

In following her activities so minutely, we did not entirely overlook the other hostesses. There was, for example, the one we decided was the most sensible of Miss Johns' employees. Her opinion was that nobody goes into night life if there is any other possible way of making a couple of hundred dollars a week.

" I couldn't earn more than twenty-five or thirty dollars a week at anything else," she confided, " and I can't get along on less than a hundred. I was on the stage for a while, but I didn't do so well there."

SHE said she was so tired of night life she was saving all her money and studying millinery in her off hours so that she could go into the business herself.

" The only way to get along with the men you meet in night clubs is to laugh at everything they say and believe nothing. They make love to you, propose to you, make you promises—but it doesn't mean a thing. The important thing is to keep 'em in good spirits, and if you're afraid they're going to forget to slip you a little something—why, just tell them what that nice gentleman you entertained last week gave you.

" I don't make any bones about it, because I'm here to make as much as I can get out of the business as soon as possible. I'm starved for a little sunlight and you don't get any for weeks if you're a night-club hostess. If some fool from Oshkosh wants to stay here until eight or nine in the morning, you gotta stay right here with him."

Oshkosh reminded her of a funny old man from that town whom she had once entertained. All night he had urged her to marry him, but before he left he was overcome with a burst of generous candor. " Poor little girl! " he commiserated; " I'm so sorry I can't marry you, but I've got a wife."

She looked as grieved as possible. To console the poor child for this grave misfortune, he left her eleven crisp ten-dollar bills, which cheered her immensely.

Her chief complaint against night life was the dull stories she had to receive with hilarious glee. And, speaking of stories, she added:

" I regret to admit that the risque stories and improper proposals always come from the old gentlemen from Dubuque."

The wardrobe is a very important part of a hostess's career. Most hostesses, she told us, have as many as twenty or twenty-five evening dresses at a time—which last about three months—but this girl was getting along on eight.

" I'm not trying to make a hit with any of 'em and I'm not waiting for a good break," she said. " I've had two husbands and they didn't get me anywhere. I want to make money fast and get into a legitimate business." She was sensible and in earnest.

The most fascinating hostess we encountered at the club was a beautiful Spanish girl who spoke almost no English. She wore a peculiar circlet on the second finger of her left hand. It (the circlet) was made of one wedding ring and two engagement rings. The three men who had contributed to that consolidated ring had all committed suicide because of her.

Early in the evening she was in high spirits. She kissed everybody who said she was beautiful, and they were talkative that night! As the hours wore on, however, she grew depressed and morose. About 3 or 4 in the

morning she muttered something about "mort," pointed to her right temple, and departed.

The manager phoned her later and asked whether she was crying. She denied it between sobs. Everybody said she'd be all right the next day.

In a way she reminded us of the heathen Chinee, he that was spoken of in plain language by Truthful James. Without being able to speak any English, she conveyed such poignant grief and nostalgia for her dear old Porto Rico to the Englishman who was listening sympathetically to her tale of woe, he was moved to the extent of giving her $300 to make possible the return journey and the ecstatic family reunion. She received the check with loud enthusiasm and delight and the next day wore a brilliant bracelet.

DURING our confab with the manager, while he soothed the Spanish beauty, we learned that a good hostess must carry her liquor like an expert. Her real job is to keep the firewater flowing all night and she has to drink yet keep sober.

If necessary, she has to work three tables at a time and keep all three parties in good humor. She has to be a diplomat. It's her job to make herself agreeable to the gentlemen and to induce them to come again and become regular patrons—yet decline outside invitations.

The managers evidently like all flirtations and romances to flourish on home ground. For these romances do not thrive on aromatic moonlight nights or brilliant sunsets or on any sheer æsthetic manifestation.

To stimulate night-club flirtations there must be plenty of good food, a constant flow of wine, primitive music, and a crowd as noisy, raucous, and abandoned as possible. That is what managers capitalize on.

This particular manager seemed to know all the high lights in night life, so we asked whether he knew where we might reach Miss June LeRoy. We had heard she was an excellent hostess, but had been unable to communicate with her for an interview.

He was pondering over the name when a very attractive guest in one of those dazzling gold cloth creations approached us and inquired: "Did I hear you ask for Miss June LeRoy?" We admitted she had, whereupon she told us she was the lady.

We were delighted at the fortunate coincidence and explained our interest in her name. She agreed to be interviewed at once. We retired to the sumptuous dressing-room and she, too, unfolded her past.

"If you want a story about real night-club hostesses," she began, "you'd better see some of the other kind. I'm not the type; not by a darn sight. You know the kind—can't do anything but wag their heads all night and yell, 'Come on, honey, let's have another drink!'"

The seductive blossom who uttered this was as disdainful as a lady can be when she's tucked away in a tremendous chair, one foot under her, puffing a cigarette. In the same tone she allowed that she was too intellectual, too idealistic, and far too superior for night-club life. That's why she had just resigned from her job as hostess at one of the high-hattest night clubs Manhattan boasts.

"That's no life for anybody who's got a brain or heart or ideals. You make money all right, but you work too darn hard for it."

Asked whether she missed her income, which had averaged about $300 a week while she was a hostess, she replied, "I should say not. I can make more than that any afternoon I care to give a cocktail party. I've got a mailing list of two thousand," she added majestically.

A mailing list, by the way, is something every hostess develops in her career. The lists vary from a few hundred to a few thousand and represent men who are willing to spend about a hundred dollars a night in a club in the society of a favorite hostess, besides handing out gratuities to the fair ones and making themselves generally useful.

Is it necessary to add that these men are all married, from thirty-five to sixty years old, and insufferable dancers? It is not. Any hostess will tell you that slippers are the bane of her life because her dancing partners are so terrible. Hostesses save money, however, on street clothes. They don't have any—have no use for informal costumes. But this is digressing dreadfully from the intellectual lady, who yearns to tell her story.

Her opinion was that nobody goes into night life if there is any other way of making a couple of hundred dollars a week.

She, too, had been married twice and neither time successfully, so she joined a chorus with even less success. Being in dire straits for want of money, she accepted a job as a host-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE NIGHT CLUBS OF NEW YORK]
Continued from Page Seventeen

ess. It was interesting at first, but it got too tiresome and too hard on her idealistic nature. So she resigned.

The cocktail parties were evidently all that stood between her and starvation.

"Men are all alike," she told us. "There is no such thing as a highbrow or a lowbrow among them. I've known all kinds, up and down the social scale, and they're all vain and selfish. They want to be flattered and they want their own way. They can be nice or nasty, but either way it's just to get something they want.

"I LEFT my heart with my wrap every time I walked into that club. Once there, I was as cynical and as hardboiled as the rest of them. If a man was kind and gentlemanly to me, I gave him a square deal when he got drunk. If he was a fresh smart-aleck, I got him as drunk as possible—then took whatever he had.

"I don't suppose it's any use, though," she mused thoughtfully. "They never learn a thing from experience. They play around all night and never consider that you're just working. Or, if they do think of it, they don't care a rap. The actual salary is only about fifty dollars a week, so you depend on the gratuities and, naturally, you want as many changes of patrons as possible. Instead of sitting around for an hour or two and paying you, the fools hang around and monopolize you all night. They act as though they're the gift of God you've been waiting for all your life.

"I used to be a perfect wreck every morning—the whole thing was such a strain for me. I didn't get through till six—with never a night off, you know."

Asked whether she would go right home to bed, she replied: "Oh, no. I'd have to go to another club to rest up a while. You can't sleep after an ordeal like that."

She said she was bored to death with the life of the flame and the moth. Reading and writing were her real interests in life—and love, of course. Matrimony had not discouraged her. She was always going to be in love, and even when she was seventy, dear little optimist that she was, she was going to have a lover.

She was seriously considering going in for a literary life. We suggested if she cut herself off from every other source of income she might have to abandon the luxury she was accustomed to.

She wouldn't mind that, she said, going to the wardrobe and slipping her hand into the soft lining of her ermine wrap for a perfumed handkerchief. Luxury meant nothing to her—the while she admired her expensively clad reflection in the mirror.

"Have you written anything yet?" we asked.

"Oh, yes, I've written a short story and I've got notebooks filled with impressions. I just wrote a poem today. Want to hear it?"

She recited it for us and it was something to the effect that her love had made her get drunk and her drunk had got her into debt, that if she could borrow enough to pay her debt she would stop being drunk and win back her love.

"I'll have to go back to Charlie now—he's one of my old patrons—still true to me."

She returned to her swain and the last we saw of them she was singing, "Let's have another—it must be somebody's birthday."

We joined the group of idle employees and met an elderly lady who seemed quite comfortable there. Everybody, even the most unrelated people, called her "mother." It developed that she was the mother of two girls in the establishment. One daughter was in the show and the other was a temporary hostess.

All night she smoked and drank and wisecracked while her daughters strutted their stuff for a couple of rich patrons from Pennsylvania. She glanced over at them once in a while, a curious glance—critical and appraising.

She told a story about her daughter—the hostess—who was out of a steady job.

"Gladys went to that swell Club Royal with her boy friend last night," she said. "She did a Charleston exhibition and one of the men in the crowd wanted to give her fifty dollars for it."

"Wouldn't she take it?"

"What, my daughter turn down fifty dollars?" The interrogator was rewarded with a look of contempt. "She was going to take it all right, but that fool friend of hers wouldn't let her. I always said Paul was a fool—it would have embarrassed him—humph!"

There was an eloquent pause. She continued: "Paul sent her a basket of flowers

this high today"—she held her hand about five feet from the floor—"but all day it's been bothering me—keeping that poor girl from them fifty dollars."

The manager was evidently sweet on May, the other daughter. He kept bringing the conversation around to her.

Apropos of nothing at all, the maternal parent inquired, "Do you think May'll go to Europe? There's a man wants to take her."

"Is he going to give her a part in a play?" we asked.

"Oh, no; he's just going for the trip and wants to take her with him. She hasn't made up her mind yet whether she'll go."

ONCE, when May was about to drink some champagne, the manager stopped her. "Girl," he preached, "before you drink that, think of your mother."

"All right—let her have it," was the touching reply.

At dawn the girls called to their mother to join them—they were ready to leave.

"Well, I'm not," she replied; "I've got two glasses of champagne to finish."

"Oh, never mind that!" They were growing impatient. "It's late."

"See here," reprimanded the manager, "don't you girls respect your mother? What do you mean by hurrying her in that tone of voice? You wait and take orders from her."

"You're right," said mother quite indignantly. "This terrible young generation don't respect their parents any more. I won't budge until I'm through."

She didn't, and that was that.

Our own experience was limited to entertaining some four men who described themselves as brokers and proprietors of ticket agencies. They bought us food and liquor, and once, when we declined more food, a waiter who was taking the orders gave us a pretty dirty look, then suggested a dish he was sure we would like.

We didn't dare refuse in the face of the unwritten law of night clubs, so we acquiesced—quite meekly. Most of the time, though, we were hungry enough to suit the management or at least curious enough to order and try long-heard-of concoctions we had never been able to get before.

WE danced and talked and were flattered and received various invitations—but no cash. We thought we were quite a flop as a hostess, but the manager told us before we left he had cautioned the men not to give us anything—we were "different" and it might hurt our sensitive feelings.

When we arrived at the club the men speculated we were every bit of eighteen. At dawn another party of men said (in that same generous, flattering way) that we looked only twenty-six. And that's how night-club life affects us.

We can hardly do justice to all the shop talk we picked up. Suffice it to say that $100 is a good enough gratuity and that $5 is a brazen insult; that men are getting suspicious of the ancient stunt of upsetting coffee or liquor over a dress and then whining about the damage; that if a hostess isn't hungry she orders expensive dishes anyway, messes them up, and sends them back.

She does everything to boost the food and liquor bill.

Just before we left, about 6:30 in the morning, something very like a row started. A new patron, who had arrived about 2 A. M., and who had been drinking and making merry since then, had just been given his check.

"Thirty-nine dollars!" he gurgled. "Well, that's pretty good; not half bad—not half——"

"The bill for liquor is on the other side," interrupted the waiter coldly.

"Oh!"

He turned it over quickly and leaped out of his chair.

"Say, what do you call this? Plain robbery! That's what it is—nothing else—robbery—hundred and sixty dollars—how d'ya get that way? What d'ya take me for—a sucker?"

At this point we decided to tarry (we were about to leave), confident there would be a gunfight or a storm or a fire or something.

Instead, the hostess, Miss Johns herself, took charge of the situation. There weren't very many people left in the club.

"Sucker is right!" she shouted. "That's what this place is for—suckers like you! And if you don't like it—get the hell out!"

Squelched by this loud tirade, he began to fumble with his checkbook and write out a check.

Over in the corner a drunken patron, who succeeded in getting the drift of this pleasant tete-a-tete, leaned on the shoulder of an equally soused hostess.

"Suckers!" he sobbed. "Tha's what we all are—jus' plain suckers!"

"You said it," she sobbed back, her arm around his broad shoulders and her head resting on his. "Tha's jus' what you all are—suckers!"

THE END

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Pictures by
LESLIE BENSON

ANNE loved puppies to the verge of distraction.

The Triangular Adventures of a Girl, a Man, and an Ungrateful Pup

A Short Story *by*
Edward Hope

IF Howard Potter had been in complete control of his senses, he would have realized that he had just been robbed of a quarter of a week's pay. He would have speculated that even so fine a luncheon as he and Anne had eaten at Francois' was a bit expensive at $11.80, not including the tip. He would have had an inkling that $1.50 is a good deal to give a taxi driver when the meter registers only sixty cents.

He didn't because he wasn't.

He was toying with the idea that it would be great to engage in a bare and single-handed fight with twelve gunmen for Anne's sake.

She seemed impressed with him. She had accepted his invitation to the St. Valentine's Ball the following night, and she had declined at least one other offer in order to do so.

His thoughts rode off in all directions. They brought up, in a moment or two, at a fact. Anne Welles was having a birthday on Thursday of next week. Birthday —gift.

She had mentioned her loneliness since the untimely demise of Sniffer. Had expressed her intention of appointing his successor. Had stated the age and breed she considered ideal, nothing less than a Boston terrier two or three months old, with a pushed-in nose, a white chest.

Howard looked at his watch. Ten minutes to two. No one would notice if he didn't go back to the office until 2:30. He would go to the largest dog shop in town.

He did. A young man placed himself before Howard and smiled.

"Male Boston terrier puppy," Howard said. The young man smiled again. "You are in luck. We just got three in. Champion stock. Show you."

The salesman lifted a wire door and brought out a handful of brown-and-white softness. He placed it on the floor and it straightened itself into the miniature semblance of a dog — eight inches long, perhaps, and bulgy at the middle.

The puppy toddled briskly a few feet toward the front of the store, turned, and bounded back, to pounce on the salesman's foot, growling its idea of a growl. The salesman picked it up and held it in one hand.

"Really very fine," he said. "Look at the muzzle. Short nose, two wrinkles. Good forehead. Straight ears. Show dog."

He inverted the object of his admiration, and it wriggled joyously.

"The pedigree is exceptional," he said. "Sire, Hatfield Pouncer, son of Champion Hatfield Pep. Dam, Honey Girl."

"How much?" asked Howard.

The salesman raised his eyebrows politely.

"Bargain," he said. "Sixty-five—with leash and harness."

"All right."

The salesman placed the son of Hatfield Pouncer in Howard's hands and went away. With his tongue, the pup indicated complete satisfaction with the transaction. Howard looked at him possessively and calculated that the check he was about to draw would just finish his Christmas bonus.

The salesman returned bearing a green leather harness studded with brass. It was large enough for a good-sized white mouse.

Howard made his way across the sidewalk. His watch told him it was 3:45 P. M. He couldn't possibly take the pup home and get to the office before half-past four. And that was no use. He would explain in the morning.

Another idea elbowed its way in. Mrs. Heaney, who owned or rented the house in which Howard maintained a front bedroom and half-interest in a bath, operated in strict accordance to a typewritten list of rules posted on the door of each room.

Among the rules was one that stated Mrs.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FOR SALE—DOG
Continued from Page Twenty-one]

Heaney's adamant attitude toward children under fourteen years of age, cats, dogs, monkeys, and other pets.

And here was Howard Potter heading for Mrs. Heaney's castle with a dog. And Anne Welles' birthday six days off.

Still, Mrs. Heaney might be out. He bundled the pup under his overcoat and let himself in. Clutching his swollen bosom, he made steathily for the stairs.

WHEN he arrived at the top, he nearly fell backward.

Mrs. Heaney stood there, resting one hand on the stem of a carpet-sweeper. Her gaze, he felt, was penetrating through his coat. He darted toward his front room, reached his door, and went in.

His responsibilities rushed upon him. The animal must eat; he must have exercise; he must be kept warm, but not to the exclusion of fresh air—against the time when he would be Sniffer II and belong to Anne Welles.

Presently Howard was in a drug-store telephone booth calling Anne. Anne answered.

"This is Howard. Could you—that is—will you take tea with me on Thursday?"

"Thursday? Love to. But you're coming to my little party Thursday night. I don't know whether it is right to see you twice on the same day."

"Only once alone."

"Well, since you put it that way, all right."

"What time shall I come for you tomorrow night?"

"Half-past ten? Is that all right?"

THEY growled at each other and played a game of tag around a chair.

"Half past ten? I'll be right on the spot."

The next evening Mr. Potter stopped at the studio apartment of Oliver Thorne, who was an incipient free-lance illustrator and therefore spent his days at home—and therefore was an ideal person with whom to leave an incipient Boston terrier. For Mrs. Heaney was known to inspect the rooms of her house daily.

Oliver Thorne was dressing for dinner.

Sniffer II was sleeping, flat on his side, on the foot of the bed. His feet twitched occasionally as he dreamed of prehistoric rabbits his assorted ancestors had chased through the ages.

"Has my son behaved himself?" asked Howard.

"In a way," Thorne admitted. "But he's too damned amusing. I've been trying to work, and your animal has been making faces at me. He can make more faces than any two human beings I ever saw."

"A splendid brute! Will you keep him for me again tomorrow?"

"No."

"Give you a bottle of gin."

"Good gin?"

"Best in the world. Made it myself."

"Sold."

Howard and the pup dined together at a little side-street restaurant, lingered over their coffee and tobacco, and made their way home.

At half-past nine Howard divested himself of his office clothes, hung his suit in the closet and laid his watch, chain, keys, and money on the bed. He went to the bathroom and turned on the water in the tub.

Presently he sawed a towel across his back, slipped on his bathrobe, and went into the other room.

Sniffer II lay on his stomach beside the bed, his fore paws pressed together, holding something he had been chewing. His head was lifted in an attitude of impertinent interrogation. A small yellow fragment of paper hung suspended from the side of his lip.

With a broken moan, Howard sprang at him. Sniffer II got hastily to his feet and retreated in not too good order. As he went, the scrap of yellow paper dropped from his lip. The fragment was one-fifth of a twenty-dollar bill.

Howard snatched it up and looked for more. Not another bit of yellow anywhere. The pup hesitated three feet away. Howard swooped down upon him and pried his mouth open—stared rudely into the white-edged pinkness within. No money there—not so much as fifteen cents change.

On the bed remained one rumpled dollar bill and miscellaneous small change that might add up to eighty-five cents. Tickets to the St. Valentine's Ball—for the benefit of the little slum children—twelve dollars the couple. Taxicabs, two to three dollars. Possible extra refreshments, four dollars. Twelve, fifteen, nineteen——

We shall not go into Howard's attempts to raise cash. We shall not follow him to the corner drug store to listen in on his frantic telephone calls to young men in every part of the city, of whom the only ones at home were there for lack of funds.

LET us skip those minutes and raise the curtain again at 10:25. In five minutes Anne Welles, dressed to be her most alluring, would be expecting him to arrive and carry her off to the ball and he couldn't possibly do it.

To add to the general gayety, Howard felt a sharp, stabbing pain in the lower right side of his abdomen, in that spot where it is generally agreed the appendix lurks. Just like the damned thing to hurt at this moment!

He made his way to the telephone booth and called Anne—heard her voice at the other end of the wire.

"Anne!" he said hoarsely.

"Yes?"

"Howard!" he announced, as if with his last breath. "Anne—I'm—horribly sorry—but remember the attack of—appendicitis—I had just before—Christmas?"

"Yes. Oh——"

"Well, I—I've got another now. Worse." He gasped with what he hoped sounded like a paroxysm.

"Oh, Howard!"

"Nothing. Nothing, really. But the—doctor put me to bed. Said I mustn't get up if I—valued my—life. Horribly sorry—can't come for you."

"Howard!" She was genuinely excited. "Oh, you must go right back to bed—right now. I don't mind your not taking me at all. It's perfectly all right. Really."

Howard hung up the receiver and stepped from the booth into fresh trouble.

At the door of his room he found Mrs. Heaney, her close-set eyes flashing even in the half-light.

"Well, Mr. Potter," she said, "what, may I ask, have you in your room?"

Howard summoned a smile—a disarming smile.

From behind the closed door Sniffer II yapped his loneliness to the world.

"Puppy," said Howard, as if that settled everything. But it didn't.

"Yes," said his landlady. "Puppy! Why do you come sneaking pets into my house when I have forbidden it?"

"You see," Howard began, "I bought this dog to present to a young lady—in fact, to the young lady who is going to marry me. I want to give it to her for her birthday. And her birthday isn't until next Thursday."

"You may keep this animal here for the rest of the night. Tomorrow morning before ten o'clock the dog goes out and does not

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

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The Outfit—Light but uncommonly durable; fry pan, dish, pail, cup, spoon, and fork, neatly nesting into a stout khaki carrying case. The perfect one-man outfit; one of several Mirro camping kits for from one to four people.

☆

The Material—Tough, dense, rustproof pure aluminum, made extra hard by rolling under tremendous pressure. These little utensils have the same qualities that make all Mirro Aluminum long-lived and economical.

☆

The Mark—"MIRRO, The Finest Aluminum," found only on the finest guaranteed products of the world's largest manufacturers of aluminum ware.

☆

The Price—Only $2.50 at leading sporting goods, hardware, and department stores. If unobtainable, send $2.50 direct and set will be sent prepaid anywhere in the United States.

That Wonderful Sandwich of

UNDERWOOD *Pure* Deviled Ham

"TASTE THE TASTE"

WHEN work or play whets appetite sharp—taste the taste of Underwood Pure Deviled Ham. Nothing but sweet tender hams, boiled *en casserole*, chopped fine and seasoned with delicate spices. For three generations, Underwood Pure Deviled Ham has made "the greatest sandwich in the world." For School lunches, auto trips and parties, insist on Underwood Pure Deviled Ham with the famous Red Devil label.

Buy it by the Carton!

Underwood Pure Deviled Ham can now be had in the new 10c size. Buy it by the carton of six 10c cans. Larger sizes if you wish. Send for the Underwood book of 59 tempting recipes—free.

WM. UNDERWOOD COMPANY, 58 FULTON STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

come back, alone or with you."

She turned and marched out.

Howard walked across the room and sat down. Repeated the process several times. Presently he decided that the only way to assure safety to himself and the dog was to go out. He got his hat and overcoat and went out into the February chill, walking toward the avenue.

Suddenly, in the bright lights of a fashionable confectioner's shop, he found himself halted face to face with Anne Welles and her father.

Howard snatched his hat from his head and tried to smile nonchalantly.

"Why—why," he said. "Why, what are *you* doing here, Anne?"

"Father and I came out for a malted milk," she said, "because I wasn't going out to the ball. What are *you* doing here? How is your appendicitis?"

"Why——"

"Not that it really makes any particular difference. Only I do think you might have given me a little longer notice if you didn't want to take me to the ball."

She took her father's arm and started away—out of his life.

"But—" Howard almost yelled it to stop her. She stopped. "But—you see—I felt better and—and the air—the air indoors was so—ah—stuffy——"

Anne was regarding him as he had never dreamed she could.

"By the way," she said, "I don't think it would be very pleasant for us to meet again. After this. Do you?"

Howard stood loosely, his hands at his sides, and watched her go.

"Good afternoon," she said. Again Howard watched her walk out of his life.

TWO newspapers, next evening, carried a classified advertisement as follows:

> FOR SALE—Dog. Boston terrier. Male, 2½ mos. Fine pedigree. Good markings. Perfect health. At sacrifice. Write or call.

The advertisement gave the address of Mrs. Heaney's better-class rooming-house—with the landlady's permission, for it was a tangible expression of Howard's penitence. The same advertisement appeared in two morning papers on the day following.

Forty-two hours or so after his last interview with Anne Welles, Howard let himself into Mrs. Heaney's hostelry and went slinking up to his room. The pup that had nearly become Sniffer II was farmed out temporarily with the cook. The room was empty.

Presently there was a knock at the door. Howard opened it.

"There's a young woman downstairs to see the dog," said Mrs. Heaney, not too cordially.

"Be right down," he said. "May I take the dog into the reception-room to show him?"

"All right. This once. But sell him."

Howard followed her down the back stairs into the kitchen. Sniffer II was brought up from the laundry. Howard took him under one arm and made his way to the reception-hall. He stepped inside.

Then he stopped, open-mouthed. The pup slid down his leg to the floor and scampered over to sniff the visitor's feet.

ANNE WELLES looked at Howard intently, scratched the pup's head without paying much attention to the job.

"So this is where you live," she said.

"Yes." Howard grasped at the thread of conversation. "Yes. Yes. This is where I live."

"And you were expecting me?"

"Expecting you? Good heavens, no."

"You didn't put that advertisement into the paper, describing exactly the kind of dog I want, to get me to come here?"

"No; I described the dog I had."

"Yes. And where did you get him?"

Howard felt that he had committed some fresh sin. Instinctively he lied.

"Friend of mine, going out of city. Had to go suddenly. No notice. Couldn't take dog. Asked me to sell 'm."

"I see." What she meant, he felt, was that she saw through him.

"Good afternoon," she said.

Again Howard watched her walk out of his life. He heard her go down the hall, close the front door.

He picked up the tiny dog and held him at arm's length.

"This is your doing," he said. "Every damn bit of it." The pointed ears folded themselves back and the little round face looked infinitely sad. "Aw, hell!" said Howard, and capsized the pup into the crook of his left arm.

He marched to the kitchen and explained that the dog had not been what the young woman wanted.

Howard went to his room, got out stationery, a large flat book for a desk, a fountain pen. He rubbed his cheek with the back of one hand for a minute. Then he wrote on the sheet of note paper:

"My dear Anne." Again he rubbed his

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

Sedan $895—Special Sedan $995
f. o. b. Detroit

Supremacy in Fine Steel

In the percentage of Costly Chrome Vanadium Steel used, Dodge Brothers Motor Car outranks any other automobile in the World, regardless of cost.

It is everywhere conceded that Chrome Vanadium Steel is the toughest and most enduring metal ever created for use in the vital parts of a motor car.

It may not be so well known, however, that Dodge Brothers Motor Car ranks *first in the world* in the use of this costly and fatigue-proof material.

Dodge Brothers power assembly is almost entirely Chrome Vanadium—motor, connecting rods, crankshaft, transmission, universal joint, drive shaft, differential and rear axle.

Even the front axle is Chrome Vanadium—the entire steering unit—and *every* leaf of the springs.

In fact, wherever *any* manufacturer uses alloy steels, Dodge Brothers use costly Chrome Vanadium. And in numerous instances Dodge Brothers employ it where plain carbon steel, even in the costliest cars, is commonly thought sufficient.

This has been true from the day Dodge Brothers built their first motor car.

This explains why the words *Long Life*, *Safety* and *Dependability* are habitually associated with the name Dodge Brothers wherever motor cars are serving mankind.

DODGE BROTHERS, INC. DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
TORONTO, ONTARIO

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CARS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

cheek for inspiration. Finally he got at the text of the letter, and it was eloquent.

The last paragraph said:

"So you see that, while I have bungled and mismanaged things horribly, and lied to you and inconvenienced you inexcusably, my intentions have always been of the best."

Howard read it over and rubbed his cheek for perhaps the fiftieth time. Presently he picked up the pen again and added a paragraph:

"I have given the dog——"

Another pause for thought. She loved puppies to the verge of distraction.

"I have given the dog," he finished it, "to the S. P. C. A. to be chloroformed."

Above his name he wrote, "Sincerely yours," and hoped it would hurt her for a minute or two at least.

He addressed an envelope, placed the written sheets inside, and dropped the results of his labors on the bureau for fuller consideration after dinner.

He went down and got the pup from the cook, for it had become Howard's custom to exercise him by taking him out to dinner. When he came back an hour and a half later, Howard took Sniffer II—he couldn't give up the name—up to his room for company.

THEY rolled on the bed, the pup sniffing and nipping at Howard's ears. They growled at each other and played a game of tag around a chair until the small dog was exhausted and fell asleep.

Howard took the letter from the bureau and began to open it.

His fingers twitched and gave up their fumbling at the flap of the envelope. He gasped as a white-hot dagger of pain ripped its way vertically across his abdomen. Howard took a deep breath, and released it sharply. Doctor. Wow! He started toward the door.

It was perhaps twenty minutes later that Mrs. Heaney heard the plaintive yapping of a youthful dog coming, muffled, through the door of Mr. Potter's room.

There was no answer to her knock. She produced her keys and let herself in.

Mr. Potter lay face down on the floor, a letter clutched in one hand. Mrs. Heaney rolled him over and placed her hand over his heart. It was beating.

She ran to the telephone and asked for an ambulance. Back up in the room again she looked at the unconscious form on the floor.

The letter! She took it from Howard's fingers and looked at the envelope.

"Miss Anne Welles." They always wrote letters to women! She opened the envelope. "My dear Anne." Must be a relative.

Mrs. Heaney went down to the telephone again. She took the directory. One Welles tallied with the address on the envelope. Mrs. Heaney called. Got Miss Anne Welles on the telephone.

"Miss Welles," said Mrs. Heaney, "are you related to a Mr. Howard Potter?"

"I know him. Why?"

"He's just took poison or something. This is Mrs. Heaney—his landlady. He had a letter to you in his hand. Do you know any of his relatives?"

"No," said Anne. "They live in Cleveland."

"Well—all right. I'll notify the police."

"No—no—no! Don't notify the police. I'll come right down. Have you called a doctor?"

"Amb'lance," said Mrs. Heaney.

THEY operated at once. Anne Welles and her father stayed in a hushed and tawdry reception-room and waited while the house surgeon did his work.

Mr. Welles attempted consolation, but without either understanding or success.

Anne chewed at her lips for fifteen minutes or so, and then cried softly but undoubtedly.

And presently a nurse came in and said that it had been a nasty case, but Mr. Potter's appendix had gone the way of all bad appendices and Mr. Potter was resting quietly—still under the ether—in the private room Mr. Welles had arranged for. It would be no use waiting longer. They would keep him under morphine through the night.

So Anne and her father went home, and her father slept perfectly, and Anne didn't sleep at all. You see, Mrs. Heaney had given Howard's letter to Anne, and Anne had read it, while she still thought the attempted-suicide theory correct. In the morning, at a time when she would ordinarily have been turning over for three hours more of slumber, Anne was admitted to the room of the excessively pale and wan Mr. Potter, who was doing much better than could be expected. He was still groggy with drugs and fatigue.

After fifteen minutes or so he opened his eyes and looked around the room in confusion. His eyes came to rest on the shadowy form of Anne Welles in a chair.

He raised a ton-weight of hand and moved it interminable inches across the coverlet toward her. He felt the cool smoothness of her fingers on his. Went off to sleep again.

ALL that remains to be said concerns Sniffer II, for this is, after all, his story—it never would have happened without him.

Today, as I write this, he is a full-grown Boston terrier, a year and a half old. He weighs fully ten pounds and is thoroughly stylish and decorative and worthy of his position in this world.

His position in this world entitles him to a great privilege. In the apartment that is his home there are two beds side by side. And when Sniffer II wants a slipper to chew (he finds them tastier than twenty-dollar bills) he has merely to decide which bed to look under; for he has his choice of a small pink silk pair and a large red leather pair.

THE END

WHEN he arrived at the top he nearly fell backward. Mrs. Heaney stood there, resting one hand on the stem of a carpet-sweeper.

A Brand New HOTEL SHERMAN

NOW IN CHICAGO

TODAY THE LARGEST HOTEL IN THE WORLD OUTSIDE OF NEW YORK

1700 Rooms, each with bath. So distributed that 75% are at the Hotel Sherman's minimum rates—$3.00 - $5.00

No waiting for room assignment, under all ordinary circumstances

Like a week-end visit among friends

RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD
1807 H STREET N. W.
WASHINGTON

April 25th, 1926

Richard Washburn Child

Dear Mr. Bering:

I want to expand my expression to you about the Sherman. It was homelike, it was kind, it was good to the senses and the mind and the tired body. As you know I was there as the guest of the Fortieth District of Rotary International when I made my address at its meeting the other day, but there was a hospitality about your whole organization which had the flavor of a week-end visit among one's own friends where comfort knocks on one's door in the morning and consideration says goodnight.

Good luck to you,

Richard Washburn Child

[*This letter is published by permission of Mr. Child*]

The famous "House on the Roof"

"The House on the Roof," a magnificently furnished eight-room Georgian dwelling above the twenty-third floor, is known the world over as Chicago's White House and is the abode of distinguished guests while in Chicago. It was formally opened with a reception by President and Mrs. Coolidge

SPECIAL FEATURES OF THE NEW HOTEL SHERMAN

for the busy business man in Chicago

Busy business men, arriving in Chicago in the early morning, come to the NEW HOTEL SHERMAN because they are assigned their rooms at once and lose no time in getting to their appointments. Immediate room assignment is made possible by having plenty of moderate-priced comfortable rooms always in readiness. Plenty of high speed elevators, alert service—everything is done to assist the guest who wants to save time.

for the comfort of the woman traveller

The woman travelling alone finds special consideration for her comfort and protection at the NEW HOTEL SHERMAN. A floor exclusively for women guests is set aside. An entrance from Randolph Street leads directly to the desks and elevators. It is not necessary for the woman guest to pass through the lobbies. Comfortable lounges are provided for meeting friends. There is a housekeeper on every floor. Each floor has an individual clerk.

for lovers of good food—four fine restaurants

The NEW HOTEL SHERMAN is the home of Chicago's four best-liked restaurants. *The Old Town Coffee Room*, serves HOTEL SHERMAN food at coffee shop prices. *The College Inn* is known internationally for its cuisine and patronage by notables. *The Bal Tabarin*, the world's most beautiful supper club, is the rendezvous for the smart set on Saturday nights. *The Celtic Restaurant* has comfortable appointments for busy business men.

Large New Sample Rooms
Private Dining Rooms for meetings of any size

The NEW HOTEL SHERMAN with a Grand Banquet Hall seating 2,500, a huge exposition hall, and an enlarged mezzanine floor offers convention and exposition facilities not found in any other Chicago hotel—more than one and one-half acres of exhibition floor space in the heart of the loop.

JOSEPH BYFIELD, *President*
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Vice-President and Managing Director

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RANDOLPH · CLARK · LAKE · & · LASALLE · STREETS · *Chicago*

An EYE for an Eye

Intrepid Woman Explorer Discloses How the Mysterious East Solves Its Crime Problem

An Article by

ROSITA FORBES

Pictures by CHARLES SARKA

JUSTICE, like morals, is a matter of latitude. In the West, we send a thief to ten years' penal servitude. In the East they cut off his hand. Personally I should prefer the latter punishment. It hurts more, but not for so long! If the object of our justice is preventive, I'm not sure we're on the right track. Out of sight is out of mind, more certainly in this century than in any other.

The West feels more than a little superior to the East. The Moslems are "heathens," are they not? Yet the East is older than the West, and age often begets more wisdom than youth is either able or willing to acknowledge.

Both in the East and in the West the law exists to maintain order. We in the West have an army of all ranks to fight the criminal, but it is an army very often divided against itself. Its machinery is too complicated. If one cog does not function, the criminal escapes.

In the East there is generally no organized force to combat the thief and the murderer, but each man's hand is against him. There is no picturesqueness, no romance, no notoriety about crime. Property, life, and everything else is too uncertain for anyone willingly to add to their insecurity.

Moreover, the East has learned to distinguish between incidents and events. It wastes no time in punishing misdemeanors. Its justice is not tangled up with rules and regulations, closing hours and Mann Acts, and a thousand irrelevant precedents that waste money and energy. It's out to get the criminal and it gets him.

AT dawn I heard a shot and a faint cry, but the sentry who had fired the shot could not say what he had seen.

The greatest modern lawgiver of Africa was the Shereef Raisuli, brigand, warrior, politician, philosopher, and Sultan of the Moroccan mountains.

At one period of his stormy career, he was governor of Tangier. For the first time in history, produce could be left all night in the markets without a guard. Merchants could ride the length and breadth of the province with money-filled saddlebags.

Raisuli's method of justice was simple. He held court in the open, outside his palace door. A black slave stood on each side of him, one with an ax, the other with a tub of boiling oil. When a thief was condemned, the first slave lopped off wrist or ankle with a single blow. The second plunged the stump into the liquid, which was intended, not to torture, for the shock of the cut had, momentarily, numbed all feeling, but to close the arteries.

I have often heard Raisuli accused of severity, but never of injustice. He had no faith in the prison system and he expressed his ob-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

Piercing Cold . . . **Beating Heat**

This amazing lumber builds against them and actually saves money . .

It makes all your life indoors more pleasant and healthful and year after year will save about ⅓ of your fuel bill. Now available for EVERY *home, new or old.*

NO longer need you put up with bake-oven rooms in summer . . . cold rooms, draughts and wasted fuel in winter!

An amazing heat-stopping lumber now brings even, comfortable temperatures all year 'round.

In Summer, it stands between the scorching rays of the sun and the refreshing coolness of the rooms inside.

In Winter, it stands between the cozy warmth of your radiators and the biting cold.

It marks the end of dangerous draughts and dampness . . . of wasted fuel.

No wonder home owners everywhere have eagerly accepted it! That more than 80,000 families have built this modern way in five short years. That architects and other building authorities urge its use.

This modern lumber is Celotex . . . produced to meet the great need for a building material that would resist the passage of heat and cold better than wood lumber, masonry and other wall and roof materials.

Celotex Insulating Lumber is not cut from trees. It is manufactured from the long, tough fibres of cane. Celotex is stronger in walls than wood lumber and many times better as insulation. Wind and moisture can not penetrate it. It quiets sound.

ACTUALLY *saves money*. Another reason for the tremendous success of Celotex is the economy it brings. Unlike ordinary insulation, Celotex is not an extra item in building.

It replaces wood lumber as sheathing (see the illustrations), eliminates building paper, gives greater wall strength and adds the insulation needed back of wood, brick and stucco exteriors at *no extra cost*.

Under plaster, replacing lath, Celotex costs a few cents more per yard at first, but is a great economy. It means less upkeep expense because of no lath-marks . . . fewer cracks. With the walls and roof of your house covered with Celotex a smaller, less expensive heating plant will keep you comfortable. And year after year, Celotex will *save from* 25% to 35% *of your fuel bill!*

NEW COMFORT *for old homes*. In houses already built, a big measure of this comfort and economy is being secured by lining attics and basements with Celotex. That helps a lot and costs but little.

There are also dozens of other places where Celotex is the ideal material for remodeling work.

LOOK AHEAD! Now that Celotex has made insulation practical, heat-leaking houses are a poor investment. The authorities say such houses are becoming obsolete: harder to sell, rent or borrow money on.

Ask your architect, contractor or lumber dealer to tell you more about Celotex. Leaders in these lines advise its use. All lumber dealers can supply it.

Meanwhile, send for the free Celotex Building Book. It explains fully this great improvement in building. Just mail the coupon below.

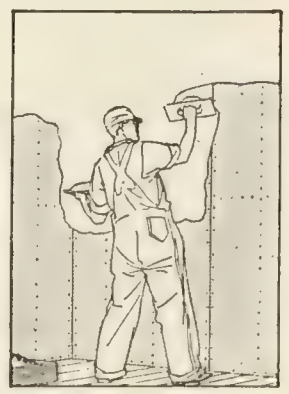
How Celotex is used in both old and new houses

IN THE ROOF

Most heat beats into the house through the roof in summer, causing hot attics. Most heat leaks out through the roof in winter, causing high fuel bills. Celotex applied over or under roof rafters gives the needed protection. Both uses are recommended.

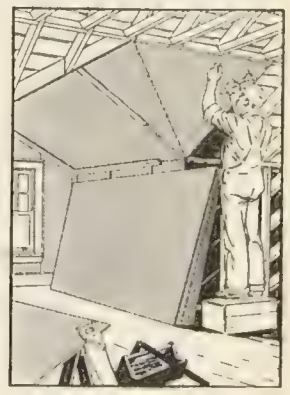
AS SHEATHING

Celotex supplies the insulation needed back of brick, wood or stucco exteriors. Here it replaces the rough boards formerly used, gives greater strength to the house walls and makes building paper unnecessary.



UNDER PLASTER

On inside walls and ceilings, plaster is applied directly to the surface of Celotex. This eliminates the use of lath and gives stronger, insulated walls: less apt to crack and free from lath-marks.



FOR OLD HOUSES

In homes already built, a big measure of Celotex comfort and economy may be secured by lining attics and basements with it. In the attic an extra finished room can be made by nailing Celotex to the roof rafters. In basement line the ceiling with Celotex.

Free Building Book

The Celotex Company, Dept. M-126A
645 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send the Celotex Building Book.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

Liberty—6-26-26

THE CELOTEX COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS · Mills: New Orleans, La.
Branch Sales Offices in many principal cities (See telephone books for addresses)
Canadian Representatives: Alexander Murray & Co., Limited; Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, Winnipeg, Vancouver

CELOTEX
INSULATING LUMBER

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

jection as follows: "A man's absence is very soon forgotten. The presence of his head on the gate is a very urgent reminder!"

Unfortunately for the peace of Tangier, the Europeans objected to the display of decapitated heads. So they complained to the Sultan at Fez. Raisuli was recalled, but, later, he established a more or less independent state, first on the coast, then in the mountains.

Amazing stories are told of his "justice." He used to burn out the eyes of traitors with red-hot coins pressed on the lids. Once he buried a Shereef in a sunken cornpit with a small supply of millet and oil. After some months, finding the wretched man still alive, he released him with the remark: "It is obvious that Allah does not mean you to die."

It is told how Musa ben Hamed, an enemy who had committed the worst atrocities, was captured by Raisuli's men. He escaped and took refuge in the brigand's own house, claiming the sanctuary of a guest.

For days he was duly fed and sheltered, but each night, while he slept, a slave crept in and placed beside him the decapitated head of a son or brother. Musa ben Hamed took the hint at last, when the holocaust of his family was almost complete; but he was allowed to go free, "for," said Raisuli, "how could I fire on a man who had been my guest?"

At one time Raisuli incurred the wrath of the Sultan, his so-called master. Betrayed by a companion, he was immured for four years in the dungeons at Mogador. These are below ground level, like the cells in the Doges' Palace at Venice. No light and little air penetrate to them.

Raisuli and three other men were fettered, by means of heavy iron collars, to the same chain, whose ends were riveted to opposite walls. The prisoners were just too far away to touch each other. Because of the chains' weight, they could hardly move. One of them died in his chains and the guards refused to remove his body for fear the governor should say he had escaped.

I ASKED Raisuli how he endured such misery. He answered, "The world is as wide as a man's imagination. After all," he continued, "what has your civilization done? It has given you security and taken away hope."

Here is rock-bottom of the Eastern point of view. They always feel "What has been once may be again!" Prison is no serious consideration, because at any moment the doors may be opened.

The horror of American justice to the Easterner would be its certainty, its inevitability. He could not conceive greater cruelty than a definite sentence—three years, five years, or ten years. There would be nothing left to hope for. He prefers to be thrown into a dungeon pending his sovereign's pleasure.

After all, the great man may marry a new wife, or receive good news, or be presented with a newly born son. On any such joyful occasion he would certainly release his prisoners. So the captive is contented in his cell. His freedom is in the hands of Allah.

The actual law of Islam, as practiced in the civilized East—Egypt, Algiers, and so on—is the most complicated code in the world. It is divided into four parts, each of which is the sole study of countless colleges. During the last century, one author alone contributed 103 volumes of interpretation and comment. His nephew added sixty-one more!

All this wisdom, which has filled libraries larger than the public buildings of New York

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

RAISULI held court in the open space outside his palace door. A black slave stood on each side of him.

Upon request we issue you an interchangeable courtesy card that introduces you at any Hertz Drivurself Station. These cards are registered, and are a valuable means of identification wherever you are.

A fine car—Rent it

—when you need it—return it when through

Drive it yourself—pay only for the actual use you get

What You Get

A $2500 automobile to use as your own. Powerful, luxurious—6-cylinder—open or closed, as you prefer—handsomely finished in deep blue and black. Gas, oil and insurance included in our low flat rate.

Now easy to get a car anywhere, any time. No red tape

HERE is a luxurious automobile—at your service day or night—a good-looking $2500 car that you can use as your own.

You pay only for the actual use you get of it—return it to us when you are not using it. Everything is arranged for you—gas, oil, insurance. There are no "extras."

We've made it simple, when you need a car, to take one of ours. Prices are the lowest known for individual motor transportation. Our stations are in practically every city. Note the map.

It's your own car

When you take a car from a Hertz Drivurself Station, it's *yours* while you have it.

You drive it wherever you wish, take it and return it when convenient. You can go five miles or five hundred—stay out an hour, a day or a week. But you pay only for the *actual service* that you get.

Hertz cars are specially designed for your most exacting requirements—roomy, sturdy, with powerful silent engines. The sort of car you're proud to drive. Finished in distinctive blue and black with no distinguishing marks to identify them as being "rented cars."

They're all 6-cylinder, gear-shift cars—open or closed—as you prefer.

Look for this sign in your city

Simple to get one

The need for this new kind of service has been overwhelmingly proved by the demands that have been made upon us for service. Families take Hertz cars for outings ... business men use them in their work to speed up trips—use them for their salesmen—employ them for guests from out-of-town.

Wherever you are you can get a Hertz car in about one minute's time. We've made it very simple for you. You simply go to the nearest Hertz Station (it's listed in the phone book), ask for a car and are out again, behind the wheel, in no time.

If you do not drive a car, we've skilled instructors who will teach you at a nominal charge.

Get acquainted today

Surely you will need Hertz service some time. No matter if you own a car or not, there are always times when you can use one of ours.

So find out now where the nearest Hertz station is. Drop in when convenient, meet the manager. See the fine fleet of cars at your disposal. Learn the simplicity of using our cars when you need them. Why not do this today?

HERTZ DRIVURSELF SYSTEM
Incorporated for $1,000,000 and owned by
The Yellow Truck & Coach Manufacturing Co.
Chicago, Illinois
Subsidiary General Motors Corporation

An Example in Hertz System Economy

THE golf club is 10 miles from town, for instance—20 miles for the round trip. Take four friends and drive them out in "your" Hertz car.

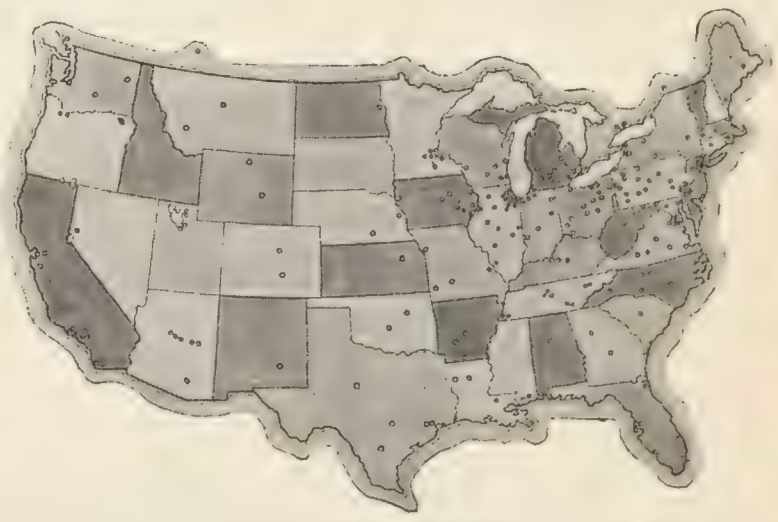
Start at 8:30 in the morning—return at five or so. You pay only a low rate per mile for the entire day's outing—no charge for the waiting time on weekdays.

Split this among your four friends, and the cost is infinitesimal.

Or consider an outing for the entire family. Take the children. Stay all day. You will find the price is very low for the pleasure you get.

If you're a salesman, use a Hertz car in making your calls. You can cover your territory far more intensively, free yourself from street-car and railroad lines and schedules. Get through quicker, and get on. More calls, more sales—that's why Hertz service is used so much by salesmen.

And remember, too, you always know *in advance* what the cost will be.



Each dot on this map marks a Hertz Drivurself Station. In many cities there are several stations. To find the one nearest you consult the phone book. If there's one in your town it will be listed under "Hertz Drivurself System." Service in more than 300 cities.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

and Chicago, is based on the sayings and teachings of the Prophet Mohammed, who must have been a very verbose man! In fact, with all respect, he can never have ceased talking, day or night, from the second he was born till long after he was buried, if a tithe of what is attributed to him is true!

Eastern justice is based on the principle "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." The robber loses a limb, the murderer or an accessory his head. Unfaithful women are stoned to death or buried alive. In Turkestan and some parts of Persia, brigands are baked in clay and left to cool into mud pillars, as a warning to other highwaymen.

The infidel is apt to have his eyes gouged out, and his tongue removed, in strict interpretation of the law, "The eye of the unbeliever is forfeit, likewise the tongue of him who bears false witness."

IN the extremely ascetic Moslem sects, such as the Senussi in North Africa, to whose sacred city Kufra I once penetrated, for even smelling of smoke a man may lose his right hand. For drinking *leghbi*, a mild intoxicant made from the juice of palms, he is flogged. For wearing jewelry or any gold embroidery, for missing one of the day's five prayers—in fact, for any breach of the strictest puritan code—the punishment would be as severe.

Women who betray their masters, a wife who strikes her husband, or a son who attacks his father, are punished by slow strangulation.

Legally, a Moslem woman may always appeal to be tried before the local cadi, but, by custom, her punishment is generally left to her husband. I imagine it is never severe, for the Prophet Mohammed insisted so often, "Treat your wives well if ye would win paradise."

In many African towns the women have a secret language of their own, handed down from mother to daughter, which no man can understand. Two women, knowing how a crime was committed, may discuss it before their brother. He can plead, "It was women's talk; I could not understand it," and the judge must accept his statement in even the most civilized Egyptian court.

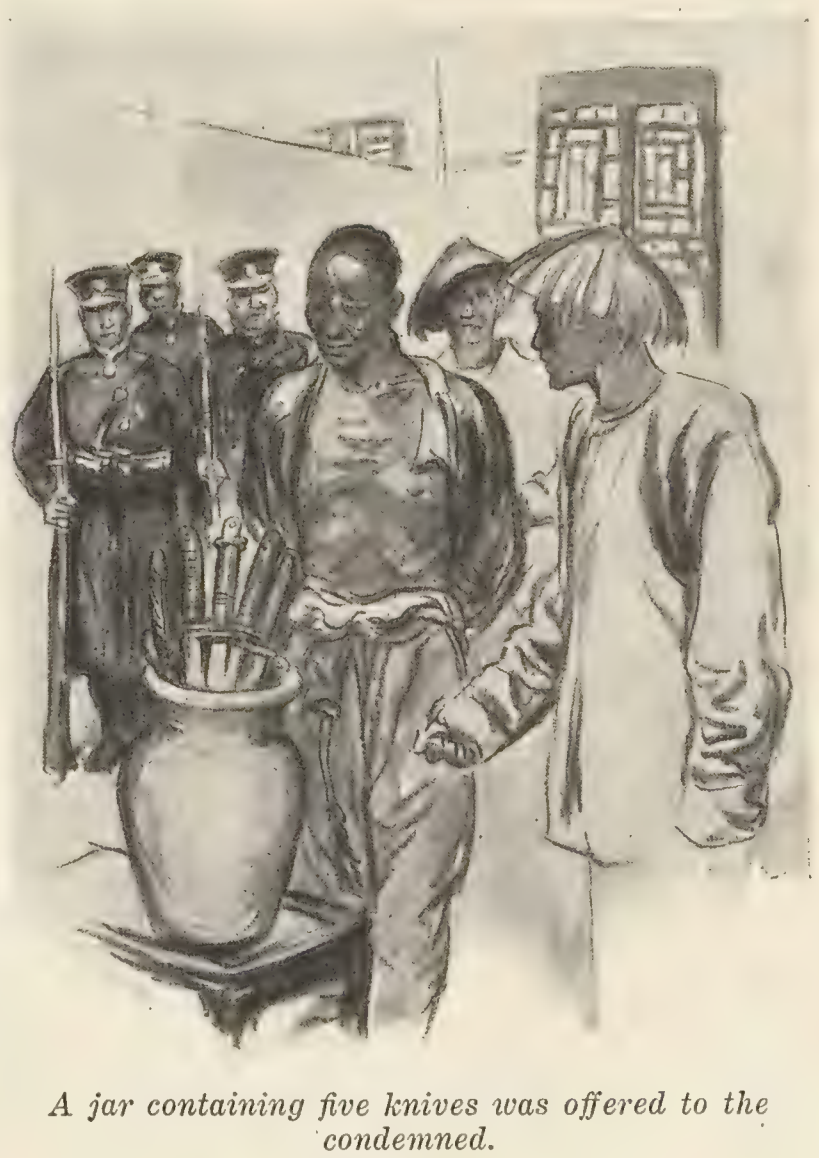
All over the world, from Mongolia to Abyssinia, from Morocco to Siam, I have attended native courts, and my opinion is that many more cases are dismissed in the East than in the West. On the other hand, the sentences are what we should call heavier.

Justice and religion are so closely connected in the Moslem East that no lawgiver can betray one without the other, and his religion to him is food and drink, sword and shield, and everything else you can think of.

Our justice is based on a presumption that a man's life is his most valuable possession. The East considers life of little importance compared with such things as religion, honor, the continuation of the race, or even money.

Raisuli told me how a rival brigand had once robbed him. The thief was captured before he could do more than bury his spoils.

"Tell me where I shall find my property, and you shall go free," said Raisuli; but the man would not answer. He spoke no word through the flogging that followed, ignored the repeated offers of "Your liberty for my jewels," and died, still without saying a word!



A jar containing five knives was offered to the condemned.

When I first visited China, it was easy to hire a substitute for execution. Any poor coolie would accept $100 to insure his family's support more adequately than his labor could do, and take some richer man's place in the condemned line.

To the West, death is a closed door; to the East an open one. An American once told me of being entertained by a delightful little Mandarin, who had a remarkable insight into European politics, which he discussed enthusiastically and at length. His smile was as persistent as his jokes. Yet his execution took place the day after the American left!

Last year I was passing through Syria. I stopped to drink mint tea with an old friend, wife of a patriot or revolutionary — the terms are synonymous in the East. It just depends which side you're on!

"HOW is the master?" I queried politely over my third scented glass.

"The French killed him last week," my hostess answered.

I gasped horror and protest.

"He leaves five sons," she reassured me, surprised at my emotion.

An Arabian court would condemn men to death for reasons that we should consider trifling, but it would not dream of accepting the evidence that satisfies us. In any important case, the testimony of two eyewitnesses is necessary and these may be tested in a most unpleasant manner. The local imam, or some holy man connected with the mosque, heats a long thin strip of metal in a brazier. When the end is white-hot, it is laid on the tongue of the witness. If it burns him, he is a liar. If it has no effect, he is speaking the truth.

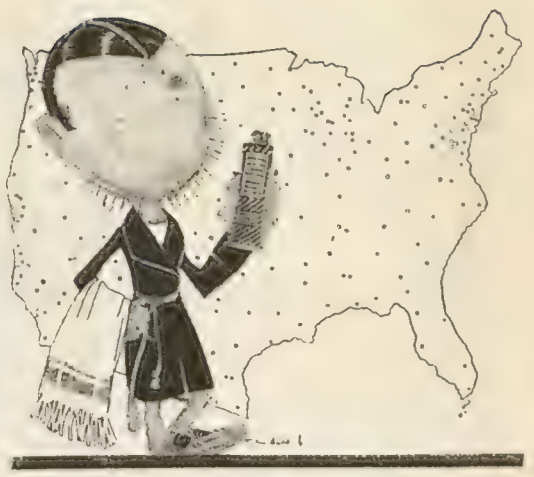
I have seen this test justify its existence, for the metal rests on the tongue for only the fraction of a second. The truthful man is not afraid and the saliva in his mouth saves him from a burn. The false witness is terrified and his mouth goes so dry that the first touch scalds his tongue!

Death that leaves the body whole has no terrors. But decapitation is quite a different thing. Because a headless man would be branded as a murderer in the next world, prodigious efforts are made by the families of such victims to secure the heads and bury them with the bodies.

In Asir I have known a suspected highwayman to be built into a grave with the bones of the man he is supposed to have killed. The sepulcher is roomy. Air penetrates between the bricks. Food and water are handed in through a specially prepared hole. At the end of a week, his family may release the prisoner. If he is guilty, the ghost of the dead man will have killed him; if innocent, he will have remained unharmed!

Inside that tomb, the brigand usually dies of his own terror!

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]



Your face is my territory

I JUST RECEIVED THIS LETTER:

Dear Jim:

I'm a peddler—a paint peddler. Just plain paint. You know—house paint, barn paint, mill and factory paint.

As one salesman to another though, I want to tell you that your trio of Gloom Chasers is the best ever. They ring the bell.

Why, ever since you've made 'em I've been Smilin' Thru your lather, balm and powder every morning.

Fraternally,
LWW

In one way, I'm practically a paint salesman myself.

I'm selling nature's own face paint—a good complexion. Your physiognomy is my territory.

Suppose tomorrow A.M. you begin the shaving sprint with a coat of Mennen lather—super-moist, triple strength. Mixes with any local water. Whips the fight out of the toughest, scrappiest crop of whiskers that ever bristled up to a keen-edged blade—and whips them until they purr. One round of the razor flips them off without a twinge.

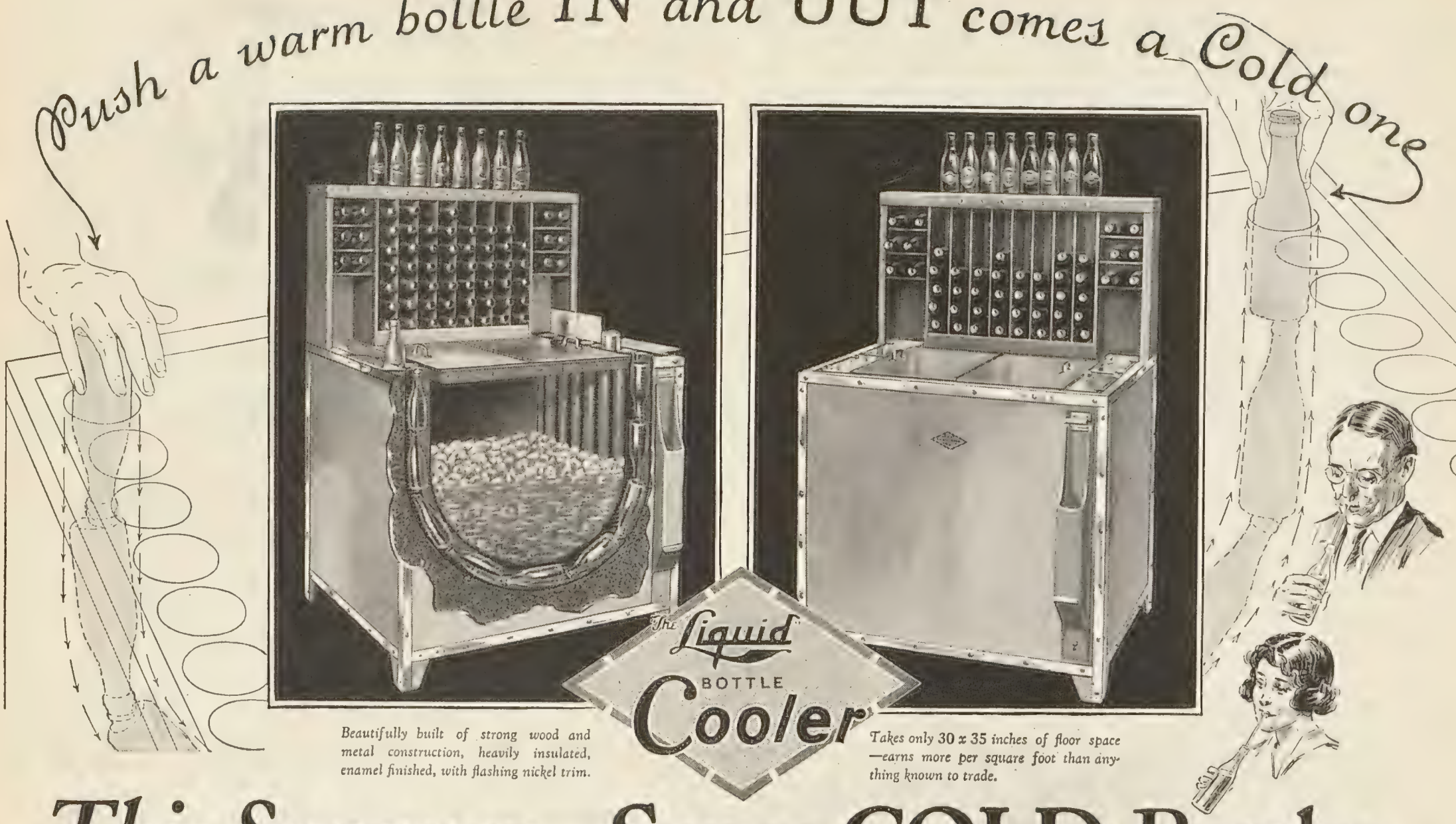
You get a shave that's an asset—quick, close and flattering. Our scientists call this Mennen beard taming process *dermutation*. You'll call it *transformation*.

Then try a few squirts of Mennen Skin Balm in the wake of the razor blade. At first it bites agreeably—that's the antiseptic, astringent touch. Then it briskly stimulates the circulation—sets the skin a-tingling. You know you *like* it, right on the spot. Your mirror will convince you that you *want* it. Your face looks healthy, smooth, unblemished. Skin Balm comes in leak-proof form in handy tubes. Fifty cents a throw.

For the final touch of good grooming, flick a film of Talcum for Men over all. Neutral in tone. Doesn't show on the face. So mildly perfumed, even an inquiring public won't smell out your secret. That's the Mennen Shave in toto. You'll want to be initiated.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM



Beautifully built of strong wood and metal construction, heavily insulated, enamel finished, with flashing nickel trim.

Takes only 30 x 35 inches of floor space —earns more per square foot than anything known to trade.

This Summer—Serve COLD Bottles Every 3 Seconds, This New Way

8 Cold Tubes for 8 Different Flavors— All Flavors Always Sorted—No Muss or Mix-Up

Clears up to $675 a month

Takes only 30 x 35 *inches of floor space*

1. Draws crowds of good spenders—100% to 400% more trade. (Actual records.)
2. The Right Flavor always Right on Top and COLD!
3. No fumbling among unassorted bottles for the flavor wanted. No plunging arms in icy water. No bottle breakage. No wet floors. No muss whatever.
4. One clerk can serve as many customers as six clerks the old way.
5. Saves 50% in Ice—saves 50% in Floor Space.
6. Shows at a glance the number of bottles in stock OF EACH FLAVOR!
7. Beautifies the whole store or stand.

This summer—rake in the drink money whether you have ever handled Bottled Drinks or not. Already there are 12,000 Liquid Bottle Coolers in action—plenty of them earning $10 to $30 a day CLEAR!

Crowds of good spenders are gathered round them. They're in all kinds of places—Stores, Amusement Centers, Waiting Rooms, Roadside Stands and Lobbies.

Serving Bottled Drinks in this new way excites public interest, takes only HALF the Time per bottle—HALF the Ice—HALF the Floor Space—and LESS THAN HALF the Clerk Hire.

$500,000,000 for Bottled Drinks!

Yes, this year alone, people will easily spend $500,000,000 for Bottled Drinks. They'll spend the best part of it where they can get them QUICK, CLEAN, COLD and ZIPPY! And where they can get the FLAVORS they call for—not have to take some "second choice" because their favorite is all gone.

The Liquid Bottle Cooler itself tells you how many bottles of any flavor are left,—hence when to re-order. And dealers who have this Liquid Cooler will get a lion's share of the drink money. They'll multiply their general sales besides.

Galloway & Ward, dealers in Abbeville, Ala., wrote to a trade paper editor:

"A man cannot serve a Cold Drink with the Liquid Cooler without pushing a warm bottle in, so our stock is always complete. Reduces our ice bill 40% to 50%. Our sales increased 100%. Customers like it because each bottle is served clean, quick and cold."

Only $40 Down—Profits Pay Balance

Many have guessed the price of the Liquid Cooler at $300—it looks it. But because we are the largest makers of Carbonic Gas that puts the life and sparkle in Carbonated Drinks and of Bottlers' Machinery and Supplies, we are interested in expanding the sale of Bottled Drinks in general. Hence we offer the Liquid Cooler for only $40 down, or $100 all told—a price that couldn't touch it under ordinary conditions. You can pay as convenient from your profits. One man did it in 5 days. Others have paid from their saving in ice alone.

WRITE for Free Book, Photos and Sales Records

It will take quick action to get the Liquid Cooler this season for our entire output will soon be oversold. So send at once for our Free Book, "Buried Treasure" containing full details, actual signed sales records and photos.

This book reveals the whole idea of this clever creation—8 cold tubes for 72 cold bottles, sorted by flavors, with reserve racks above for 72 more. This book free postpaid if you give the name of your local bottler. Mail the coupon right now, read the book, and decide promptly.

Look at This—

"Sales increased 300%. Ice bill cut in half. One girl now handles entire trade."—C. C. Brown, Great Southern Hotel, Meridian, Miss.

"Averaged 100 cases a week all summer with population of only 4,000. Sold 58 cases of bottled drinks one day at a profit of $68.10."—Quick Service Station, Shamrock, Texas.

"Increased sales from 75 cases a month to 200 cases a month. Ice bill cut from $7 to $3 per month. Customers like to lay down money and help themselves."—Center Ave. Billiard Parlor, Bay City, Michigan.

"Liquid Cooler increased sales approximately 300%."—Ronnock Filling Station, Coxsackie, N. Y.

"Profits $22.81 per day the first ten days."—M. B. Siegel Cigar Store, Chicago, Ill.

Two Liquid Coolers earned $90 profit in one day for Breymeier & Marx, Central Park Amusements, Schenectady, New York.

"50 dealers here have installed Liquid Coolers. Some increased sales as high as 400%."—Coca Cola Bottling Co., Eastland, Texas.

SEND COUPON

The Liquid Carbonic Co., Dept. 6-L
3100 S. Kedzie Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your FREE Book, "Buried Treasure," and easy terms on the Liquid Bottle Cooler.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Bottler's Name*_____

THE LIQUID CARBONIC COMPANY

3100 S. Kedzie Ave., Dept. 6-L, Chicago, Ill.

Makers of Red Diamond Carbonic Gas which puts the life and sparkle in Soda Water—also of Fillers, Carbonators, Soakers and other machinery for the manufacture of Carbonated Beverages

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

Asir has many strange judicial customs. Women suspected of crime are forced to drink a cup of evil-tasting liquid. There is supposed to be a subtle poison in it, which will destroy only the guilty. The only time I saw it administered, it gave the victim severe pains in her stomach. But, after a few hours, she recovered. So the village was satisfied that she was innocent.

I WANTED to drink some myself, but the judge refused, on the ground that he did not know how it would affect a stranger. A slave woman of his house instantly picked up the jar and took a long draft. It had no effect.

Asir knows, too, the terrors of the third degree, but it goes America one better—it administers it in the dark!

The late emir was so holy that his face was never revealed to his followers. If he gave audience, it was by night, in pitch darkness. In this manner he received me, and, after an hour's conversation, my nerves almost gave way.

I imagined presences all around me, and other ridiculous things. Conceive, then, the accused, for the first time in the presence of his prophet-prince, whom no living man has seen. Picture the oppressive blackness and a mighty voice piercing it! I can witness that the voice appeared to move all over the huge room; at one second to be at my ear, and infinitely remote at the next. Yet I had committed no crime but that of curiosity.

I should say the criminal had little chance of coming out of that darkness with his secrets intact. "What is the longest any man has held out?" I asked. "From one sunset to another," came the reply; "and he was innocent." His innocence wasn't much good to him, for he confessed to escape from the torture. I asked if he was condemned. "No," said my informant contemptuously. "He was a bad liar and a coward, but no more."

When I was in India, years ago, a native money-lender was murdered in the bazaar. Suspicion fell on a soldier. Some of Shylock's money was found on him and he could give no explanation of how he had passed the night. A native watchman saw him going in the direction of the bazaar.

The soldier pleaded that he had met the money-lender earlier in the day and so obtained the bills. His record was stainless. He was of proven courage, a veteran of punitive raids and frontier expeditions, and greatly beloved by officers and men. But nothing could save the man except proof of where he spent the night.

His commanding officer threatened and bullied. His company commander pleaded. His own particular subaltern, whom he had taught to shoot, broke down over him and cried. But the soldier never spoke. The court condemned him, as it was forced to do.

A Roman Catholic priest, having visited the prisoner, rushed, white-lipped, into the colonel's quarters at dawn. "The man's innocent!" he gasped.

"I know it," retorted the colonel; "but have you got the name of the woman he's shielding?"

"Yes," said the priest. "I know the whole story, but I can't tell it. It's under seal of confession."

The garrison town was shaken to its shallowest and most frivolous soul. But, in view of two men's obstinacy, nothing could be done. The soldier was true to his love, the priest to his faith. The soldier, according to sentence, was hanged. Months later the real murderer was caught and, still later, came the exposure of the woman, who had been too cowardly to save a man's life at the expense of what she called her honor.

Such a miscarriage of justice could never have occurred in the Moslem East, for no amount of circumstantial evidence is sufficient in a case of life and death.

In Constantinople, before the war, a European was murdered. The Porte realized that something must be done. A murderer must be found, but, for political reasons, it could not be *the* murderer! The Sultan sent for a criminal condemned to life imprisonment.

"My son," he said, "you have committed much evil. Only my clemency has saved you from the executioner. A lifetime's imprisonment cannot wipe out your crimes, for which you will suffer in Gehenna. But, if you will confess to the recent murder of a European, all punishment after death will be remitted you. I, the Commander of the Faithful, promise you Paradise!"

THE criminal consented gladly. The foreign embassies that had protested against the murder accepted the scapegoat. A mass of evidence was engineered, and everybody, most of all the condemned, was happy!

Among the Arabs, murder is a small thing, but greed is a deadly sin. If you eat or drink more than your share, you may condemn your fellows to starvation or thirst. Cowardice, laziness,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

Your first shave

will prove, beyond all doubt, the claims men make for this unique shaving cream

Let us send you a 10-shave tube to try

WE'VE built Palmolive Shaving Cream to a national business success by making few claims for it. We let it prove its case by sending a 10-day test tube free to all who ask.

In that way, we've gained leadership in a highly competitive field in only a few years. Nearly all of the men who once *try* this unique creation become regular users.

Thus we are sure we have a preparation that will surpass your present favorite. In your interest and in ours, will you accept a trial tube, and find out?

130 formulas tried

Before offering Palmolive Shaving Cream, we asked 1000 men their supreme desires in a shaving cream. Then met them exactly.

We tried and discarded 130 formulas before finding the right one. We put our 60 years of soap experience behind this creation. The result is a shaving cream unlike any you have ever tried.

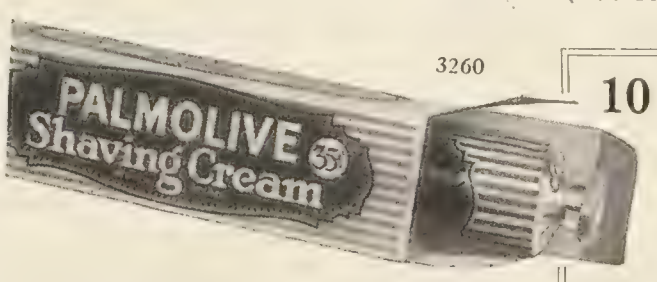
Five advantages

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Just send coupon

Your present method may suit you well. But still there may be a better one. This test may mean much to you in comfort. Send the coupon before you forget.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILL.



3260

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.

10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1197, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.) 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.

.....

.....

Low-cost Transportation

Star Cars

MORE POWER and SUPERIOR QUALITY

Our trade mark means just what it says. "Low-cost Transportation" because the Star Car—either Four or Six—offers the lowest average costs per mile of any car of equal price. "More Power" means more power per pound of car than any competing car. "Superior Quality" means better material, better workmanship, and a higher grade of coachwork than any other car in the same price range.

Ask the nearest Star Car dealer to let you be the judge of these statements

NEW STAR SIX

CHASSIS	$650	COUPE	$820
TOURING	$725	COACH	$880
SPORT DE LUXE ROADSTER			$910
LANDAU SEDAN			$975

f. o. b. Lansing

Bodies By Hayes-Hunt

IMPROVED STAR FOUR

COM. CHASSIS	$470	COUPE	$675
ROADSTER	$540	COACH	$695
TOURING	$540	SEDAN	$795

f. o. b. Lansing

DURANT MOTORS, Inc., 250 West 57th Street, General Sales Dept.—1819 Broadway, New York

Dealers and Service Stations throughout the United States, Canada and Mexico

PLANTS: ELIZABETH, N. J. LANSING, MICH. OAKLAND, CAL. TORONTO, ONT.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

and lying about distances, are also crimes of the first magnitude, for any one of these may destroy a caravan on those great southern routes.

In China, punishments are more severe than anywhere else on earth.

Once, during an unauthorized attempt to cross the interior at the beginning of the civil war there, another woman and I were prisoners of the Southern Army.

Sometimes spies were caught. On one such occasion, the general sent us a message: Would we like to see death by a thousand cuts performed on a traitor? We refused and shuddered through a horrible afternoon. By custom, the victim may win death at the twenty-sixth cut, if he has not, up till then, uttered a sound, but, if the judge is in a bad temper, he may refuse this mercy.

In another form of execution a jar containing five knives was offered to the condemned. If he was lucky, he pulled out the knife that meant death. If unlucky, he chose any of the other four, which stood for the amputation, each of a separate limb.

The choice had to be repeated by the victim as long as he was conscious, afterward by the executioner, until the knife of death appeared. Perhaps a sufficient bribe could arrange a mark on the handle, to avoid any such delay.

Chinese cruelty is indescribable, but it seemed to me that those who were forced to endure it had only a hundredth part of our Western sensibility.

ABYSSINIAN justice is most curious. Abyssinia is a country without lawyers, for there are no courts except for foreign nationals in the capital. Any respected citizen may act as judge. Seated by the roadside, or in the open market, he will listen patiently. The witnesses will often mimic the whole scene.

If one man accuses another of crime, they are chained together until the case can be judged. If the couple are of opposite sexes, the plaintiff has to produce a man or woman of his own family, according to the sex of the defendant, to be chained to him or her until judgment is given.

It is amusing to see such pairs wandering through the towns, linked by four or five feet of metal, and apparently on the best of terms.

If there is any dispute between them, debtor and creditor are bound in the same way until the debt is liquidated.

Death can be imposed only by the Empress, or her regent. Treason or any crime against the imperial person is punished by slow strangulation in the public market. Ordinary cases of murder are often settled on a basis of blood money. If blood money is refused, the murderer is taken to the potters' field outside the city and handed over to the family of his victim.

He must be killed exactly as he killed—by knife or bullet or rope, as the case may be. Two policemen stand by to see that no torture is committed.

WHEN I was in Adis Adeba (the capital of Abyssinia), a notorious bandit was condemned. On his way to execution, he shouted of all the lions, elephants, and men he had killed. The father of his last victim shot him, with the rifle a few inches from his head.

The policemen made formal demand of the avengers: "Are you satisfied?" Receiving an affirmative answer, they returned to the town, and the murderer's relatives, who had watched the affair from a few yards' distance, buried him in an already prepared grave.

Had the shot only stunned him and the avenger been careless enough to acknowledge quittance of the blood debt, the murderer would have been hurried to a hospital. If cured, he would have been safe from all further vengeance.

In Abyssinia two men cannot be executed for one offense. Should an innocent person be executed by mistake, the real murderer may boast of his crime all over the country, and no justice but a sniper's bullet can reach him.

Abyssinian law knows no manslaughter or accidental homicide.

A groom in the employ of the British legation was riding through the streets of the capital several years ago, when a race horse in his charge reared and kicked a man, killing him.

The groom was arrested for murder, and not all the might of Britain could save the man. "If he'd only managed to get back to the legation," said the Minister, "we could have given him sanctuary on British ground, but for the rest of his life he would have had to stay within our fence!"

The great difference between Western and Eastern justice is that the first is, or pretends to be, impersonal. The second is as strictly personal.

And where have I read, in the business literature of this great commercial land, that "it's the personal touch that counts"?

THE END

Copyright, 1926, by Rosita Forbes

Maybe his wife was right

HE had ability, he dressed well—but several recent opportunities in the office had gone to other men. Maybe his wife was right. She had tried to be tactful when she told him — and now he was going to do something about it.

* * *

A great many young men are inclined to have a grimy-looking skin spotted with blackheads and dull in appearance. Few realize that this hinders their success in life. Pompeian Massage Cream helps you overcome this handicap by giving you a clear, ruddy complexion.

Clears the Skin: Pompeian Massage Cream thoroughly cleanses the pores. It helps to clear up blackheads and pimples by stimulating healthy circulation, and by keeping the skin clean and the pores open.

Easy to Use: After shaving or washing, rub the cream in gently. Continue rubbing and it rolls out, bringing with it all the dirt, grime, and skin impurities. The result is a clean, healthy skin with clear, glowing color.

* * *

Use Pompeian Massage Cream regularly at home — then you'll get the full benefit. At all druggists.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

⅓ of a 60c jar for 10c

For 10c we send a special Trial Jar containing one-third of regular 60c contents. Contains sufficient Pompeian Massage Cream to test thoroughly its wonderful benefits. Positively only one jar to a family on this exceptional offer.

The Pompeian Co., Cleveland, O., Dept. E-9

Gentlemen: I enclose a dime (10c) for ⅓ of a 60c jar of Pompeian Massage Cream.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City..... State.....

Come behind the scenes in movieland

All Hollywood's laughter, glamor and romance!

"Lights! Action! Camera!"

Thrilling words! Ever dream of hearing 'em sung out through a great director's megaphone? . . . Seeing famous stars in action . . . . Watching them "shoot" the big scenes for next season's hits?

Then "Ella Cinders" is *your* picture! You'll see Hollywood through the wide wondering eyes of a small-town Cinderella . . . Stand with her on the eager edge of romance—then watch her broom change to a sceptre, her dust-cap to a coronet.

And *FUN*? — There's a laugh with every camera click as smiling "Cinders" skips to stardom!

Millions know Ella Cinders from the famous newspaper comedy strip. Millions will LOVE her as Colleen Moore portrays her in this brilliant First National hit.

John McCormick presents

Colleen MOORE

in

"Ella Cinders"

"Cinderella in the Movies"

with LLOYD HUGHES

Adapted from the celebrated comedy strip by William Conselman and Charles Plumb

An ALFRED E. GREEN *Production*

First National Pictures

A First National Picture

Mr. Dooley on Eugenics

"If Ladies Don't Marry Infeeryors, Who Will They Marry?"

By Finley Peter Dunne

"'TAKE thim Congressmen be th' whiskers an' make thim adopt it.'"

Pictures by E. W. Kemble

SAID Mr. Dooley: "I will decant, as Hogan says, on th' subjick iv eugenics, although I can't pour out all I know. I don't want to be pinched be some Watch an' Ward S'ciety or held up in th' mails. Still, manny topicks ar-re now discussed at th' fam'ly fireside that a stevedore wud be thrun out iv a barroom f'r talkin' about in th' reign of Queen Victorya an' Grover Cleveland. An' there ain't anny good raison why a couple iv old gintlemen, or ye might say gas bags, shudden't exchange their views on improvin' th' race an' makin' th' wurruld safe f'r posterity.

"Not that I'm much bothered about posterity. Let it go its way an' I'll go mine. I don't see anny raison f'r givin' betther sinse to a race iv impydint omadhons that a hundherd years fr'm now will be laughin' at th' funny clothes I wear an' wondhrin' how I managed to get around in a clumsy masheen like an airplane. Annyhow, posterity can't blame me if it comes into th' wurruld with bad teeth an' a six an' an eighth hat. I'm a bachelor. My race will soon be extinck.

"Ivolution has a quare way iv bumpin' off th' supeeryor intilligince. Th' chimpanzee survives, but th' Cro-Magnon man—who was a big, handsome, brilliant, red-headed fellow a matther iv twinty-five thousan' years ago—is no more. As a matther iv fact, he is considhrably less. Th' scientists don't undherstand it, but it's plain enough to annywan with common sinse. Th' Cro-Magnon man was a bachelor. So be me. In years to come they'll be findin' thraces iv me in a coal mine—a shin bone, fragments iv a swallowtail coat, an' th' fillin' iv a tooth—an' they'll say: 'What a pity it is this magnificint spicimen didn't perpitchooate his kind!'

"Eugenics, Hinnissy, is a new science which has been took up be thoughtful ladies all over th' wurruld. Thoughtful ladies always fall f'r th' latest style iv science, just as th' other kind fall f'r a new style iv hats. Eugenics is wan iv th' newest an' mos' fash'nable an' will be much wore this summer. Th' idee is that th' race must be improved, an' th' way to improve it is to f'rbid most iv th' people we know fr'm becomin' papas an' mammas.

"It is based, d'ye mind, on a recent startlin' discovery, afther long an' patient resarch, that childher are apt to take afther their parents. In most cases this is a misforchune f'r th' young; an' in some cases, wan iv thim bein' not more thin a yard away fr'm me at this minyit, it amounts to a crime.

"It's got to be stopped; an' us eugenists intind to have a law passed be Congress to prevint th' matin' iv th' unfit. Th' way it will wurruk will be this: S'pose ye decide to get marrid. Ye go through th' riglar formal coortship:

"Ye thrip over a lady's fut in a sthreet car, an' she says, 'It's a wondher ye wudden't look where ye're goin',' an' ye know at wanst that ye can't live without her. Frindship ripens into love, an' at Halsted Sthreet ye propose. She says she'll have to ask father, an' goes out on th' front platform f'r th' purpose.

"Th' crusty ol' gintleman stops swearin' at th' thruck that is holdin' him up, looks over his shouldher to see if ye ar-re black or white, says, 'Oh, all right,' an' rings a chime on his gong.

"AFTHER inquirin' her name an' addhress, ye go down to th' county clerk to get a license. Th' county clerk says: 'Ye'll have to get a permit fr'm th' Health Department.'

"Ye call on th' commissioner iv health, an' th' doc looks ye over, listens to ye'er chest, measures ye'er skull, applies a spirit level to th' front iv ye'er face, hits ye above th' kneecap, squints at ye'er tonsils, takes a spicimin iv ye'er blood an' a lock iv ye'er hair, puts an' ilicthric light in ye'er ear, an' asks ye how much six times eighty-nine is.

"Thin he says: 'Application denied.'

"'But, doc,' says ye, 'I'm a citizen, a taxpayer, an' a hard-wurrukin' man.'

"'Ye're perfickly qualified to vote, to pay taxes, an 'to wurruk,' says th' doc. 'Ye're foolish enough f'r anny iv thim jooties. But ye're not fit f'r th' holy bonds iv mathrimony. We don't want this city overrun with morons. Begone,' says he.

"I wondher wud it end there. I'll bet it wudden't. Ye go to see th' lady who choose you to choose her, an' tell her: 'Mame, our dhream iv bliss is o'er. We cannot marry.'

"'Why not?' says she. 'Don't tell me ye've lost ye'er job!'

"'No; but th' health commissioner won't pass me as fit f'r connubyal joys.'

"'He won't, won't he?' says she. 'Wait till I get me hat.'

"An' in half an hour's time ye enther th' office iv th' Health Department. Th' chief clerk sees ye, yells, 'Here comes th' bride!' an' jumps out iv a window. An' in lest thin a minyit th' doc with thremblin' fingers is signin' an indorsemint iv ye'er qualifications as a husband an' father that Brigham Young wud be proud to show to his frinds.

"Yes, sir, th' ladies will have something to say about th' matther whin th' time comes. I don't mane th' thoughtful wans that devotes their minds to ivry great new science fr'm blue glass in a window to ol' Doc Cooey. But

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[MR. DOOLEY ON EUGENICS Continued from Page Thirty-nine]

thim that has applied thimsilves to th' oldest iv human sciences, th' science iv gettin' marrid befure it is too late, will say to Congress: 'Ye go an' mind ye'er own business. F'r if ladies don't marry infeeryors who will they marry?'

"It's goin' to be a hard task f'r us beauty doctors f'r posterity to prevint a maid fr'm hangin' onto a good-lookin', industhrees, sober young ament, who has been th' hero iv her girlish dhreams iver since th' boss give him a raise. She's li'ble to say, 'What's good enough f'r me is good enough f'r th' race.'

"An' how's anny doc, with mebbe little but his sthethescope in his hat, to tell whether a man in love is fit to get marrid or not? There's a law now again loony-ticks enthrin' th' holy state, but no wan thinks iv enfoorcin' it; f'r if a man in love ain't a loony-tick there's manny a poor fellow unjustly locked up in th' asylum.

"BUT us eugenists ar-re goin' ahead regardless. Ye can't stop us. Ye can't stop annywan that proposes to improve th' wurruld a millyon years fr'm now be roonin' the happiness iv th' prisint inhabitants. It ain't too much to hope we'll have a constichoochinal amindmint on th' subjick. Th' way to make th' wurruld pure, if dull, is to pass laws f'r that purpose. Nachrally, in time eugenics will be a party issue. Th' Raypublicans will get into power an' they'll stop all Dimmycrats from becomin' fathers. I wudden't blame thim, ayether; f'r, judgin' be th' kind iv leaders we pick, it's a crime again posterity to let us reprojooce our kind.

"But they cudden't take away our votes. They wudden't dare to go that far, bedad. An' whin we come into office we'd do th' same to thim, an' afther a few years th' on'y marridgible men left wud be th' socyalist. An' who wud want to marry a socyalist an' niver be able to get in a wurrud edgewise with him?

"I don't know how it will wurruk out. But that don't make anny diff'rence. It's merely an experiment an' why not thry it f'r a cinchry or two? say I. Iv coorse, wan good thing about gr-reat rayforms is that people can undo thim whin they come to their sinses. But this wan wud be apt to be permanent. If ye improve people too thurly they're li'ble niver to be th' same again. Howiver, what's th' odds if our intintions ar-re good?

"So, in th' future, if a young fellow goes thremblin' an' blushin', with th' love light in his eyes, to th' marredge license clerk, an' fumbles in his pocket f'r a fifty-cint piece, an' finds it, an' thries to stammer out his needs, like as not th' clerk will say: 'This way, plaze,' lade him over a thrapdure, pull th' sthring, dhrop him into th' cellar, an' turn on th' gas.

"ALL iv th' more advanced scientists among us is in favor iv knockin' off Corydon whin he falls in love. Manny iv th' more tendher hearted wud stick him in a cozy room called th' lethal or bridal chamber, an' stifle him till he was heart whole, fancy free, an' defunct; but others wud simply say to him: 'So ye want to get marrid, do ye? Turn around f'r a sicond,' an' give him a crack on th' back iv the head with a sledge. If a young fellow iv th' delinquint or laborin' classes was seen walkin' with a girl th' choir at th' church wud not be practicin' Th' Voice that Breathed o'er Eden but th' Dies Irae, f'r th' luckless swain.

"Because, ye see, th' idee iv our party is that in choosin' who shall go to th' altar an' who to th' chair, we'll pick out on'y th' succissful f'r stud purposes. Our theery is that th' most succissful people ar-re th' best people. An' they ar-re. I don't know anny betther way—do you?—iv measurin' a man's moral worth thin be examinin' his ratin' in Dun or Bradsthreet. So we let thim breed an' poleax th' rest. In fact, we make thim get marrid. Divvle a bachelor banker will ye see in times to come, but all iv thim will be marrid, with a brood iv little usurers at their knees, matchin' pinnies.

"Th' chimpanzee survives."

"But I'm puzzled about wan thing. There ar-re no eugenist leaders in this ward at prisint; but if I iver see wan I'm goin' to ask her:

"'Madam, if we breed on'y succissful sires an' devilop a race iv intellechool joynts, who's goin' to grow th' corn an' lay th' bricks an' sweep th' sthreets an' empty th' ash cans an' bury th dead? Where ar-re we to find people foolish enough to wurruk f'r a

livin' f'r those who ar-re less foolish? Ye must raymimber, me dear, that th' wurruld is entirely supported be th' kind that ye an' me wud feed a spoonful iv rat poison to. How will us splindid survivin' types live? Be borrowin' fr'm each other, like songwriters?'

"But that, Hinnissy, is a mere deetail, as th' fellow said whin they asked him where he wanted to be hanged. We'll take care iv it in joo time. Th' main thing

"'Here comes th' bride!'"

that makes me sure eugenics will win is that it's goin' to hurt. Rayform is like medicine—to do ye anny good it must be kind iv disgustin'.

"If I go to wan iv these ladies that ar-re detarmined to make th' wurruld as comfortable as a pew in a church an' say, 'Lady, I have a scheme f'r changin' th' whole face iv civvylization; I've been laborin' on it avenins f'r a week,' th' first thing she asks is:

"'Will it give pain?'

"'Madam,' says I, 'it will hurt like th' mischief. I don't want to boast, but I believe it will cause gin'ral misery, suff'rin', grief, an' discontint.'

"'Say no more,' says she. 'I'm for it. I'll organize th' girls an' we'll march down to Wash'nton an' take thim Congressmen be th' whiskers an' make thim adopt it. What did ye say th' name iv this panacee was?' says she.

"I AIN'T been able to convince Hogan to be a eugenist. Th' coorse fellow says it's all blah. 'I've been bettin' too long on th' races to think ye can conthrol breed,' says he. 'I wudden't be su'prised if Man-o'-War sired a sawhorse. How can annywan tell? A thief may projooce an honest man, a saint a sinner, a pawnbroker a pote, a pote a dock-walloper. Nearly all th' gr-reat men iv histhry had something wrong with thim, or if they didn't their fathers did or their granpahs. No wan that ye care to read about wud iver qualify as manager iv a branch bank in Oak Park.

"'I niver heerd that Jawn D's ancestors were betther men thin Harry Thaw's or Leopold's or Loeb's. Shakespeare's father was an aldherman an', what was almost as bad f'r eugenic purposes, was broke. Jawn Keats, a pop'lar pote, was th' son iv a hostler. Charles Dickens' father, accordin' to his fond son, was dimwitted. Doc Johnson had scurvy, talked to himsif, an' touched ivry post he passed. Beethoven, th' gr-reatest musician befure Irving Berlin, was that deef he cudden't hear a steam calliope if 'twas played in his ear. Joolyus Cayzar an' Napolyon Bonypart had ipiliptic fits, an' some say th' same about Saint Paul, although I wudden't have ye tell Father Kelly I repeated th' scandal.

"'In fact,' says Hogan, 'th' lives iv gr-reat men all remind us iv a list iv th' maladies iv th' outpatients at a madhouse. An' ivry blaggard historyan that comes along has more to say about th' bad charackter iv Abr'ham Lincoln's gran'mother thin about th' Gettysburg Speech, because it's more to his blaggard taste.'

"An' there ye ar-re. Who invinted this eugenics? says ye. 'Tis needless to tell ye, it was a bachelor. A monk he was, an' he thried it on peas in his garden an' it wurruked. He mated blonde an' brunette peas, kilt off th' feeble-minded peas, an' projooced a pea that wint fine with a lamb chop. If he cud do that with viggytables we ought to be able to do it with th' far simpler, if less ateable, man."

"I'm with Hogan," said Mr. Hennessy. "It's what he called it—blah."

"WELL, mebbe so," said Mr. Dooley. "I s'pose young people without sinse will go on flyin' into th' arms iv their mates regardless iv whether their eyes match or if their ears have no lobes, an' coortin' will be carrid on in th' park as usual instead iv through th' Bureau iv Vital Statystics. P'raps there might be such a thing as makin' us too refined f'r this burly wurruld.

"Whin I think what this gob iv arth is like that we live on f'r a few hours, spinnin' around f'r no sinsible raison in th' same foolish, lobsided circle, an' comin' back to th' same place ivry year, without thought or care iv th' poor crathers hangin' onto it, I'm inclined to think a betther race wud be wasted on it. We may be bad, but we're plenty good enough f'r what we get fr'm th' wurruld."

You've all heard about the woes of the farmer, but up to date Mr. Dooley has been reticent on the subject. He will take up this matter in next week's issue of LIBERTY.

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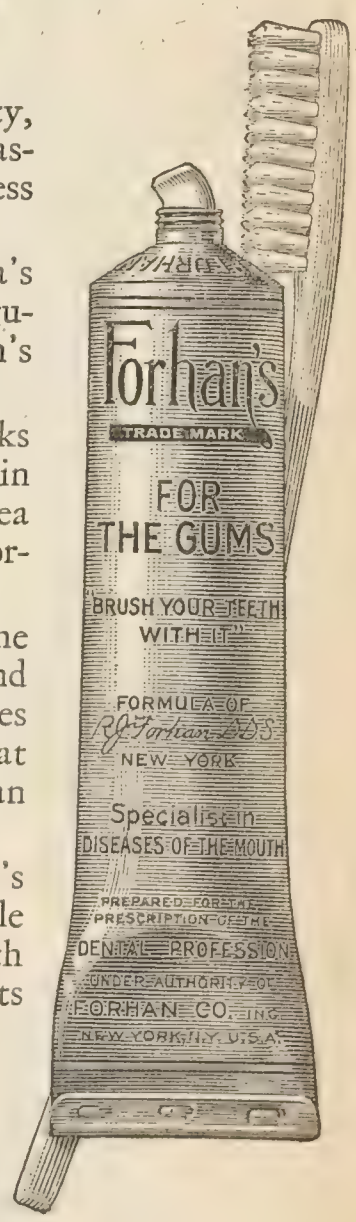

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The Corbin Necklace

The Mystery of the Vanished Pearls and a Girl's Ride into the Night

A Serial

By HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

Pictures by JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

PUNCH heard footsteps. Turning, he saw a man in pajamas crossing the hall.

OLD Mrs. Corbin uttered a wheezy shriek. She was standing beside the safe in her bedroom, staring at the morocco jewel case in her hand. The famous Corbin pearls should have been nestling in it. But the case was empty!

Punch, the old lady's thirteen-year-old grandson, was there at the time. It was from him I got the story. I was laid up with a broken leg in a cottage near the Corbin home.

Mrs. Corbin had decided to present the pearls to Judy, her granddaughter, in honor of her approaching marriage to Bruce Applebury. Strangely enough, Victoria, Judy's widowed mother, opposed the idea. But old Mrs. Corbin had sent Punch to fetch his sister, that she might hang the necklace around the girl's neck.

To Punch's amazement, Judy laughed when the loss was discovered. "Uncle Alec," Mrs. Corbin's son, wanted to call in the police, but Victoria objected to the publicity.

Yet what shook Punch most was the way Judy was acting throughout. When the wedding guests had arrived that morning she had greeted them, then fled upstairs. As she passed Punch, her face was white and her eyes wild. He followed her to her room.

"Are you on my side?" she had asked him. "Whatever happens—whatever I do?" He told her he was. She invented a lame ankle then, and asked him to say she was keeping her foot in hot water.

It was after he had delivered this message that he discovered a man he'd never seen before in the second-floor hall—a man who said he was William Grant, a cousin of Bruce Applebury, and that he was lost. But he didn't seem lost to Punch, but rather as if he were waiting. Punch didn't like the look of it.

PART THREE

"I DON'T care much about the necklace now," Punch said, "but I want the thief found. *I'm* not afraid who it'll turn out to be."

"You mean," I asked, "that you think your mother and Judy *are* afraid?"

He looked at me steadily, but did not answer.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE CORBIN NECKLACE
Continued from Page Forty-three]

Possibly to his relief, and certainly to my own, we heard a car door slam just then, and Punch darted to the window to see who it was.

"Here's mother now," he said, and went to open the door for her.

I couldn't see her face when she perceived her small son, but of course I heard what she said to him:

"Oh, you're here, are you? We were wondering what had become of you."

Her tone was composed, almost good-natured, but rather cold. My guess is she was glad she was saved the trouble of telling me what had happened, but at the same time a little put out by this indication that I was deep in Punch's confidence. He was always rather reticent with her.

After she'd come into my sitting-room and greeted me, she turned back to him. "Run along home now," she said curtly, "and tell Judy I'll be back in fifteen minutes."

He obeyed her with alacrity. He barely nodded a farewell to me as he said, "All right, mother," and disappeared. If he felt any curiosity as to our interview, he didn't show it. I think he was glad, just then, not to talk to her.

SHE did the polite thing by my broken leg, helped herself, at my invitation, to one of my cigarettes, and settled down, with a deep-drawn, very audible sigh, in the big chair that Punch had just vacated.

"I suppose you know," she began, "the ghastly thing that's just happened over at The Oaks?"

"I know as much about it as Punch knows," I said, somewhat tentatively.

As a matter of fact, Victoria herself had astonished me. For, in spite of her sigh and her use of the word "ghastly" to describe the theft, her manner was almost complacent.

It seemed incredible that this should be so, but there was no getting away from it. The mental picture I'd formed of her during the past couple of days, derived mostly from the reports I'd been getting from Punch, had been of a woman driven half frantic by worry, involved in some sort of dangerous web.

"I wonder if you *do* know as much as Punch knows?" she remarked, thoughtfully exhaling a deep lungful of smoke. "Oh, I suppose so, though Alec had the idea that Punch might have taken it himself—oh, not to keep, of course," she added hastily, "but perhaps as a prank to teach his grandmother a lesson, or to save it from being stolen by burglars."

Victoria went down to her nadir with me just then. I've never

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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JUDY'S hand darted out to a Chinese vase and she pushed her letter down inside.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FOUR]

found it harder to keep up the appearance of friendliness.

"For that matter," I said, "I may have taken the thing myself. Gone over on crutches in my sleep——"

"That is possible," she interrupted, with a sudden look of interest. "Oh, not you. Punch! I don't *think* he ever has walked in his sleep. He may have done it this time, though. That necklace has been an obsession with him for days."

There was no denying, of course, that this was a possibility. But Victoria didn't pursue it.

"I'll tell you why I came," she went on, laying down her cigarette and coming a little more sharply into focus. "Alec is acting rather stupidly about this, and stubbornly. He gets that from his mother, I guess. He's determined to make a hullabaloo about it. Send for detectives, question the servants, search everybody, and that sort of thing. Judy and I have done all we could to call him off, without getting anywhere. He feels his responsibility, he says, as the man of the family. All I could get him to agree to was to wait till he'd talked to you. He's in the dining-room now, smoking with the men, but he's coming over to see you as soon as he can get away."

"And *you* want me to persuade him to do nothing," I said.

I DIDN'T inflect it like a question. Cowardice that was, I'll admit. And Victoria assumed that I would do as she wished. It is an assumption she always makes with men, I think.

"Of course," she went on petulantly, "I don't know whether it will do any good. There'll be my mother-in-law to reckon with as soon as she comes out of the hypodermic Miss Digby gave her. I want Alec on our side, actively, you know, before that happens."

"Yes," I said faintly, "I see."

Then I rallied my courage. I admit it was the memory of what Punch had said—"I want the thief caught; *I'm* not afraid who it'll turn out to be"—that served as my trumpet call.

"Look here, Victoria. There may be a reason why I should try to persuade Alexander Corbin to let the necklace go and keep the theft dark, but I won't undertake it unless I know what the reason is."

She looked at me a little ruefully. "You never did like me very well," she remarked.

"I think I can fairly be counted one of your friends," I told her, "and I think I've understood pretty well some of your difficulties."

I looked up at her and saw, to my astonishment, that there were tears in her eyes.

"You talk about my difficulties. You *don't* know them; not the beginning of them. I've been trying for the last ten years to give my children the sort of bringing up they deserve to have. It's the only thing I've cared anything

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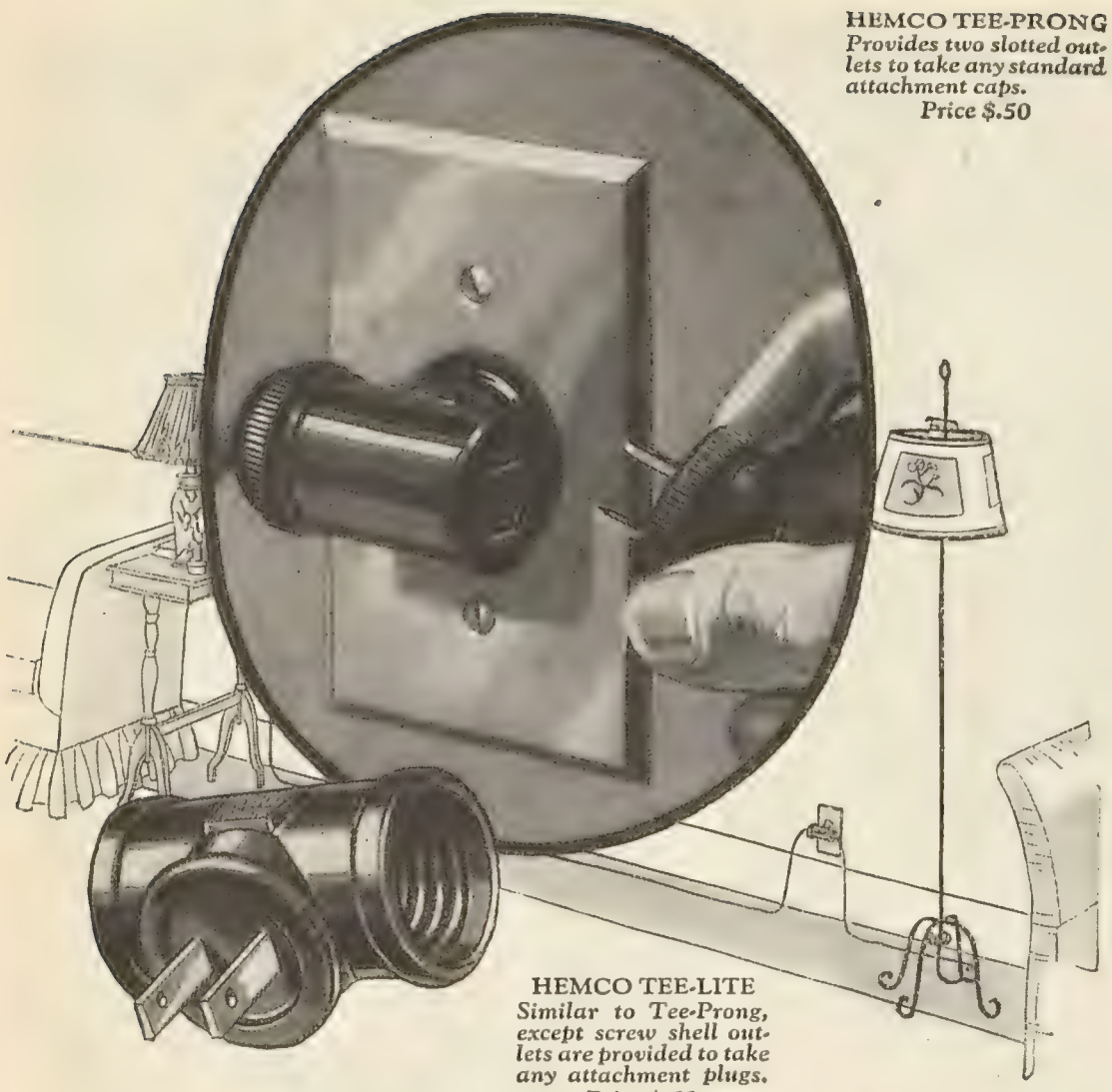

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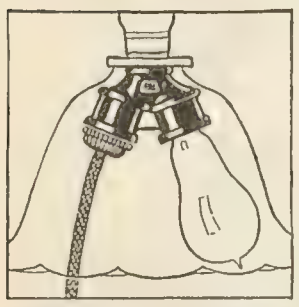

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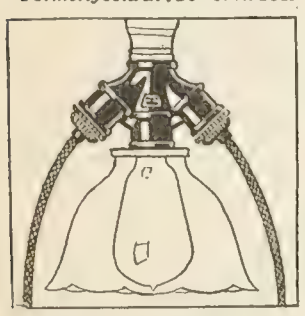
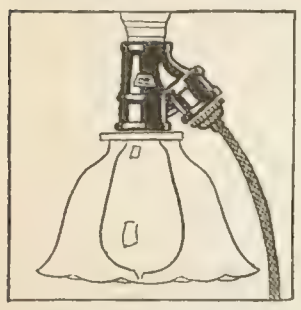


HEMCO TRIP-LITE—*The three outlet plug. Outlets specially threaded to take standard screw or clamp type shade holder. Formerly sold at $1.10—Now $1.00.*



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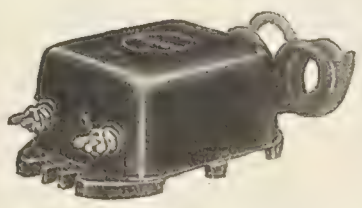

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HEMCO

[THE CORBIN NECKLACE
Continued from Page Forty-five]

about. That's true, whether you believe it or not. And I've been hampered and suspected and quarreled with all the time by that terrible old woman who's my mother-in-law.

"I suppose I've made mistakes. We all do. But between her and the children I've been driven half distracted. Not Punch. He's all right. But there have been times when I've been in despair about Judy."

"Isn't she pretty young to have despaired about?" I protested.

"She ran away from school last fall," said Victoria. "I wonder if even *you* had heard about that? She simply disappeared for almost a month. There, I'm glad I told you that. Now you'll have some idea——"

"Good heavens!" I broke in. "Didn't you hear from her in all that time? How did you know she hadn't been kidnaped—murdered?"

"I got a line from her every two or three days, postmarked from different places, saying she was all right and telling me not to worry."

"But how did she live?" I asked. "What had she to live on?"

"SHE earned it," Victoria said shortly. "You may be perfectly sure I haven't asked for details. But she's volunteered a few. I know she worked for a while as a waitress in a cheap lunch-room."

"How did you get her back?"

"Oh, she'd had enough of it, I suppose. She wrote me that if I wanted her to come back she was ready to behave herself. I met her in New York. Found her in the Martha Washington Hotel, fitted her out with clothes, and took her, by lucky chance, down to Belleair, where Bruce was playing golf. And it just happened she got him."

"What did she look like—when you found her, I mean?"

"She looked," Victoria said dryly, "as if she hadn't found liberty quite as jolly as she'd expected."

Presently she returned to the subject of the gems.

"If this meant the actual loss of the necklace itself," she began with a rush, "I'd let it go; let the thief make what he could out of it—rather than turn Judy's wedding into a beastly dime novel of a detective story: have it smeared all over the front pages of the newspapers. Isn't that reason enough why Alec shouldn't tell the world with a bang what's happened?"

She could hardly have been aware of what she had said, for she started when I quoted her own words back at her.

"You said just now that even if it really meant the loss of the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SIX]

necklace, you'd let it go. Do you mean that it doesn't mean that?"

She took her time before answering. "I'm absolutely sure it doesn't," she said.

"Do you *know* where the necklace is now, Victoria?" I asked.

"No," she said hotly; "of course I don't! Not exactly. But I'm absolutely sure that it's all right."

"How about Judy? Does she agree with you, genuinely, that it's best to do nothing about it?"

Victoria gave me a rather dry smile. "Judy does," she said. "You may be perfectly sure of that. Call her up on the phone, if you like, and ask her."

"No," I said. "I'll take your word for it. And I'll do what I can to bring Alexander around to your way of thinking."

She nodded, and got up to go, without, I'm glad to say, embarrassing me by any overwhelming manifestations of gratitude. I wasn't enthusiastic over what I'd let myself in for. I didn't relish the prospect of my talk with Alexander Corbin.

THAT, however, came off better than I had anticipated. I found I liked him, just as Punch had done. And he showed no trace of the stubbornness of which Victoria had accused him. He seemed to me extraordinarily open-minded, and he carried the virtue of candor farther than I'd have been able to do myself, I think, in similar circumstances.

"I'm all but a total stranger," he told me. "And I find myself in the middle of a family snarl like this. I come on here for my niece's wedding, and within twenty-four hours a highly portable piece of my mother's property, worth perhaps a hundred thousand dollars, disappears."

"Good God!" I cried. "You aren't trying to tell me that anyone suspects *you* of having taken it?"

"That's very polite of you," he remarked kindly; "but I don't see why they shouldn't. It's evident that Victoria and Judy both regard it as an inside job of some sort. And surely I've a more obvious motive, as they say in detective stories, for taking it than anyone else in the family. I quarreled with my mother nearly thirty years ago; I've come home at last to make it up; I find her so shaken by age and—infirmity that it's very doubtful if any new will she made now would hold water; and I steal the necklace by way of getting my share of the estate.

"It's all rot, of course, but that's how it looks. What I'd like to do is to put a cordon around the house and have everybody in it searched, beginning with me and Applebury's maiden aunts. I want it found, if it involves tearing the plaster off the walls. Of course, it isn't possible to go to such lengths as that, but it seems as if one might do something.

THE man the nice bridesmaid had left claimed her again.

"YET here's Victoria pleading with me to let it ride; not turn a hand nor say a word. She seems to think she knows where it is, or, at all events, that it will turn up. Well, that's all right if she's got the correct hunch. But suppose she hasn't? I'll feel uncommonly flat facing my mother tomorrow, when she comes out of the effect of the stuff they've given her, if I have to tell her that the necklace hasn't been heard from and that I've done nothing toward recovering it."

"I'm not sure," I said, "that you haven't done the best thing possible toward recovering it."

He looked at me with a stare of surprise. "You mean by doing nothing, by saying nothing?" he asked. "That's what you must mean, of course, because that's all I've done. But I'm not sure that I see how you figure it out. Effect of suspense and uncertainty—that sort of thing? Psychology getting in its deadly work?"

"Something like that," I said.

There was a ruminative silence between us for a while.

"THAT'S a nice little niece of mine," he said at last. "Hard to realize she's getting married, though. I wish I knew her better."

"What do you think of her young man?" I asked.

"Oh, a perfectly sound fellow, I think," he said, without enthusiasm. "No mistaking his type. He's what he is, plain as a flagstaff. Great on discipline and exercise. Plays a very good game of bridge and takes it as seriously as he does the Constitution of the United States. He'll have a thick neck by the time he's forty, and be one of the pillars of an intensely respectable club. Seems like rather a sledge hammer, though, for little Judy."

"Is that at all the way she feels, do you think?" I asked.

He was properly noncommittal about that. "Oh, don't ask me," he said. "The etiquette is so different from what it was in my day. Then a young couple like that would have played up—held hands, slunk off by themselves whenever they got a chance. I've hardly seen these two together since he got here. That's the modern manner, I suppose."

I'd been thinking over what Punch had told me of the arrival of the guests. There had been nothing unnatural about Judy's greeting of her fiance or the others who came down from the station in the same car with him. Punch had spoken of hearing her laugh two or three times after he'd taken his sentry post on the davenport upstairs. Whatever had happened to her had happened after that.

"Is there anybody in the crowd that came down on the special car?" I asked; "anybody who arrived at The Oaks later than Bruce, who has—well, attracted your attention in any way? Anybody who seemed to have any special effect on Judy?"

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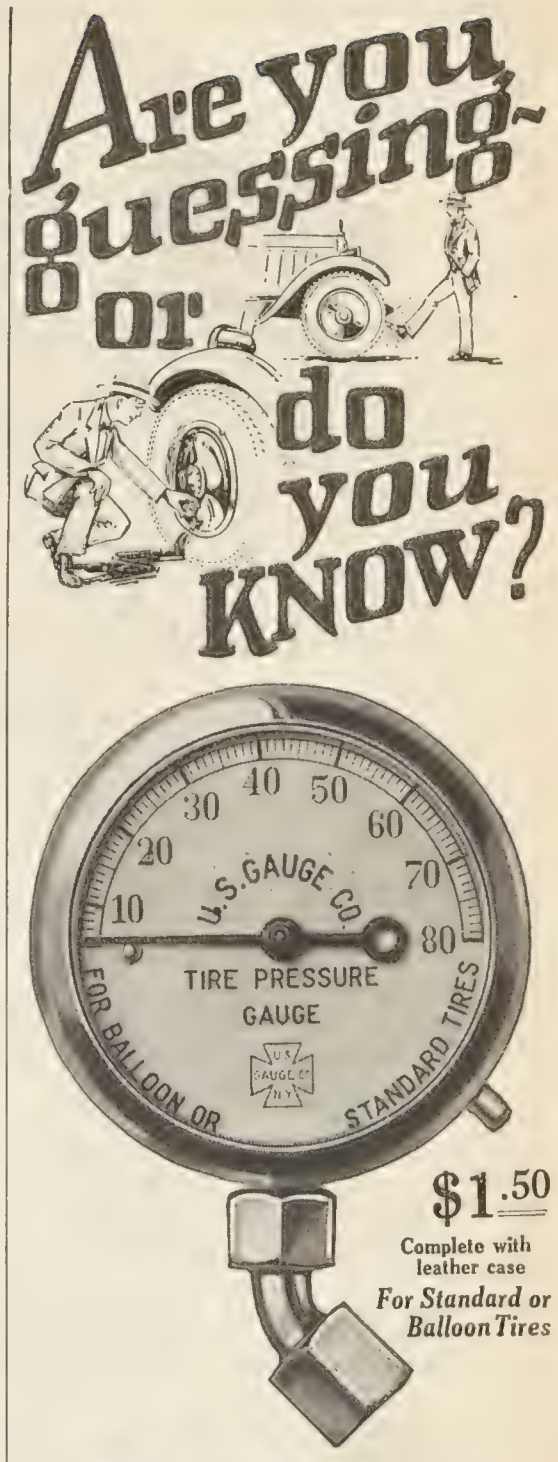

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[THE CORBIN NECKLACE Continued from Page Forty-seven]

Again he turned upon me that intense stare of his.

"No," he said, "I can't say there is. I don't know why you asked me that, but I'll tell you this: I happened to be looking at her—it's the natural thing to do—and I saw her face change. I couldn't say now whether it was with pleasure or the reverse. She was looking past me. Then she turned with a sort of gasp, and bolted into the house. It must have been just then that she hurt her ankle. I know I turned around to try to see who or what she'd been looking at, but I didn't make anything of it. It was something, though, or somebody."

I nodded. "That's it," I said. "There's something behind, that Judy and her mother know more about than we do. Wheels within wheels, you know."

"All right," he said, getting up with a rueful sort of laugh; "I won't throw a monkey wrench into the machinery just yet. We'll let another day go by and see what happens. But if nothing does happen within the next twenty-four hours, I think it will be a case for the police."

II

PUNCH didn't want to be sent to bed, so he was adroitly evading his mother's notice, flitting about the edges of the evening's gayety and lingering in the shadows. It was a warm, windless evening. It would be stuffy in his little room on the top floor and he was feeling wide awake and rather restless. But outdoors, on the verandas and lawn, it was pleasant. The moon was dead full, hanging, an undisputed dignitary, in the cloudless sky. Not so exciting as when it went sailing through a scud of flying clouds, but he didn't crave excitement just now. He'd had enough.

They were dancing in the big west drawing-room—some of them were. Some of them seemed to share—though it couldn't be from the fear of being sent to bed—his own preference for the shadows. In a sort of glade down at the bottom of the lawn, so far away that the music must almost have been inaudible, one pair were dancing—barefoot, Punch believed. There'd been some talk of what fun it would be, and Judy had applauded the idea, though she wasn't dancing, of course, herself, because of her ankle.

She was permanently established in a long chair in the corner of the veranda, holding a sort of court between dances, and always with one man or another beside her when the music played. She adored dancing, Punch knew, and he wondered a little that she didn't permit her ankle to get better.

Bruce Applebury danced indefatigably. He always came back

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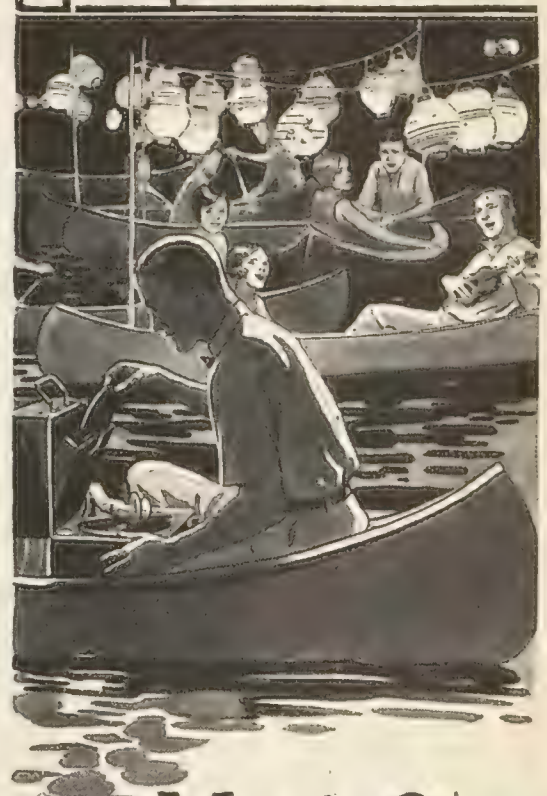

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]

with his partner and sat beside Judy during the intermissions. But Punch had heard Judy tell him it was his duty to make the rounds of at least all the bridesmaids, so he didn't sit out many dances with her.

Punch was beginning to feel a little like a ghost. The mixture of cold moonlight with the music and the odor of a great thicket of lilac bushes in bloom at the corner of the house, was distilling a sort of melancholy in him, when the voice of the one he had privately ticketed as the nice bridesmaid roused him from the trance into which he was drifting.

"Oh, but I've promised this dance to Punch," he heard her say to the man who, with his hand on her arm, was trying to lead her down from the veranda to the lawn.

He'd approached them unconsciously in his irregular orbit—Judy was the center of it—but on hearing this, he stopped before her and made her his best bow. The man, with a laugh, relinquished her arm, said he'd come back for the next, and strolled away, lighting a cigarette.

PUNCH didn't know the girl's name; their acquaintance had begun in a spontaneous exchange of smiles at the tennis court, and they'd had a lot of fun together in the pool.

"I *can* dance," he said, a little doubtfully, when they were left alone, "but I'm not sure that mother doesn't think I've gone to bed."

The girl laughed and laid her hand on his arm. "We'll go for a little walk instead, then," she decided.

She was a nice girl, and Punch didn't think she'd make the opening remark which some of the others, earlier in the day, had devastated him with: "Won't you miss Judy horribly when she's married?"

His confidence was justified. She didn't. She talked about sensible things—swimming strokes, and how it felt the first time you tried a high dive; the probable delights of owning a motorcycle, and so on. Eventually they got around to talking about the pleasures of not traveling in Europe and the advantages of being an American.

"I envy Judy," she said suddenly after they had strolled along in silence for a time. "I wish I had a nice young brother of my own."

"If you did," Punch blurted out, "you'd probably just go and get married."

She withdrew her hand from his arm, where it had rested quite comfortably all the while. He needed both his hands just then, for his eyes were threatening him with disaster. She put her arm across his shoulders and for a moment held him tight. Then she let him go, and walked on.

"It's funny how black the shadows are in the moonlight," she said. "You can't see a thing. Do you know yet where you're going to college?"

She *was* a nice girl.

THEY came up on the veranda just as the dance was coming to an end. The man the nice bridesmaid had left claimed her again, and Punch turned for a look at Judy. He had an idea that he might sit out the next dance with her.

She happened, just then, to be alone. A moment earlier, Punch was sure, a man had been standing before her, bending over. Now he was gone, and Judy was holding something in her hand. A letter, or what looked like it. Not just a scrap of a note, for when she tried to fold it small it offered some resistance.

This movement seemed half frightened, although that didn't exactly describe the look that was in her face. She started to tuck the thing down inside her dress, suddenly desisted and, with an exasperated laugh, snatched it out again. She glanced around, helplessly at a loss. Then her hand darted out to a narrow-necked Chinese vase that stood on the table beside her, and she pushed her letter down inside. It wouldn't be very easy to get out again, Punch reflected, for the hastily folded paper would spring apart.

The next moment Bruce Applebury came out through the open French window from the drawing-room and sat down beside her.

"Just on the minute," she remarked to him. "Like a man in a play."

Punch stood rooted where he was. He wouldn't have gone to her even if Bruce Applebury hadn't come out. The fog of trouble that the nice bridesmaid had for the while dissipated, stole again over his spirit.

He didn't know who the man was who had given Judy the letter—except, of course, that it wasn't Bruce. He'd barely glimpsed him out of the corner of his eye. There was something secret and hasty about the whole episode that didn't go with his idea of Judy. What he hated worst about it was the look in her face that disputed with the fright in it.

He was sunk so deep in a brown study that his mother caught him

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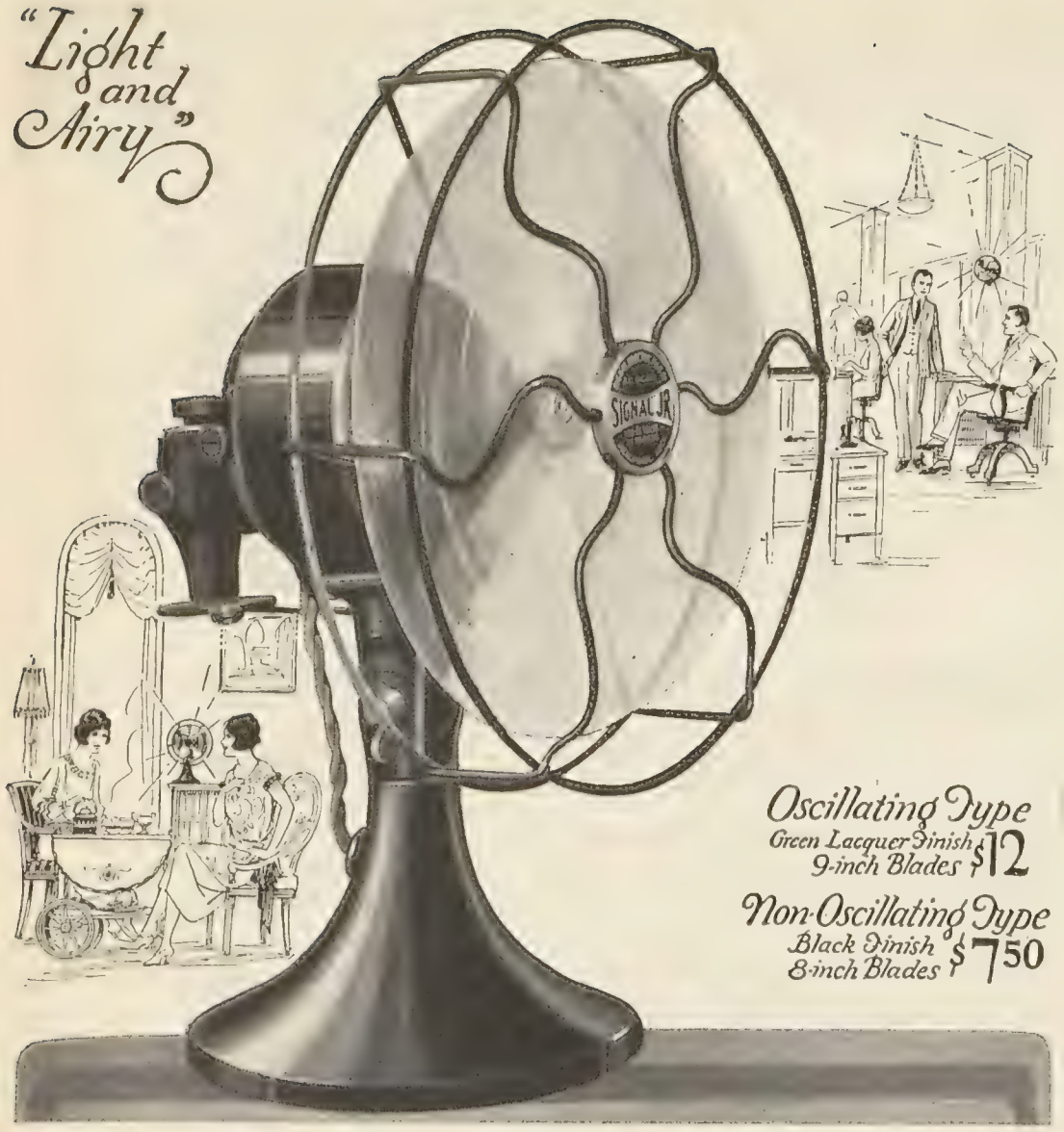

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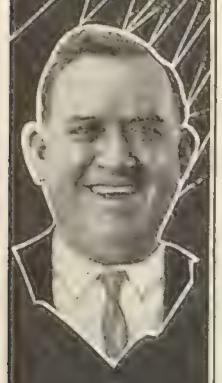

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[THE CORBIN NECKLACE
Continued from Page Forty-nine]

without difficulty and sent him to bed.

But it wasn't so easy to send him to sleep. The music went on and on, floating in through his open window, nagging his jangled nerves.

He must have drifted off, though, at last, for he sat up suddenly in bed, bolt awake from an unreasonably unpleasant dream. The party must be over and everybody gone to bed, for the house was silent, except, he noted with disgust, for the grumble of conversation that was going on in the adjoining bedroom. Bill Grant's it was, and he imagined he identified the other voice, which was doing most of the talking, as Bruce Applebury's.

He couldn't hear what they were saying. He was afraid, though, that if they talked any louder he might hear.

He lay down again and turned and tossed. No hope of getting asleep till they stopped.

FINALLY, in desperation, he got up, padded softly out through the billiard-room to a near-by bathroom, got himself a drink and splashed his hot face with cold water. This refreshed him somewhat, but he didn't want to go back to his room.

The big davenport in the hall, one flight down, occurred to him as a quieter, and perhaps cooler, place to sleep. He wouldn't need any covers. It was too hot a night. So, with infinite precautions against noise, he stole down there. He'd meant to sleep there anyway if the necklace had not already been stolen.

It wasn't very dark down there in the second-floor hall. It had two big windows at one end and an enormous one above the stair landing at the other. And the big moon still had everything her own way in the cloudless sky.

In spite of his precautions against making any noise, he did make one. In the process of disposing the pillows on the davenport, he dropped one on the floor with a plop.

A moment or two later Judy's door opened, and she asked, in a clear, penetrating whisper, "Who's that?"

"I dropped a pillow," he said. "I didn't mean to disturb you."

"You!" she said.

She came over to the davenport and stood looking down at him. She had on the same orange-colored kimono that she'd worn when she went to her grandmother's room before dinner.

"What are you doing down here?" she asked. "Still keeping watch?"

"It was stuffy up in my room," he explained, "and I couldn't sleep."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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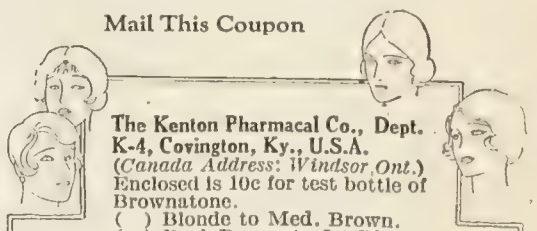

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A191

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

She gave a little shiver, not with cold, and sat down beside where he lay.

"I can't sleep either," she told him. "It's beastly. Punch, I tell you what let's do: Let's go out for a ride on bicycles. There's another one besides yours up in the old stable. You go ahead and get them, and I'll meet you here by the corner of the veranda."

If he'd been feeling just right about Judy he'd have taken the thing as a lark and gone. But he didn't feel right. Her mention of the corner of the veranda reminded him of something.

"I don't want to go upstairs and get dressed," he objected. "There were some people talking up there when I came down."

She seemed concerned by that and asked him quickly, "Who?"

"I don't know," he told her. "They were in Bill Grant's room."

SHE glanced sharply in the direction of the stairs as if she thought she'd heard something, but decided she hadn't.

"You don't have to dress," she pleaded. "Pajamas are all right, and I'll lend you a pair of my sneakers."

"The whole house is locked up tight," he objected. "We'd probably set off the burglar alarm if we tried to open a door or a window downstairs."

"We can go out by my window, can't we?"

That made the thing seem more fun, and he all but yielded; indeed, he had moved to get up from the davenport, when he noticed something.

"You've started to dress already, Judy," he said.

"Shirt and bloomers," she admitted. "Yes, I was going out anyway. I was getting ready to when I heard you drop that pillow. I've left something I want down on the veranda."

"That letter?" he asked.

There was a breathless sort of silence between them.

At last she said, "Don't you care, Punch. You'll understand some day, maybe."

He'd have gone with her then if he'd felt sure she wanted him, sure that the proposal of a ride with him hadn't been a mere pretext of hers for an opportunity to recover her letter while he was up at the stable getting out the bicycles. It was with a very sore spirit that he lay down on the davenport again and let her go back to her room and close the door after her without a word.

He lay there straining his ears for a sound from her, but she must have been moving about as quietly as a ghost, for he heard nothing. Perhaps he'd be able to hear her when she came in, though, and she'd turn on the light, wouldn't she, to read her letter by?

But still there was nothing. The silence in the big house remained unbroken.

He stood it as long as he could; then went to Judy's door, opened it, and, after a glance about the deserted room, left it open. He'd know, now, when she came back, anyhow.

After that once more he fell asleep, only to be awakened as before by a dream, or so he supposed at the moment, though he realized afterward that the soft closing of a door might have done it. He sat up, and now he heard footsteps shuffling along in felt slippers, and, turning, he saw a man in pajamas crossing the hall.

There was more light than ever now. The moon shone slantwise through the great window on the landing and threw a brightly lighted patch upon the floor. As the legs of these pajamas crossed this patch, he saw them very plainly. They were gray, or lavender, or perhaps a washed-out blue, and there was a triangular tear, such as might happen from getting caught on a nail, in one of them. The rest of the man he couldn't see so well, and in a moment he was nothing but a shadowed silhouette.

Automatically, Punch almost spoke to him, but checked himself with the reflection that by doing so he'd give some slightly embarrassed guest on his way to the bathroom a horrible start.

THE next moment he sat up straighter and held his breath. The man didn't turn into the bathroom. He went straight on upstairs. That was strange. Why should a guest who slept on this floor go upstairs in the middle of the night? Or if his room were up there, why had he come down?

The boy was rather frightened now, and the realization that he was made it a point of honor with him to investigate the mystery if he could. So, softly and swiftly, he stole upstairs too, alert for the sound of a closing door or a glimpse of a streak of light under one of them. There wasn't a sound, and the blackness up there in the billiard-room was all but complete. Was somebody lurking there, waiting? Someone who had heard his following footsteps?

He stood still, overcoming a panicky impulse of flight. He at last mustered his courage—really

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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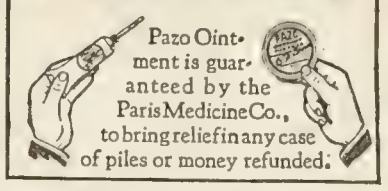

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Tighten or Loosen for Comfort

AVOID IMITATIONS – SEEK THE SURE-FIT LABEL

[THE CORBIN NECKLACE Continued from Page Fifty-one]

considerable, it seems to me—to the point of moving over to the switch and turning on the light in the tin-shaded chandelier over the table. The room was empty. The mystery remained unsolved.

Well, he had done all he could, anyhow, and he turned off the light and stole downstairs.

He now went into Judy's room and glanced around. No, she hadn't come back yet. She must have gone on that bicycle ride, after all. It must be horribly late. He carried her watch from the night table to the window. After three. He stole back to his uneasy bed on the davenport.

But he wasn't yet at the end of his night's adventures. He sprang up again almost before he'd had time to lie down. His grandmother's door was opening. Somebody with an electric torch was coming out!

Was this mysterious prowler the thief, or have Punch's chances for detective work only just begun? For a thrilling turn of events that neither he nor the others in the story could possibly foresee, read next week's installment.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

A Crafty Innocent

Upon buying animal crackers for my two small brothers, the older of them, Henry, told the grocer to give him all lions and tigers. Upon being asked why he wanted them, he replied, "Because John is afraid of them and I won't have to give him any."—B. J., Bronx, N. Y.

* * *

Tact vs. Truth

Samuel, aged five, had taken part in a church entertainment, where he had created considerable amusement by his antics. Upon returning home, his grandfather asked him if he had been a good boy. To which query he replied, "I'm too wise to tell you."—C. E. H., Swarthmore, Pa.

* * *

Observation That Counts

Bobby's and Peggy's father was in the grocery business and had an old delivery horse named Charley. Peggy was hauling Bobby in their little play wagon. Finally she became tired and said:

"Now, Bobby, you get out and let me ride."

Bobby looked at her scornfully and said:

"Go on; does Charley ever say to papa, 'Get out and let me ride'?"—J. L., Visalia, Cal.

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Nine Lengths Ahead *of* Father Time

For Forty Years Yale's Famous Crew of '86 has Pulled Together

THE Yale crew of '86 and (above) the same men today. Reading from left to right in each photograph they are: Upper Row—Ernest L. Caldwell, Alfred Cowles, Lewis E. Cadwell, Robert Appleton, Frederick A. Stevenson. Bottom Row—Clifford W. Hartridge, John Rogers, Jr., George W. Woodruff, Joseph W. Middlebrook.

An Article by
HUGH FULLERTON

AT 6:29 on the afternoon of July 2, 1886, two shells jockeyed as they floated in the Thames River at New London, Connecticut. The day had been overcast and squally. The crews of the Yale and Harvard navies had waited since 11 in the morning for their annual race.

During the forenoon they had paddled to the starting line, been driven back by rough water, had waited until 12:30, then had postponed the race until 6 o'clock, hoping for smoother water.

At 6:29 the pistol shot directed by George Rives, the famous English oarsman, started the crews away. Harvard, hitting a stroke of 38 from the start, sprinted in an effort to gain the lead. Yale clung to the long, driving stroke taught them by Bob Cook, and rowed 35 strokes to the minute. Harvard's coxswain barked the stroke up and up into a quick, nervous catch near 40. The Bulldog held the pace, and then, as Harvard grew unsteady, moved to the front, never to be headed.

Only once, after the first half-mile, was the result in doubt. That was when Yale, passing the two miles, swung into a dead eddy,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"If...

FREQUENTLY you hear a man say, "If Fatimas were sold at fifteen cents everybody would smoke them." No doubt, but that's easier said than done. For without the finer tobaccos, the subtle delicacy, made possible by a few cents more, Fatima would not be Fatima

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[NINE LENGTHS AHEAD OF FATHER TIME Continued from Page Fifty-three]

near the eel grass which, four years before, had defeated her crew. Harvard, spurting to 38 strokes, gained, while Yale, powerful and fresh, dropped to 34, then to 33. But as Harvard inched up and closed the gap, Yale lifted the stroke to 36 and moved on.

At two miles, at three miles, at 3½ miles, the gallant Harvard crew sprinted and started to close the gap. Each time the Yale crew waited, pulling its long, swinging stroke, until the Crimson reached the height of its spurt, then, lifting the pace just a trifle, regained the water lost while the Crimson crew broke its heart. At 3½ miles Harvard was beaten; badly beaten. Then Yale, lifting the stroke gradually to 38, staged a sprint against the record, and swept over the finish line, eleven lengths in the lead, in 20 minutes 41¼ seconds—10½ seconds slower than the record time of 1884, but the upstream record for the race, which never was broken until last year.

AGAIN the Bob Cook stroke had proved its superiority and worth in American rowing.

Heroes of that great day in Yale history were:

	Age	Weight
Bow Robert Appleton, New York City.....	21	151
No. 2 John Rogers, Jr., New Canaan, Conn....	21	160
No. 3 Joseph W. Middlebrook, Wilton, Conn.	22	163
No. 4 Frederick A. Stevenson, Brooklyn, N. Y.	19	160
No. 5 George W. Woodruff, Dimock, Pa.....	24	169
No. 6 (Capt.) Alfred Cowles, Jr., Chicago..	21	169½
No. 7 Clifford W. Hartridge, Savannah, Ga...	22	169½
Stroke Ernest L. Caldwell, Windsor, Conn...	27	147½
Coxswain Lewis E. Cadwell, New Haven, Conn.	18	84

It is forty years since that victorious shell flashed over the line at New Haven. Not one of the crew is dead. The tradition that rowing, most strenuous of all sports, overtaxes the heart and kills the athletes at an early age, seems contradicted.

P. & A. Photo

Bob Cook, great Yale coach.

Forty years after their last race for Yale they are all happy, all prosperous, all in good health—and all declare rowing is largely responsible for what they are. I went around to see those who could be reached, and put them through a verbal examination, and had those few who were scattered write to me, and then checked up on them through the others. They have stuck together, this crew; pulled for one another as they did in the boat and watched each other's condition, jacking up any who might get lazy or fail to keep in shape.

THERE is Frederick A. Stevenson. He probably has been scolded and cussed out more by his crew mates and especially by Dr. Rogers than any of the others. He is director of the Long Lines of the American Bell Telephone Company, vice-president of the Cuban American Company, and the man who is responsible for the New York-Chicago cable, which took nine years to build and cost $25,000,000. It is the greatest feat in telephone-telegraph engineering in history, a cable carrying a hundred wires—more than 100,000 miles of copper wire, over which about 400 telephone and half as many telegraph messages can go at once.

Stevenson never trains, never takes any exercise, except walking and his work, smokes too much, eats too much, works too hard; and, as Dr. Rogers growls, "He's violated every rule—and he'll probably outlive the whole bunch. It's no use scolding him."

"I haven't taken any exercise or played five minutes since I left college, excepting tennis for several years," he confessed. "I've rowed in more races than I've seen since. All the exercise I needed was to jump down in a telephone trench with the Italians, grab a pick, and show them how to make that dirt fly. It beats golf or any other exercise. I walk a lot. While working, I smoke a lot, twice too much, and yet I've never been sick, and feel as good as ever, going strong, healthy as a horse, and having a lot of fun.

"I owe everything to rowing. Five years after I left school a doctor examined me and told me that, unless I quit working, smoking, and driving so hard, I was done. He gave me six months and looked as if he meant two. I kept right on—and here I am, about the same as ever.

"If I had a boy I'd have him row four years at college and four miles in every race, provided he was physically sound and properly examined.

"But more than health I owe whatever success I've had to the crew. I learned the value of teamwork and discipline in those years in the boat. There are two organizations that depend entirely on teamwork—a crew and a great orchestra. One note out of tune will ruin the entire organization. It is drudgery, hard work, just

dogged hard work, in a boat, but it is a great teacher."

Stevenson helped coach Yale crews for several years after he left college, and helped establish the Yale system.

Then there is Joseph Middlebrook, lawyer, member of a big stock exchange firm, who pulled No. 3 on that famous crew. He weighs around 205 now, on diet, is in fine fettle, and blames rowing for most of his good health.

Middlebrook had a tough assignment at No. 3, to balance the powerful Rogers and Stevenson. He always was inclined to take on weight, and the old records of the drudgery of preparation show how he must have toiled. He gained weight as soon as he started training and his work was a constant fight.

The records of many of those long days on the water show that he went out weighing 165 and came back six pounds lighter, and often there were these words: "Sent Middlebrook for a run." He went into that 1886 race weighing 163 and pulled off seven pounds in the four miles. What a race he rowed! It was his dogged drive that held the terrific pace during that killing last half-mile when, with the Crimson beaten, Captain Cowles sent his crew after the record and, raising the stroke to 35, to 36, to 37, then to 38, sent the shell skimming over the line.

Middlebrook hasn't touched an oar except at rare intervals since he left school. For many years he played golf. He got in among the twelve-handicap men and then, about fifteen years ago, became too busy to play golf and quit it entirely. Except for walking, he takes no exercise now—although his doctor howls, and declares it is time for Captain Cowles to make another note, "Sent Middlebrook for a run." However, in the forty years since he quit rowing, the condition and physical powers stored up have served him well.

THERE is Robert Appleton, head of a big publishing firm, making encyclopedias, religious books, etc. In college he and Cowles looked alike, and they still do, although Captain Cowles has taken on more weight. Appleton weighs in now at 170; is keen and fit. Unlike Stevenson and Middlebrook, he stuck to rowing. For years after he left Yale he rowed on boat crews around New York. Later he became a single-sculler, not because the crew work was too hard, but because he always could get on the water without waiting.

His son captained another famous Yale crew —1914—the crew that, rowing upstream in that famous duel, led Harvard over the line a foot or two, in a finish so close few could tell whether the Blue or the Crimson flag dropped first. But "Young" Appleton failed to break his father's record. Appleton still rows occasionally and golfs frequently, shooting under 100 all the time with a handicap of 18.

"The moderate fellows last longest," he declared. "I believe rowing did me much good in every way. But if I were dictating, I would not allow a boy to row more than two years at college, and would forbid any boy to engage in two major sports, especially barring him from playing football and trying for the crew. It did not sap me, but it might sap too much out of some fellows."

The fighting '86 crew in its prime.

CAPTAIN COWLES, like Appleton, was one of those long-muscled youths. They called him "the Adonis of the crew."

He denies that now, but it was in the program in 1886. He has kept up his interest in athletics, has enjoyed excellent health, and shoots golf in the early nineties. He weighs around 220. Excepting a case of bad tonsils, he has had no sickness. He has not rowed in a shell or on a sliding seat in the last twenty-five years, but still can shoot a rowboat or canoe along fast enough while fishing.

"I believe," he says, "I am in much better shape than I would be if I had not gone through the active training and hard work on the Yale crew."

He has been one of the leaders in public life and business in Chicago, and never lost interest in athletics. His son went to Yale and roomed with Appleton's son, an attack of illness keeping him from following his father's career in the boat.

Hartridge, who rowed No. 7, was a Southern lad, and probably the strongest boy in the boat, powerfully muscled and with a fighting drive behind his oar. He is a lawyer in New York. He has indulged in athletics sporadically since leaving college, golfs, and while not as heavy as he was ten years ago, is strong and active.

Rogers, as might have been predicted when he was at Yale, became famous. He has gone high in medicine and surgery, is on the staffs of Bellevue and St. Francis hospitals in New York, and is professor of clinical surgery at Cornell. His greatest fame rests upon his treatment of goiter and his discoveries, which give him credit for a great part of the advancement in treating the disease.

Besides that, Rogers is unofficial (and sometimes official) trainer and conditioner of his old crew mates, few of whom obey his orders properly. He has done little in athletics excepting occasional golf and is now thin. Except for an illness four or five years ago which reduced him in weight, he keeps in perfect physical trim and looks fit to row four miles almost any time.

Cadwell, the little cox whose voice drove the famous crew in that final spurt, barked the orders to the crew of a big New York corporation for years. Then he went to Sarasota, Florida. His health remains good, his pep undiminished, he weighs 125 pounds, has a good golf handicap of 27, and he is in good voice in singing the praises of the West Coast of Florida.

WOODRUFF, who was one of the most powerful men in the boat, has been famous in politics, a leader in Pennsylvania, and has served in high public offices. He has been Acting Secretary of the Interior of the United States, Assistant Attorney General, District Judge of Hawaii, and is now Attorney General of Pennsylvania.

Woodruff weighed a little less than 170 in the shell, and he has picked up weight. His health has been rugged, he exercises and works rather strenuously, and golfs vigorously if not too well.

Ernest Caldwell, who was No. 8 in the '86 crew, and stroked it to victory, now lives in Newton Center, near Boston. He golfs and maintains contact with athletics, watches Harvard crews with critical eye, and, except for gaining some weight, holds his condition well. He weighed only 147½ when rowing, and has held around 160 pounds during the greater part of his life since then.

The entire nine, barring wreck or high water, will attend the race at New London.

THE END

Custer's Last Battle

A Fifty-Year Mystery

A New Account of the Famous Fight on Its Anniversary

An Article by

Arthur Chapman

ARTHUR CHAPMAN, author of Out Where the West Begins, is a student of American frontier history. Years ago, Mr. Chapman began his investigation of the dramatic mystery of Custer's last battle, which no white man survived. He has sifted all the available evidence—and here is his story, written for LIBERTY in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the battle, which is being observed this week.

CUSTER'S last battle is warfare's mystery of mysteries.

A veteran command of Indian-fighters, led by the bravest and jauntiest of generals, went into oblivion. In an hour's march of the western sun, Death swept the saddles clean. The bugle and clanking accouterments were stilled. Not a man was left to tell how or why.

Hills all around and savage enemies. No aid from where it was expected. No friendly cheers from rescuing comrades. Nothing but shrill warwhoops, the fluttering of eagle feathers, the flash of rifles, and the stab of reddened lances.

Then silence for years—broken only by the trill of meadow larks in June on Custer's Battlefield.

The Indians, who spared no white man that day, were afraid to talk. They went back to their reservations, disarmed and silent.

But little by little the curtain that time lowered has been raised, revealing gleams of light, which tend to dissipate some popular beliefs about the battle.

Long ago I fell under the spell of Custer's Battlefield's eternal question-mark. I visited the field many times to scan the headstones that mark the positions of the slain. I have talked with Indians who fought Custer, and with the one Indian scout who escaped from the doomed battalion. I have heard the stories of men who were with Reno and Benteen, and of some of Terry's men who came up to bury the dead.

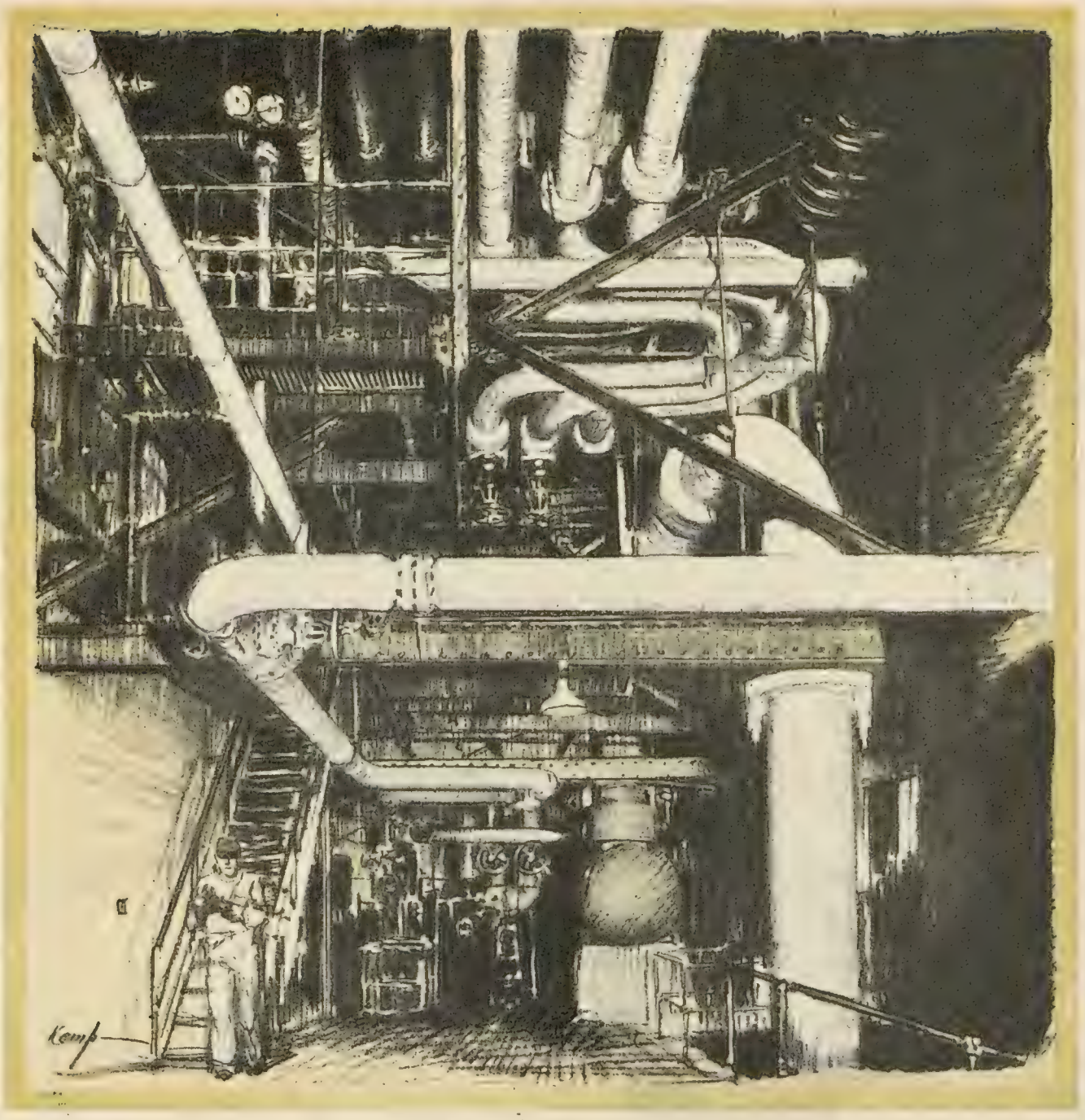
CHIEF TWO MOONS, who led the Cheyennes in battle, standing at the cross which marks the spot where Custer fell.

It seems fitting that such material should be presented in this month, which marks the fiftieth anniversary of the battle that wrongfully has been called a massacre.

It was a battle against odds—like Thermopylae and the Alamo, but it was not a massacre. There are points that will always re-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

CRANE VALVES



A view in the header room, Crawford Avenue Station of Commonwealth Edison Company, Chicago. Two 50,000 kw. and one 60,000 kw. turbo-generators are served by 15 boilers already installed. A 77,000 kw. turbo-generator and 5 more boilers now being added. Pressure 600 pounds; temperature 750°. Sargent and Lundy, Chicago, engineers. Graham Anderson Probst and White, architects. Piping installed by W. A. Pope, Chicago.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

main unsettled, but as far as possible this article is a dependable account of what happened on the Little Bighorn half a century ago.

General George Armstrong Custer and his staff paused on a high ridge overlooking the Little Bighorn River in Montana, late in the morning of June 25, 1876, and waved encouragingly to the battalion of Major Reno, which was pressing forward to open an attack on the allied hostile Indians under Sitting Bull.

It was Custer's wave of farewell. After he had disappeared from the ridge, leading his own detachment of 200 men from the Seventh Cavalry into the sage-clad hills, no white man ever saw them alive.

The Indian camp had been located, though its size was not known. Major Reno had been ordered to advance along the Little Bighorn and attack the village from the upper end. Captain Benteen was ordered to the front and left, but found the country so rough that he was forced to join Reno—fortunately enough, as it proved afterward. The pack train in the rear was under the protection of Captain McDougal.

RENO'S attack was not the sharp, decisive blow upon which Custer had counted. Meeting with unexpected resistance, Reno ordered a retreat, which became a mad scramble.

A comparatively sheltered position on the other side of the Little Bighorn was reached, after several men had been killed. There Reno, with the sound of Custer's firing in his ears, dug in and waited. Finally there were two great volleys—perhaps Custer's last signal to the officer on whom he had placed dependence. Then all was silent.

Headstones scattered singly or in groups on hills and ridges and in ravines, for a radius of a mile or more, mark the places where the stripped and mutilated bodies of Custer's men were found, two days later, by a relief column under General Terry.

One man in Custer's command escaped—but he was not a white man. Curley, a Crow scout, then sixteen or seventeen years old, was told by Custer to escape when it was plain that the command was to be overwhelmed.

Wrapping himself in a blanket, in which he was not easily distinguishable from the Sioux and Cheyennes who swarmed over the field, Curley saw the last man struck down. Two days later he burst through the underbrush at the mouth of the Bighorn, where General Terry's supply steamer, the Far West, was tied, and gave the first account of the disaster.

YEARS later I heard Curley's story. We were in camp on Tulloch's Creek, the Crow Indian agent, Major S. G. Reynolds, and I, following an Indian horse round-up. Curley was in charge, and at the request of the agent he came over to see us.

It was June, and leaden skies were over the whole region in which Custer had maneuvered for victory and found death. Tulloch's Creek, an almost dry run in the midst of treeless hills, slithery with gumbo, had played its part in the tragedy.

Custer had orders merely to explore this creek and send a courier back along that watercourse to communicate his observations to Terry and Gibbon, who were to march up from the south.

But Custer, keen to reestablish himself in supreme command—which he had lost to Terry because he had criticized certain appointments by the Secretary of War—had announced to his officers, soon after parting from Terry and Gibbon, that he intended to "find the Indians and go after them."

Tulloch's Creek was not explored, and Custer pushed on to the Little Bighorn—to die and become immortalized in an hour of magnificent disobedience.

When Curley came sloshing through the rain to our camp, he was dressed in a broad hat, leather chaps, and spurs hung to the high heels of his boots. Only by his swarthy skin and two braids of hair on his shoulders was he distinguishable from the other cowboys of the Montana ranges.

The Indian, as a rule, is not loquacious. When he is cross-examined, though it be done skillfully, he sticks so closely to facts that a narrative becomes singularly barren of color.

Such an Indian was Curley, who recently died. He said he knew the chief with the yellow hair, whose Crow name was Child of the Stars. Also he knew Custer's brother (Captain Tom Custer, who was killed at the General's side).

They came in sight of the hostile Indian camp about 10 o'clock in the morning. There was a hot fight beside the Little Bighorn. The bugler, he said, was the one man to get across, and he was killed. The others turned back up a hill, and most of the fighting was done there. Just before all the soldiers were killed, Custer told him to "run off," which he did.

"I was young at the time," said Curley, "and didn't know much about fighting. If I had been older, I would have stayed there and got killed."

After he had fled from the battlefield, Curley said, he rode to where the steamboat was, and, in pictures drawn on top of a medicine chest, gave the first intimation of the disaster.

WHAT of the testimony of the hostile Indians? I smoked a peace pipe with Two Moons, who led the fighting Cheyennes in the battle. He had come to the Crow country to call on his red brethren who had always assisted the whites.

Two Moons was even briefer than Curley, but he demolished the popular idea that Custer and his men battled most of the day. Putting his hands together, Two Moons made a circle slowly smaller, indicating how Custer was closed in upon by the surrounding forces. With an impressive gesture, his hands parted.

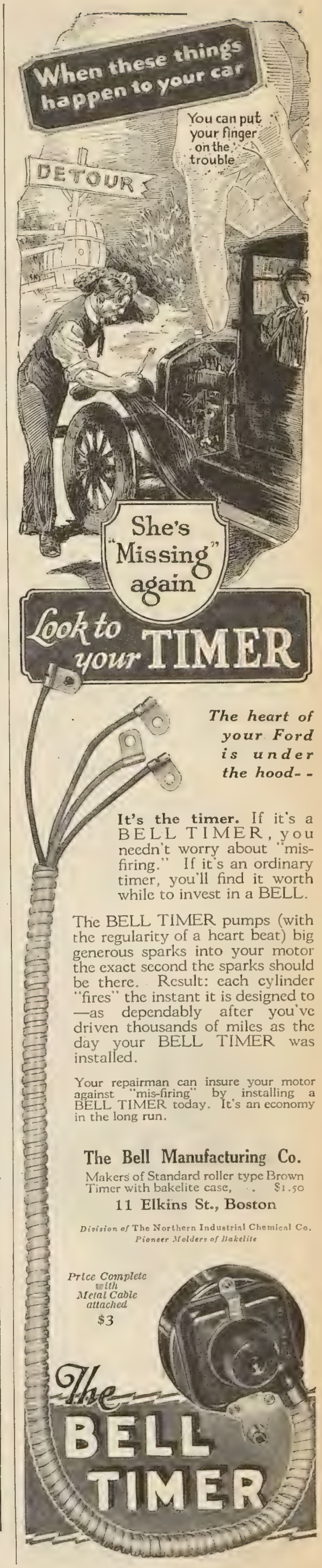
"That was the way it happened," he said to an interpreter. "It was over about as soon as it takes a hungry man to eat his breakfast."

Who killed Custer? Nobody knows. The Indians were in a frenzy of excitement. Some Indians said a young man armed with a war club broke through and knocked him down early in the fight, and that later Custer was shot and killed by an unknown, who likewise must have been killed, for he would have boasted of the deed afterward.

Nor does anyone know who

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Battlefield of the Little Bighorn as it looks today, with headstones telling the grim story.



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[CUSTER'S LAST BATTLE—A FIFTY-YEAR MYSTERY
Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

killed Tom Custer. For years a legend persisted that Rain-in-the-Face, who previously had been arrested by Tom Custer at Standing Rock Agency, and who had escaped, had cut out the heart of his captor and eaten it. But in an interview with Dr. Charles A. Eastman, a Sioux Indian, Rain-in-the-Face denied this.

All these mysteries intensify the interest of Custer's Battlefield. From it spring a thousand queries that Time will never answer. Why was Sergeant Butler found, a mile from Custer's position, his body surrounded by empty cartridges that told of his desperate fight?

Was he a courier, dispatched to Reno after those last volleys were fired as signals of distress? What were the orders given, after Custer had come in sight of the Indian camp and had dispatched a trumpeter with his final message to Benteen:

"Benteen, come on. Big village. Be quick. Bring packs. Bring packs."

What was the urge that made Custer repeat the order to "bring packs"?

A sense of impending disaster hung over Custer's men from the day the Seventh Cavalry was ordered to leave on its final expedition. Men sat down and wrote last letters home. Others made their wills.

BACK at Fort Lincoln the same cloud of depression had settled on the womenfolk. Mrs. Custer lost her husband, two brothers-in-law, and a nephew. The latter was Autie Reed, a mere boy, who begged to be allowed to go with Custer that he might "see the West."

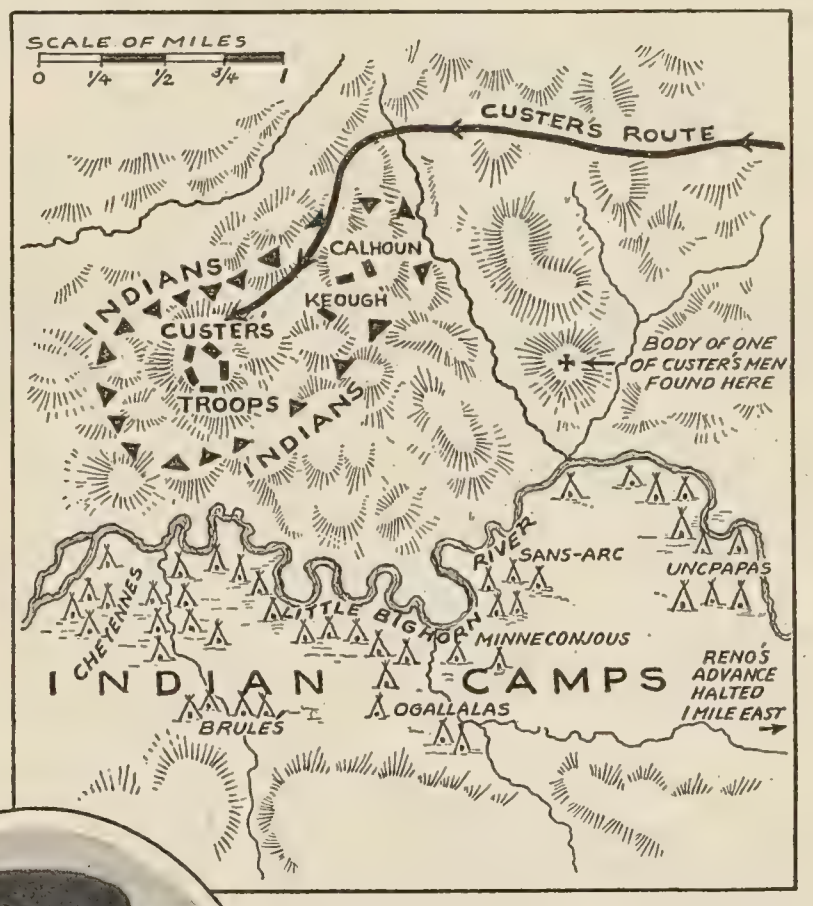
Custer himself usually was brusque in speech, but on the march from the Rosebud he called frequent consultations with his officers and seemed to place unusual dependence on them.

In dividing his forces for the attack, Custer has been both approved and condemned by military experts. He depended on Reno to strike swiftly and throw the Indian camp into confusion. Benteen was to pitch into anything he found ahead of him. Custer, swinging around the intervening ridges, would strike the lower part of the camp and complete the rout.

But Reno failed. He may not have been a poltroon, as was charged, but he fell back at the first show of resistance. When Captain Godfrey came up with Benteen's command, he found Reno with his hat lost and a handkerchief about his head, "very much excited." According to the same authority, Reno had thrown away his revolvers after he had emptied them.

Seeming to realize that Reno was not to be feared, the Sioux, at the order of Chief Gall, had concentrated on Custer. Just enough Indians were left to keep Reno from stirring from the barricades of earth that had been scooped out by knives.

Custer underestimated the generalship of Chief Gall, who fought with the skill of a Napoleon. Gall knew victory depended on keeping those blue columns separated. After calling Crazy Horse away from Reno's front, he concentrated his horsemen in a ravine that could not be seen from Custer's position.



Custer's route to the scene of his last stand in the battle of the Little Bighorn. Below the ridge, 3,000 Indians sprang up and overwhelmed him.

Photo by Brown Bros.

General George Armstrong Custer, the picturesque Indian-fighter of fifty years ago.

Warriors on foot, from the cover of sagebrush, were pouring a crippling fire into Custer's men, distracting attention from the massing of the horsemen who were to deliver the final blow.

The cavalry troops of Keogh and Calhoun had been dismounted, and the Indians stampeded their horses. With their mounts, no doubt, went the soldiers' reserve ammunition. When all was ready, Gall's Indians charged. In an incredibly short time not a man was left on that flank.

Under Crazy Horse and Crow King, the same tactics were carried out against Custer and about thirty men who were fighting on the brow of the ridge. This part of the command was the last to succumb, but its blotting out was brief when the final charge was made.

SUCH is the story of the actual battle, as pieced out from the position of the bodies and the accounts of the Indians.

Custer's foes were twice as many as he had figured on. He expected 1,500 Indians to oppose him, but there were 3,000 warriors in the camp.

Sitting Bull, a medicine man, who had led the Indians to break from their reservations, was not active in the fight. The Indians lost heavily, but the total of casualties is not known.

Reno was saved two days later, when Terry's column arrived. The Seventh Regiment, in two days of fighting, lost 265 killed and fifty-two wounded, or more than 50 per cent of the command. Custer's loss alone was 212. Among this number was Mark Kellogg, a newspaper correspondent.

The soldiers were armed with carbines, which jammed under constant firing. The Indians were well armed with rifles.

The heroism of Custer's men has been attested by the victors. All died fighting. The body of Jack Victor, Custer's color bearer, was found with the right arm cut off at the shoulder—probably because the Indians could not loosen his grip on the beloved colors.

"Mitch" Boyer, half-breed in charge of the scouts, was shot in the back as he reached the edge of the river. A Sioux bent over him, and "Mitch," with his spine broken, told the Indian that many more soldiers would come to avenge the death of Custer. Then he asked the Indian to kill him to end his suffering. The Indian did it.

The bodies of most of those who died on Custer Field have been taken to various national cemeteries. The headstones mark the place where these brave men fell.

THE END

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Try these two suggestions for unusual sparkling summer recipes

Orange and Currant Granite

6 cups water
1 cup sugar
1 glass currant jelly
1 orange

Boil water and sugar twenty minutes, add currant jelly and strained orange juice. Strain and serve in tall glasses with crushed ice.

Raspberry Ice

2 quarts raspberries
½ cup lemon juice
4 cups water
2 cups sugar

Boil sugar and water for five minutes. Press raspberries through sieve. Measure three cups of juice and pulp; add lemon juice and stir into syrup. Then freeze.

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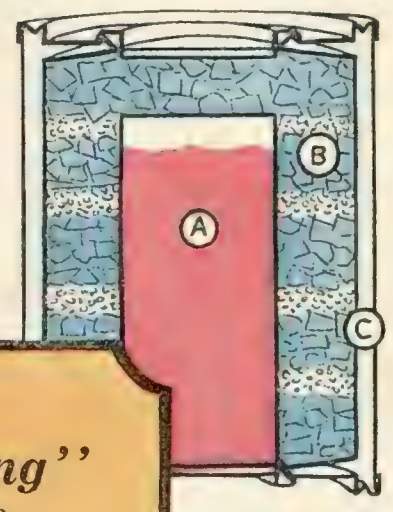

"vacuum freezing"

[A] cream mixture . . . . . [B] surrounded by ice and salt . . . [C] all within the sealed vacuum chamber

Fill your Auto Vacuum when you start—it "*vacuum-freezes*" while you ride. Can never leak or spill—and *keeps* the ice cream throughout the day—ready to eat whenever you want it.

Try this simple recipe for Peach Ice Cream

2-½ cups cream
1-½ cups crushed peaches
1 tablespoon gelatine
2-½ cups milk
2-½ cups confectioners sugar.
½ teaspoon almond extract
1 tablespoon cold water

Stir milk, cream, salt, almond extract and one cup of sugar together, add gelatine which has been softened in the cold water, dissolved over boiling water. Partially freeze, then stir in thoroughly crushed peach pulp which has been sweetened with remaining sugar. Finish freezing.

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Frozen Desserts *for* Midsummer Meals

By ETHEL SOMERS

FROZEN desserts are at once palatable, healthful, and refreshing. They may be made in great variety to accommodate any household, from the antifat to the antithin. Although they look as if they entailed elaborate preparation, they may be made quite simply, the churned frozen desserts and molded packed creams, as well as those of utmost simplicity, by means of the electric ice-box freezing chamber.

It behooves every housewife who is planning for an unlimited variety of dessert services by way of frozen foods to learn the standard filler proportions and methods for mixing, and to proceed therefrom to whatever economical frozen desserts her genius may suggest.

Baked Alaska

Sponge-cake layer Mousse or ice cream Meringue

PREPARE half a recipe of sponge cake (see LIBERTY'S 100 Standard Recipes, No. 36 or 37, on page 29). Bake same in a sheet pan, spreading the cake to a half-inch thickness. Freeze the ice cream or prepare the mousse, put in a mold of any desired shape, and freeze solid. No room need be allowed for expansion. Pack in a four-to-one ice-and-salt mixture. A frozen cream will retain its shape after one to two hours of packing; a mousse after four hours.

Cut the sponge-cake layer the same shape as the mold in which the cream is being frozen, making it one inch larger on all sides. Place this cake layer on unglazed paper on a board of convenient size to fit in the oven. Dip the mold quickly in and out of hot water and slide the frozen shape on the sponge cake. Coat completely and quickly with meringue by means of a pastry tube or broad spatula. (Meringue of the proper consistency can be made by beating five egg whites stiff, lightly folding in two tablespoons of granulated sugar.) Dredge the top and sides with granulated sugar and place the whole in a very hot oven, from 500 to 550° F., to brown the meringue quickly. This will take about five minutes. Slide the Baked Alaska on a platter and serve *at once*.

The board, the sponge-cake layer an inch larger than the freezer mold, and the meringue all are essential to the successful Baked Alaska.

Cooked quickly, the Baked Alaska is a true baked ice cream. The meringue, sponge cake, and board entirely protect it from the fierce heat.

Chocolate Mousse

1 tablespoon granulated gelatin
¼ cup cold water
1⅛ cups sugar
1 quart cream, whipped
2½ ounces chocolate
1 cup milk
1 tablespoon vanilla

MELT the chocolate in the top of a double boiler. Soak the gelatin in cold water. Dissolve the soaked gelatin in hot milk. Add the sugar and stir until dissolved. Then gradually blend this gelatin mixture into the melted chocolate, stirring constantly. Add the vanilla when cool. When the mixture commences to thicken (from ten to twenty minutes if on ice), beat until frothy with an egg-beater. Fold in the whipped cream. Pack in a six-to-one ice-and-salt mixture and freeze from three to four hours, as needed.

Junket Ice Cream

2 cups milk
1¼ cups sugar
1 tablespoon cold water
1 junket or rennin tablet
2 teaspoons vanilla
2 cups of cream, whipped

HEAT the milk and sugar to lukewarm (80° F.). Dissolve the junket tablet in the cold water, add it to the lukewarm milk mixture. Stir well until thoroughly mixed. Add vanilla. Pour into a freezer compartment and allow it to stand at room temperature undisturbed until slightly set. This will take about fifteen minutes at room temperature. Then fold the whipped cream into the mixture and freeze in a six-to-one ice-and-salt mixture.

Maple-Nut Mousse

1¼ cups maple syrup
2 eggs
2 cups milk
2 cups cream, whipped
1 cup nut meats chopped fine (pecans are especially good)

COMBINE the well beaten eggs and milk and slowly stir in the heated syrup. Cook over water that is hot, but not boiling, until the mixture thickens enough to coat the spoon. Cool. Fold in the stiffly whipped cream, pack in a six-to-one ice-and-salt mixture, and when partially frozen stir in the chopped nuts. Finish freezing.

Custard Ice Cream

2 tablespoons cornstarch, or no cornstarch
1/16 teaspoon salt
2 cups milk
1 cup sugar
3 eggs or 5 yolks
2 teaspoons vanilla
2 cups cream, whipped

COMBINE sugar, salt, and cornstarch, if used, and mix until well blended. Slowly stir in the hot milk and cook and stir over water five minutes. If cornstarch is used, continue to cook without stirring from fifteen to twenty minutes. Then beat in the well beaten eggs. Cook a minute more, or until the eggs are thickened, and cool. Add the vanilla. Fold in the whipped cream and freeze in a six-to-one ice-and-salt mixture.

Evaporated-Milk Ice Cream

2 cups evaporated milk
1 cup sugar
1/16 teaspoon salt
2 egg yolks or 1 egg
2 to 3 ounces chocolate
2 teaspoons vanilla
2 cups cream, whipped

HEAT the sugar, salt, and evaporated milk over water to scalding point. Slowly stir the hot-milk mixture into beaten egg and cook for one or two minutes, until the mixture coats the spoon. Slowly stir this into the melted chocolate. Cool. Add the vanilla. Pack in a six-to-one ice-and-salt mixture and, when partially frozen, fold in the whipped cream.

Vanilla Ice Cream

2 cups milk
1 cup sugar
3 tablespoons cornstarch
1/16 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons vanilla
2 cups cream, whipped

BLEND sugar, salt, and cornstarch, then slowly stir in the heated milk and cook over water. Stir for five minutes until thickened, then continue to cook, without stirring, fifteen minutes longer. Cool; add vanilla. Fold in the whipped cream and freeze in a six-to-one ice-and-salt mixture.

Fruited Ice Creams may be made from the vanilla ice-cream recipe by adding an extra half-cup of sugar to the ice cream in the making, but omitting the vanilla, and folding in one cup of crushed fruit to the cream when it has been frozen to a mush.

Chocolate Ice Cream may be made from any of the vanilla recipes by adding an extra half-cup of sugar in the making and stirring the hot-milk mixture into two ounces of grated chocolate that has been melted in one-third cup of hot water.

Churned Ice Creams. Though the foregoing recipes are filled sufficiently to freeze smooth without turning in the freezing, any of them may be churned, if so desired, with excellent results.

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Youth—A Girl *from* Alaska—Bluff

Reviews of the Latest Movies by ALVA TAYLOR

FASCINATING YOUTH
Directed by Sam Wood A Paramount Picture
THE CAST:

Ivy Harris	*Charles Rogers*	*Claud Buchanan*
Jack Luden	*Thelda Kenvin*	*Josephine Dunn*
Robert Ward	*Irving Hartley*	*Jeanne Morgan*
Mona Palma	*Greg Blackton*	*Dorothy Nourse*
Thelma Todd	*Joseph Burke*	*Charles Brokaw*
Iris Gray	*Harry Sweet*	*Robert Andrews*
Ralph Lewis	*William Black*	*J. Bradbury, Sr.*

THERE'S a picture for you! It's Fascinating Youth, with sixteen junior stars, just graduated from the Paramount movie school, all sixteen of them bubbling over with the exuberance of youth and scintillating with the jazz spirit of the day, altogether as refreshing and charming a little group as ever gathered in front of a movie camera.

Ivy Harris

It seems that the makers of Paramount Pictures heard that the public was looking for new faces on the screen, and so they started a movie school, and after a six months' course launched sixteen graduates on the cinema sea. Somehow or other they managed to get them all into one picture, thanks to Byron Morgan, who wrote a charming story especially for these young people. Two of them were chosen to play the leading parts, and there you are. The result is an entertaining comedy that runs something like this:

Teddy Ward (Charles Rogers), whose father makes out ten-thousand-dollar checks to heal the hearts of the young women Teddy frequently imagines he is going to marry, has at last fallen seriously in love. The young lady is Jeanne King (Ivy Harris), artist, a resident of Greenwich Village, where Teddy has an apartment and a circle of friends.

But Papa Ward (Ralph Lewis)—there are *some* grown-ups in the cast—has decided Teddy is to marry Loris Lane (Josephine Dunn). But first he gives Teddy a chance to make good. If Teddy makes a success of the one failure in Papa Ward's chain of hotels, Teddy may marry anyone he has a mind to. Papa doesn't think it's possible to make a go of the Adirondack Mountain resort, where the extent of paying guests is usually about four old ladies and a couple of invalids.

Charles Rogers

But you can imagine what happens when Teddy and his band of Charlestoning playmates breeze into that mountain resort, and send out advertising literature with photographs of lovely girls in bathing suits and snowshoes and announce a number of movie stars among the guests. The reservations just naturally come in thick and fast, and Teddy makes good.

The movie star episode will be a comfort to those of you who will miss the old familiar faces. You'll have fleeting glimpses of Richard Dix, Thomas Meighan, Adolphe Menjou, Lois Wilson, and others.

There's an exciting ice-boat race, plenty of beauty, and fascinating youth.

THE WILDERNESS WOMAN
Directed by Howard Higgin A First National Picture
THE CAST:

Juneau MacLean	*Aileen Pringle*
Alan Burkett	*Lowell Sherman*
Kadiak MacLean	*Chester Conklin*
The Colonel	*Henry Vibart*
His Confederate	*Robert Cain*
Squaw	*Harriet Sterling*
The Judge	*Burr McIntosh*

IN The Wilderness Woman, the title part is played by a charming young woman who, according to Elinor Glyn, is possessed of that interesting quality known as "it." Aileen Pringle, "it" and all, is Junie MacLean, habitat Alaska, a primitive young woman having a good right arm with a punch in it capable of keeping off undesirable admirers. She also is the owner of Hortense, a pet black bear.

Mr. MacLean (Chester Conklin) made his million by selling his Alaska property. Alan

Chester Conklin, Aileen Pringle, and Lowell Sherman

Burkett (Lowell Sherman) of New York takes a look at Junie, and suggests that the MacLeans make their new home in New York. Papa MacLean wants to go, if it's only to prove to himself that Burkett's a liar for telling him the subways go under the river. That's one too many for pop.

Most of the story is the old gag about selling the innocent hick the subway system. But, old stuff or not, it's funny. Chester Conklin can be naive in such a delightful way that it doesn't matter whether he has new material or not to play with.

There's another good old situation in the girl from the wilds, awkward and ungainly in her unstylish civilized clothes, finding fashion and silk stockings in a Fifth Avenue shop, and giving the hero a pleasant surprise, just after he had had the shock of seeing her for the first time not dressed in the picturesque clothing of her native haunts.

If you know Aileen Pringle, you can imagine what a glorious blossoming out that was, when she shed her feather boa, unbecoming hat, and long hair for a fashionable shingle bob and chic New York outfit.

Lowell Sherman plays a hero for a change, after a long series of villains. Well, why not? He's a pleasing movie actor, whatever kind of part he plays. You'll love the way he shows Pop MacLean how the trains go under the river.

I've already mentioned Hortense. She's a really lovely bear, and you'll perhaps want one like her for a pet. Only don't try to take it to a hotel if you get one.

ROLLING HOME
Directed by William A. Seiper A Universal Picture
THE CAST:

Nat Alden	*Reginald Denny*
Phyllis	*Marion Nixon*
Mr. Grubbell	*E. J. Ratcliffe*
Dan Mason	*Ben Hendricks, Jr.*
Mrs. Alden	*Margaret Seddon*
Colonel Lowe	*George Nicholls*
General Wade	*Alfred Allen*

GEE whiz, boys, go to Rolling Home and learn how to make a million dollars or a close relative of a million, without a nickel in your pockets, just by the good old game of bluff. Nat Alden (Reginald Denny) did it. He went rolling home in one of those cars with a girl perched on the radiator cap, and the whole town came out with the firemen's band to welcome him. But the $10,000 car didn't belong to Nat, and he had about twenty-three cents in his pocket.

Marion Nixon

He didn't want to disappoint the little mother to whom he had written of his successes after the war, but not of his failures; and so he conspired with the chauffeur of the swell car, who had been his buddy in the war, and the two of them decided to go down to Nat's home just for the night, since the owner of the car was away for a few days, and would never know that his beautiful car was helping to make a whole town think that Nat Alden was one of the biggest powers in the financial world.

Naturally, Nat ran into all sorts of embarrassments. There were no end of kind and thoughtful ladies collecting contributions for this and that fund, and in one evening Nat promised several thousand dollars that he didn't have. But that wasn't the worst. The little mother had a mortgage that everyone thought ought to be paid off, as long as Nat was suffering with a superfluity of money.

So it was up to Nat to make good. And he did. After several reels of good comedy, he emerges with enough cash to pay the little mother's mortgage and support the girl (of course there was a girl, and a pretty one, too—Marion Nixon) in fine style.

Reginald Denny

He did this by getting from the townspeople or rather from the selectmen (now you know for sure it was a small town) a franchise to utilize the waterfalls in the city park, which heretofore had been reserved exclusively for scenery and romantic atmosphere for young lovers, a franchise which several important electrical companies wanted, but which was given to Nat because he was a native son and offered to put up a hundred thousand dollars or so, and promised that all the citizens would soon be rolling in wealth. And naturally Nat sold the franchise to one of the other interested parties for a tremendous sum, and the day was saved.

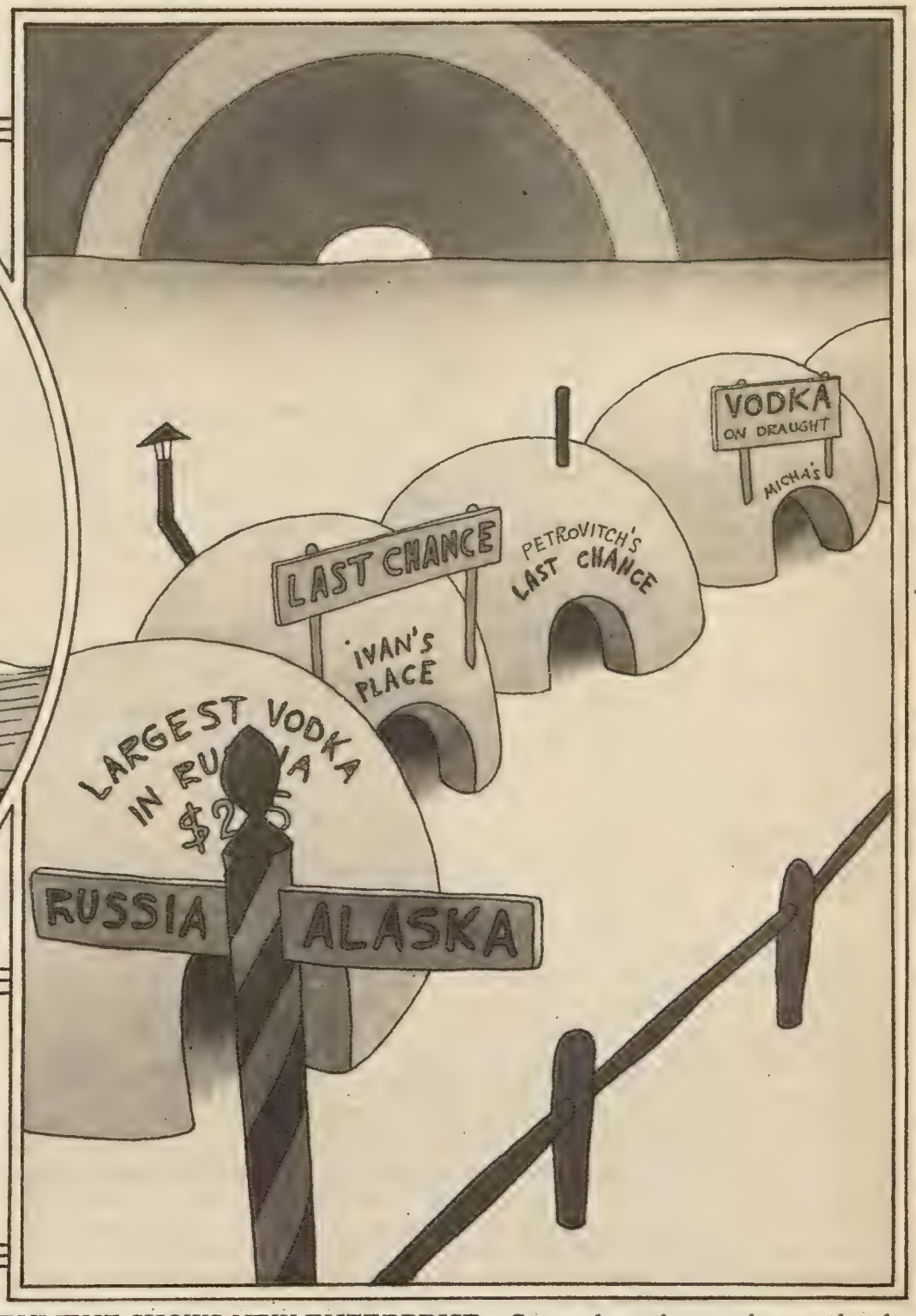
I always enjoy Reginald Denny's comedy, and so I liked the picture and recommend it to you.

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

TOPEKA MAN INVENTS CLEVER MACHINE to store up energy expended by Chain-Letter writers throughout the country, and organizes a company to supply pens, ink, and paper in return for what it is estimated will yield more than $1,000,000,000 annually in power.



SOVIET GOVERNMENT SHOWS NEW ENTERPRISE. Scene along the new international border between the United States and Russia, showing developments that have taken place since the northernmost countries claimed all land discovered by Amundsen and other flyers up to the North Pole.

VICE-PRESIDENT DAWES, hidden from the publicity man's eye in his private office, lays aside the picture-section pipe and enjoys a simple cigarette.

NO FOREIGNERS ALLOWED. Group of indignant American tourists forcibly expels a Frenchman who had wandered by mistake into a Paris restaurant.

For the Love o' Lil

Liberty's Great Cover Serial

$1000.00 a Week for a Title

SOME LIBERTY reader is going to get $1,000 in cash for giving a title to the picture on the front cover of this issue. Maybe that $1,000 is destined for you! It is easy to find out. The picture is a part of LIBERTY'S great cover serial—For the Love o' Lil—telling each week a new incident in the life of an American family. This week's cover shows Lily Morse lying in a hammock. Study that picture and read the story about it on this page. Then glance over the rules of the contest and think of a title. No technical ability is required. The title you choose is just as likely to win the thousand as anybody's. After you have sent in your entry, look over the little picture below showing next week's cover and get ready for a shot at the next thousand-dollar prize.

"Good-by—Forever!"

By LESLIE THRASHER

(The Story of This Week's Cover Picture)

LIL MORSE and Sandy Jenkins had a terrible fight. Lil's eighteenth birthday was on June 19. She had been looking forward to it for months. She had mentioned it in an off-hand way many times to Sandy Jenkins. She had also showed him in the window of a jewelry store on Main Street a ring of alternate imitation diamonds and sapphires set in white gold that you couldn't tell from platinum.

Then her birthday came. A manicure-set from her mother. Ten dollars from her father. But absolutely nothing from Sanford P. Jenkins. No ring, not even a box of candy. He had forgotten!

"Say, Sandy," Lil said to him late that evening, "do you believe in horoscopes? I don't. Because just take me now for instance. My birthday is in June—this month—and people born in June are supposed to be insincere and good at bookkeeping. And yet my birthday is in June and if there is one thing about me, I'm sincere and as for being a good bookkeeper, I'm a plumber's helper. So if there was anything in horoscopes, I wouldn't have a birthday in June, would I?"

"Yeah," said Sandy, "that horoscope stuff must be a lot of bunk." And he started talking about palm reading.

For several days Lil could not help but feel that Sandy Jenkins would never amount to much. Too dumb!

Then another thing happened to lower Lily's opinion of Sandford Jenkins. It was right after lunch on Saturday afternoon and 92 degrees on the Morse front porch. Junior Morse (who was going to be a detective when he got big), came running up and told Lil he had just seen Sandy at the door of a new duplex on Lyndale Avenue with a bunch of flowers in his hand.

As it happened, in this same duplex there had recently come to live a new girl, who wore her black hair slicked back, showed her ears in a flashy way, wore ear-rings that rested on her shoulders, and indicated by every flounce of her skirt she considered herself the berries.

So when Sandy apeared a half an hour later, Lil was languid and unenthusiastic.

"This town," she said when she had summoned enough strength to talk, "gives me the pip! I wish I was in a Broadway musical comedy or in Hollywood or Paris, or Vienna. I'm eighteen now (although some people don't seem to know it), and I ought to be making something of my life before it is too late."

"Well," said Sandy, "when we get married. . . ."

At that Lil said to him very suddenly: "Junior saw you taking flowers to that new girl on Lyndale."

Sandy was aghast. "Why, those weren't for any girl. Those were for my mother's cousin Winnie who lives on the top floor."

"Oh, yes," said Lil cynically. "Oh, yes, I spose so! All I say is that your mother's Cousin Winnie wears a couple of chandeliers for ear-rings. No, Sandy Jenkins. That's a little too raw, that one. I want you to know that the engagement is all off. And if you had ever given me a ring or anything I'd certainly return it."

"Why, you *couldn't* be jealous of Cousin Winnie," he implored. "She's 92 years old."

But all that Lil would say was "It's all off!" And so on the hottest 3 P. M., Saturday afternoon in sixteen years, Lily Morse's affair with Sandford Jenkins went on the rocks.

As she fell back in the new hammock, she said to herself. "Anyway, love's too sappy for me."

But wait, that wasn't half of it.

(To be continued)

This picture will appear on the cover of LIBERTY next week.

GET READY FOR NEXT WEEK'S CONTEST

SEE if you can pick a title in advance that will fit *next week's* picture. From a quick glance at it, it looks as if Old Man Morse was going to do his duty in honor of the Fourth, no matter how much he dreads that one-hand cannon. Just now, nobody except the artist himself—Leslie Thrasher—knows the real story of this picture. But he will disclose his secret for all of us in next week's LIBERTY.

RULES

There are no complicated rules and regulations. Just a few simple points.

1 On the front cover of LIBERTY this week is a picture without a title. This picture is a part of LIBERTY'S new cover serial—For the Love o' Lil—telling the picture-story of an American family. The public is invited to suggest a title for this picture.

2 LIBERTY will pay one prize of $1,000 in cash for the best answer submitted.

3 This contest is open to every man, woman, boy, and girl, except employees of LIBERTY and their families.

4 Each entry must contain the following:
a. A title suggestion in ten words or less.
b. A letter of not more than 50 words telling whether or not you like the cover—and why.

5 Contestants may submit as many answers as they wish. The accompanying coupon may be used or separate sheets of paper. If separate sheets are used, the coupon number should be written on each one.

6 All entries for this week's contest must be sent to "Covers," care of LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City, and must be in this office by midnight, July 3, 1926. No entries will be returned. The winners will be announced in LIBERTY as soon thereafter as possible.

7 Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department.

8 Originality of thought, cleverness of idea, clearness of expression, neatness and form will count. Entries will be judged first by the title suggestion submitted, and second by the reason for liking or disliking the cover picture.

9 The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of LIBERTY and their decision will be final. If two or more contestants submit the same prize-winning title suggestion and reasons for liking or disliking the cover, and if such entries are submitted in an equally clear, concise, and neat form, a duplicate award will be paid to each such tying contestant.

"Covers"—LIBERTY
247 Park Avenue, New York City

No. 2

My title for the LIBERTY cover of June 26 is:

.....

Write title here and send with it a letter of not more than 50 words, telling whether or not you like the cover—and why.

Name .....

Street Address .....

City ..... State .....

FOR ANY PATTERN ON THIS PAGE SEND TEN CENTS

Summer Styles *for* Mother *and* Child

By PATRICIA

DISTINCTIVE models for the woman who seeks individuality for travel, town, or business are made doubly alluring by the use of printed silks and flat crepe.

Of special interest is design No. 2549 of mint-green flat silk crepe in charming tailored styling. It is just as attractive made of stone-pink kasha, French-blue Chinese damask, black-and-white printed silk crepe, or black crepe Roma. The pattern may be had in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure, and requires 3⅞ yards of 40-inch material for 36-inch bust measure.

A play or a party frock may be made from design No. 2190. Pale pink crepe de Chine, with the edge of the tiny ruffles picoted, is shown in the sketch. White dimity, with a round yoke of French blue, white swiss with pink dots, pale blue plain gingham, and orchid voile trimmed with crisp white organdie are cool and practical for playtime. The pattern for this dress, with bloomers, may be had in 2, 4, and 6 years. In the 4-year size it requires only 2⅛ yards of 40-inch material, with 16½ yards of ruffling.

A prim little dress is pictured in design No. 2639. For parties it is adorable made of shell-pink taffeta or flesh georgette crepe. It is also very smart made of tub silk, printed linen, striped English broadcloth, or natural pongee with bright dots. The pattern may be had in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. The 8-year size requires 2 yards of 32-inch material, with 5 yards of binding.

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NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

A new, youthful fashion is design No. 2684, interpreted in printed georgette and soft faille crepe. For formal wear this model would be exquisite made of maize chiffon or beige lace in flower pattern outlined in gold. The pattern is furnished in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 2⅞ yards of 40-inch material, with 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting.

A frock of pale yellow flat silk crepe with unusually graceful lines is shown in design No. 2723. For the beach it is lovely made of shantung, rajah silk, tub silk, chiffon cotton voile, or linen. The pattern may be had in sizes 16 and 18 years, and 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material.

One of the smartest models in New York at the moment, developed in printed crepe silk in modernistic pattern, is shown in design No. 2712. For resort wear it is extremely smart made of opal-gray georgette with self-colored taffeta trimming, white silk crepe printed with bright red polka dots, rose-pink chiffon, or tub silk. The pattern may be had in sizes 16 and 18 years and 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires only 3 yards of 40-inch material, with ⅝ yard of 40-inch contrasting.

How to be Cool though Fashionable

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

ONLY this morning a letter came in from Paris bearing an important piece of news. There have just been some openings, which have been run in between the regular ones for the winter and the summer seasons. In them a new style of dress has put in a bid for recognition. This is the simple afternoon frock, which has suffered a total eclipse for several years past, and its avowed function now is to take the place of sports clothes, which some people think have grown too common; that is to say, are worn too generally.

This is but another way of saying that they have been misused, because sports clothes never could be too common for sports. The French never did like sports clothes any too well, and we favored them too much. That is to say, we wore them all sorts of places they were never designed for, and the French got their sports models dolled up to the point where they were appropriate only for the social side of sports.

A CAPE and skirt of black cloth. The former is embroidered in little points along the edges. There is a jacket, made after the model of the "smoking," of silver lame bound with black braid. Jenny.

At any rate, whether or not the new dress puts the old style out of business, it helps to answer a crying question: How to dress for the city in summer? How to be smart though too warm? Get as many little silk dresses and crepe dresses and chiffon dresses as you can afford and can use. Some in printed silks perhaps, some in greens and blues and rose, and some in black and white. All of them will clean and some of them will wash.

A woman of my acquaintance purchased a yellow dress last summer. She washed and ironed it herself every evening, because she would not trust the maid to do it. Never, she said, had she been so free from the clothes problem, and never so well dressed. It is too bad she hasn't that little frock this summer; because, of all the colors we may choose from, the yellows, I believe, are the most universally becoming and admired. Certainly they look well on the brown-eyed people, and in the paler shades they set off the lighter complexions of those with blue eyes.

Thin but not flimsy materials, cool but not brilliant colors, and simple but not ridiculous or inappropriate designs—such a formula might help one in selecting what one's summer clothes should be made from. Add to this the rule that white should be rejected. It is glaring and hot to look at, besides soiling so very easily. The artist voices a real truth when she says that in summer more than any other season one must give consideration to other people's feelings and reactions to one's clothes.

Crepe de Chine and shantung are favorite materials this season. Crepe Roma is better than the more flimsy chiffon. Taffeta is smart and looks cool. As we know, greens and blues and rose colors all are fashionable, but the happiest welcome of all should go to black and white, for it is the best possible combination for the street. As the artist says, a black crepe de Chine ensemble with a white blouse would greet any sort of occasion with the utmost chic.

Black polka dots on white is very successful for the simple frock to be worn without a coat. While for evenings nothing is lovelier than black chiffon, unless it be a flowered print on black.

The cut of street frocks should be along simple, straight lines. A two-piece model, or a dress made to look like the immortal two-piece frock, would be the best. One of these, by Jean Patou, appears on this page. If for this two-piece costume you have a cape that matches, you have a superlatively chic outfit for summer in the city, one indeed that is appropriate not only for the street, but that may be worn with perfect assurance anywhere.

A DANCING frock of ivory lace under a netted bodice of crystal and pearl beads. From the long bodice hang silk fringes between fullnesses of lace. Bernard.

FRINGE is much in the vogue as a trimming. This model for evening wear features long white silk fringe on a simple silhouette of white georgette. Chanel.

A CREPE frock for sports wear, made in pastel shades as well as in the bright sports colors. A little ruffle of the material garnishes the base of the V-shaped neck and the long, tight sleeves. Buttons are used to trim the little pointed flaps of the sleeve ruffles and the edge of the blouse. Jean Patou.

Capes are a happy choice of wrap for hot weather. They are cool, yet give a dressiness of effect and a completeness that a frock alone never achieves. Some girls, I know, look forward to the time they can appear without anything around them. Others who are more sophisticated feel almost embarrassed not to have on a coat, or at least a neckpiece.

It is in better taste, I think, to wear something over the dress, and for this reason one should always have some sort of wrap more valuable for its appearance than for the warmth it gives.

For this accessory the cape is the ideal in form.

Points and fringes and tiered things all are fashionable. Some of these effects are shown herewith in the sketches, which are just off the boat.

Six weeks ago these models were concealed in the workshops of Paris, as yet unshown even in New York.

Some of the Troubles that Home-Builders Meet

"Own Your Home" A Series That Tells You How, When, and Why

MILWAUKEE HOUSE
(First Report)

By Arthur A. Tiller

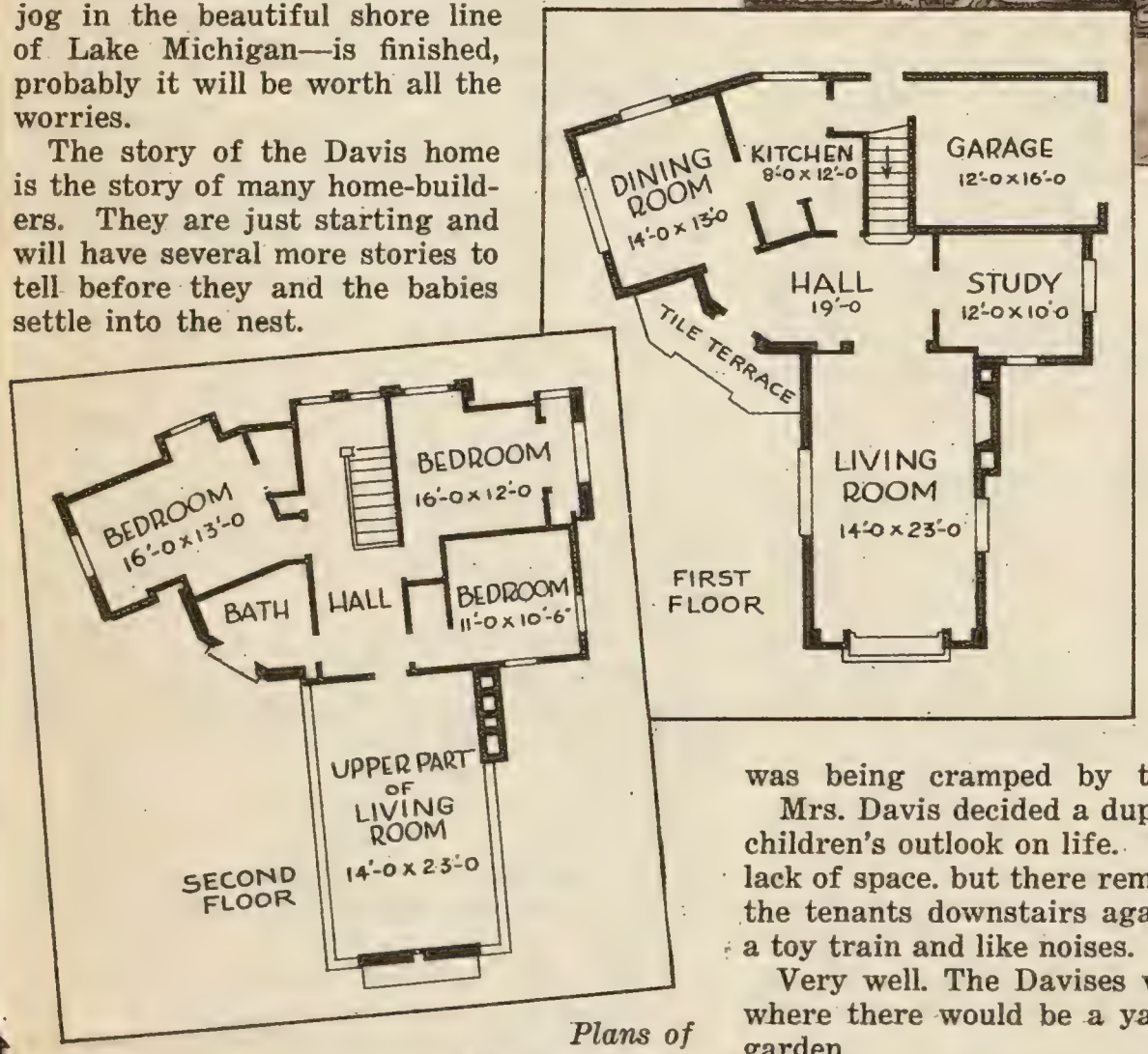
DICK DAVIS has started to build his house—the third of LIBERTY'S model homes. With the lot just cleared and work commenced on the Milwaukee home, he already has encountered most of the problems that vex the amateur home-builder.

The house he and his wife dreamed of has grown in size, in price, and in difficulties. Home-builders who are planning their own places will do well to read the troubles of this family in order to avoid the difficulties they have encountered, most of which could have been avoided.

They are paying for experience as well as for their home, and when that home overlooking Whitefish Bay—which is a jog in the beautiful shore line of Lake Michigan—is finished, probably it will be worth all the worries.

The story of the Davis home is the story of many home-builders. They are just starting and will have several more stories to tell before they and the babies settle into the nest.

How the home of Richard S. Davis of Milwaukee will look when it has been completed.



Plans of the Davis home.

When a family of three becomes a family of four and baby buggies and bathtubs and pink and white and blue things begin to crowd under the feet of visitors, something must be done about it.

Richard S. Davis, a Milwaukee newspaper man, faced the problem. It was soon after Richard, junior, arrived on the scene and began to shout for more room. Miss Meredith, almost three, also felt that her style was being cramped by the close quarters.

Mrs. Davis decided a duplex flat clouded the children's outlook on life. Not only was there lack of space. but there remained the rights of the tenants downstairs against the rumble of a toy train and like noises.

Very well. The Davises would rent a house where there would be a yard for play, and a garden.

The search for such a haven started on the east side of Milwaukee. Nothing under a rental of $125 a month seemed even close to what the Davises wanted.

The income of the Davises is about $500 a month and, according to the budget makers, it would be sound finance for them to pay $125 a month rent. "But it's too much to go on paying month after month, with nothing to show for it at the end of the year," Mrs. Davis said. "Why not buy a house and be done with it?"

Mr. Davis visited his banker to become educated on mortgages and building and loan associations. It was finally decided to go shopping for a house and lot to cost not more than $12,000. The house must have at least three bedrooms, hot-water heat, and a fireplace. A garage, plenty of closet space, and a yard with trees must be included.

A down payment of $6,000 would be made and a $6,000 mortgage liened on the remainder. What with loss of interest on the $6,000, interest on the mortgage, taxes, depreciation, insurance, and upkeep, the result fixed the cost of living in the house they would buy at about $110 a month, not including payments on the mortgage.

It was figured that by setting aside $25 a month the $6,000 mortgage could be done away with in about fourteen years. Under one of the building and loan systems all debts could be erased in eleven years, but payments would be

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[OWN YOUR HOME
Continued from Page Sixty-nine]

$792 a year instead of $660 under the mortgage plan.

The discovery was made that the family owning a home gets more for its money than the family that rents. They learned that a desirable $12,000 home could not be rented for $125 a month.

The Davises found that one set of values is considered in renting and another set of values considered in owning.

The conclusion was reached that when there are children in the family and the need for room is imperative, it is cheaper to own than to rent. Another thing they discovered was that, "give a man an extra bedroom, and he will want a private den with a couple of living-rooms thrown in."

It was also found that dickering helps in getting prices down. Agents could be forced to come down by steps of $200 or so; but every time they lopped off a little, the prospective purchasers became more suspicious that the roof leaked or the heating system was a glutton for coal.

ONE night, after having inspected a $20,000 house and after the resultant doldrums had been cleared away, the man of the house had a flash of inspiration.

"I have it!" he sounded off, in that dramatic way gleaned from the actors he daily criticizes in his column. "We'll build ourselves the kind of a place we like, and the birds who want to sell, likewise those who wish to rent, may go—wherever they like."

The thrill of the chase entered into the game and every possible moment was spent in touring about in search of vacant lots. Friends offered suggestions, real-estate agents learned of a prospective buyer and kept the phone wires hot, and the hunters themselves never lagged in the pace.

The Davises planned at first to pay about $3,000 for a lot, but it was no time at all before this figure was erased and $4,000 substituted. At last they found the one they wanted. While consulting with Russell Barr Williamson, widely known Milwaukee architect, whom they had chosen to plan their new retreat, the architect suggested a spot that proved satisfactory.

Richard S. Davis, the home-builder, clearing away a windfall on his property.

The lot is a triangle, with its peak at the intersection of Oakland Avenue and Lake Drive, Whitefish Bay, the second suburb north of Milwaukee. It has a frontage of 142 feet on one street, 146 feet on the other, and at the base is 80 feet across. It is covered with young and hopeful trees, together with several mature birches.

The lot is in a section owned for a long time by an old Milwaukee family. Mr. Williamson is the supervising planner for the estate that owned and restricted the land, and only homes built on plans he approves may be erected.

Restrictions are that only homes of stone, brick, or stucco, et cetera may be built. Most of the houses in the neighborhood have cost in excess of $20,000. The price of the lot was $5,000. It was bought and paid for in full.

Just a few feet across Lake Drive the waters of Lake Michigan will ripple, almost at the Davises' front door. On either side are the homes of people who have terraced their yards down to the water's edge.

"What can we have for an even $10,000?" the Davises next asked. "The English cottage in old brick is what we want."

"A good deal ought to be done," replied the architect. "What must you have in space?"

"Three bedrooms," the man spoke up.

"Or four," said Mrs. Davis.

"And an attached garage."

"And steps down to the living-room."

"And a place for a fellow to work at night after the kids are in bed."

"Lots of closet room."

"Hot-water heat."

"Tiled floor in the living-room."

Steam shovel in action breaking ground for the new Milwaukee house.

"A big living-room, or I won't play."

So the architect started at the living-room steps and pawed his way upward through the pile of instructions.

The unusual shape of the lot made it obvious that a square house would be impossible. It was soon decided that a T-form building would turn the trick.

This is what the architect wrought:

An English cottage of old Chicago brick and wooden shingles.

A living-room, 24 by 14 feet, with projections for windows 8 by 1½ feet.

Dining-room, 13 by 12 feet.

Kitchen, 12 by 10 feet.

Study, 12 by 10 feet.

Hall, 18 by 6 feet.

Bedroom, 16 by 9½ feet.

Bedroom, 16 by 10 feet.

Bedroom, 10½ by 10 feet.

Hall, 11 by 7½, with 11 by 3 feet along the stair railing.

Bathroom, irregular shape, greatest dimensions 8 by 9 feet.

Attached garage with ample space for one car.

Everything so far was satisfactory and the architect asked for bids. The lowest figure would make the cost of the house $12,000, including the architect's 6 per cent fee.

"How about it?" asked the man of the house. "Shall we cut out something and pare it down to $10,000?"

"We shall not," replied the determined lady. "We'll see it through if it's the last thing we do."

"Hooray!" shouted friend husband.

And so the low bid was accepted. All this occurred in November, 1925. Just about that time the newspaper for which Mr. Davis writes decided that he should accompany a touring party to Florida and write a series of articles. Here was a crisis! A house was ready to be erected and up jumps a trip to Florida. What to do?

A power of attorney was drawn up in behalf of Mrs. Davis, and the newspaper man departed. In two weeks he was home again. Mrs. Davis greeted him with a face that, if not long, was lengthening. He gleaned the information that winter had seized Milwaukee by the ears and it was decided that it would be better to wait until spring.

At last spring began to edge closer. But hibernating for the winter had given the contractor time to think, and every time he thought, the less he thought of the bid he had made. And, as contractors are not supposed to suffer for their mistakes, the Davis family was left to bear the brunt.

The frost was deep in the ground and the cost of excavation would be much higher than it would be later. The builders appreciated that the man's bid was low and were disposed to be fair about it. They would wait until the frost was out of the ground.

But when the frost departed and April dragged itself along toward May, the contractor took on more and more of the attitude of the sleeping alligators Mr. Davis saw in Florida.

UP in the architect's office Mr. Davis poured out his sorrow to his old schoolmate, R. A. Devos, construction engineer for Mr. Williamson. Mr. Devos had an interest born of friendship and he had been running himself lame trying to get the balky contractor into the harness. Resulted thereat a Devos-Davis council of war and the original contractor was dropped.

The whole rigmarole of bids and bidders was set in motion again—but on a different basis. It was decided that piecemeal methods be employed—that is, bids on carpentry, on masonry, on heating, et cetera, should be given individually. In due time the figures came in and the amount, when totaled, was $1,500 more than it would have been had the original contractor not turned out to be a dud.

The Davis homestead is now fixed to cost $13,500. The building and loan association has agreed to advance that sum. The Davises will make monthly payments of $148.50 to the building and loan association for a period of eleven years.

At the end of that period, figuring improvements, their house will not have depreciated in value and may bring more than the orig-

inal cost, realty experts say. The development of the section will have enchanced the value of the lot to $10,000 or more, say the experts.

Letters from Home-Builders

LIBERTY readers are invited to tell one another how they built their homes, how they financed them, and to submit their problems to this department. To encourage its readers to help one another, LIBERTY each week will pay $25 for every story or inquiry printed. Experts of the largest home-building organization in the world will aid in solving the housing problems, and noted architects will co-operate.

A Woman in the Case

EDITOR, Home-Owners' Page: I have a real problem which perhaps other wives have encountered. My husband and I decided to build or buy a house for our baby and ourselves. We have saved about $6,000 in real money and have some other assets on which we could borrow if necessary. We had decided not to carry more than one-third in mortgage.

We went to an up-to-date go-getter efficiency realtor. The salesman sized us up. I tried to pin him down to facts and figures. Then he sicked a stunning, beautifully dressed saleswoman on my husband. My husband now talks about a $25,000 estate instead of the modest $8,000 to $8,500 place we planned.

That woman has talked him into big ideas. I can't get to see her. When I call she is always out. When my husband calls she is on the job. When we call together she has gone with another client.

Now tell me what to do—get a divorce or go broke with my husband building a place we cannot afford either to build or maintain?

MRS. T. G.

Dispute on Lot Lines

EDITOR, Home-Owners' Page: We are city people, engaged in building a country home. We live and work in Chicago and have purchased a lot facing on a lake in southern Wisconsin, within reach of the city. We planned our home to face on the lake, took the seller's description of the lot, and had a survey made before taking title.

We have our house (which is of stucco, with brick porch and chimney) under construction and inclosed. Now we discover that our next-door neighbor claims that seven feet of one corner of our house is on his land. He is inclined to be unreasonable, and we have two alternatives: a lawsuit or moving the house.

It seems that, about forty years ago, the level of the lake was reduced some nine feet. The lots had been surveyed and some sold. The lowering of the lake changed the shore line, and added from thirty to seventy-five feet to each lot—a sand beach. But the receding waters caused a narrower frontage. The land-owners got together and apportioned this frontage in proportion to the old front, so that the lots were of one width up to the old shore line, then narrowed down—the hundred-foot lots now having a seventy-eight foot frontage on the water.

By mistakingly placing our cottage, one corner seems to project on to the adjoining lot, whose owner claims he can hold that corner of my house and force me to pay him for it, if he so desires. It looks like a shakedown and a line-fence fight. Can he force me to pay him for one corner of my own house because it is on his land?

Can a house of such construction be moved without damaging the brick and concrete work already up?

What is the cheapest way out?

ARTHUR T. WELDON.

Reply by the Home-Owners' Service, Inc.—If your next-door neighbor is legally right in his claim, he is entirely within his rights in demanding that you remove such portion of the building as is not located on the land you hold title to. It would seem, as you say, you have two alternatives. But one of them should not be a lawsuit, unless the owner of the adjacent property becomes utterly unreasonable in his demands. You are likely to lose such a lawsuit if you have actually built upon another person's property.

Exact procedure should be determined only after consultation with a reliable lawyer familiar with the laws of Wisconsin. Then you will doubtless be advised to act so as to have the settlement cost you the least money in the end; the probable two alternatives being either moving (or altering) the cottage so that when completed it will be located entirely on your own land, or acquiring whatever property you need by purchase from your neighbor.

Whatever happened to change the shore line of the lake forty years ago does not enter into the case, provided your next-door neighbor's survey and title are correct today. If your surveyor was at fault, then you may have the right to sue him and probably collect the damages.

To the best of our knowledge there is no law that could compel you to pay the adjoining property-owner for "one corner" of your house, or for "the right to move" your house from his land, but if in the course of construction work trees on his land were cut down or other damage done to the property, you would be liable for such damage, and be compelled to place his property in such condition as you found it.

Second-Mortgage Perils

EDITOR, Home-Owners' Page: My wife and I have triumphed over the second-mortgage shark who came near ruining our hopes of owning our home. I want to tell LIBERTY readers what happened to us, so they can avoid the same experiences. We owned our lot and had $1,000 in savings bank when we decided to build a small house. We wanted a house to cost us not more than $2,500, which was what we thought we could carry on my salary.

My wife found a model plan, and got the drawings and specifications. The estimated cost was slightly more than we had decided on, but we figured we could economize and carry a few hundred dollars more burden. The builder to whom we went said we ought to have an architect and that he would save us his fee. We did not know then they worked together, so we added the 6 per cent fee to the cost and he made only a few changes in the original plan.

We borrowed $1,250 from the bank on a first mortgage and figured with our thousand to worry through. Delays and extras added more than $400 to the cost. The bank said the property would not carry a heavier loan. When the place was almost finished and final payments due, we had to seek a second mortgage. The fees, extras, and such things ran up the expense until we

found it was costing us 7 per cent on $1,250 and more than 20 per cent on $1,000, the second mortgage.

Before we could get the second-mortgage money, there were half a dozen extras, including a new survey, and then the shark found a "flaw," which forced a new examination.

The bank said it could not legally lend more on that class of house. I had borrowed 50 per cent the value of the first estimate and the property was standing us more than $4,300.

Our cash reserve was gone and the second-mortgage man hinted he would "have to protect himself." It looked bad when I went to a friend with money and explained the case. He laughed and said, "Another sucker being trimmed!" He bought up both mortgages, loaned me enough additional at 6 per cent to clear up all bills, and we have our home finished, and are carrying only $2,500 all told in mortgage at 6 per cent. Our interest was reduced from about $287 a year to $144.

BERT C. LYLE, Indiana.

The Ready-Cut House

EDITOR, the Home-Owners' Page: My husband and I had planned, figured, and saved for a place in the country. We own a small car, which frees us from city boundaries.

We chose a suburb of New York City, in New Jersey. The price of lots in the town ranged from $800 to $2,600, while a mile and a half out, near the golf club, we could buy an acre, without improvements, for $400. We had saved $800, and bought a corner, odd shaped, on a hillside on the edge of a woods lot, with nine trees on the lot, for $250.

It was just what we wanted and we got it cheap because it was almost useless to the farmer. He gave us permission to transplant some fine hazel bushes and wild climbing vines and small trees from the woods.

Building costs were too high for our purse. We went into a building and loan and spent another year paying monthly, and conserving our cash savings. We were determined to hold the cash for emergencies.

Last fall we studied plans of a ready-cut house and found just what we wanted—a small house in which we could live and to which we could add. My husband wrote and secured plans. Then he got his vacation. We took a tent and camped on the acre, and he hired a man to help him with the excavation.

In his two weeks' vacation he and the man dug the cellar, walled it with concrete block, concreted both inside and outside, and built a base for the chimney. We hired a native in the village to build the chimney. For a few dollars, my husband bought two old telephone poles that had been discarded, sawed them into proper lengths, and set them as piers for the rest of the house, to be replaced later by brick or concrete.

We spent in all $210 and had a wonderful vacation. Of course my husband had done much of the work himself, but we had foundation, chimney, and piers all ready and we spent the winter planning that house. My husband went to the Y. M. C. A. and learned something of building.

This spring we arranged a loan from the B. and L. for $1,500, with our paid-in money and the lot as security, and ordered the house shipped to us. We were a mile from city water, so we arranged with the farmer who had sold us the land to pipe water from his windmill down the hill to our place.

My husband started on his vacation the day the carload of cut timber reached the town, and he arranged with two handy men around the village to help him. One of them was a practical carpenter who cannot work steadily because of rheumatism. There we had a stroke of luck. The carpenter became interested and arranged to buy the lot adjoining ours and to build a ready-cut house of his own. My husband agreed to help him in return for his help.

In one week the men had the framework, flooring, sheathing, and weather boarding on the house. My husband and the carpenter shingled the house, put up the wall and ceiling board, set the windows and doors, and, when his two weeks' vacation ended, the house was inclosed and sound.

I made a suggestion that the baby and I (she is four) move some of our furniture from the apartment and camp in the house. It was pretty cold, but the fireplace helped. I bought an excellent oil range, since we had no gas, and I insisted that three plates, three cups and saucers, and a couple of pans and skillets were enough. We fitted up one bedroom, and baby and I moved into the unfinished house.

My husband was to come every evening and at noon on Saturday, and we planned to finish that house ourselves. When he went away Monday I trimmed the living and dining-rooms with wood, staining it. Then I got into husband's overalls, and decorated two rooms.

Next I tackled painting the exterior, using the paints sent with the house. The house is in perfect condition—painted, varnished, and decorated.

We have, thus far, spent $2,120 on the house and lot and have a place worth double that sum. We intend using a radiator stove, with hot-water connections to the three radiators.

MRS. L. S. BURNS, New Jersey.

Next week LIBERTY will tell the first of a series of stories about the planning and building of the home of Mr. and Mrs. George M. Visk in Overbrook, Spokane, Washington. This is the tale of twelve years' saving for a home, and of obstacles overcome and problems met.

Free Tests of any—See Coupon

Man-Made Beauty

I give credit to men in large part for my beauty and my youth. To the scientists of France and elsewhere who gave their best to me. Mine is a cultivated beauty. All that women envy in me is due to expert care.

The helps I use are due to 40 years of searching. I have made 34 trips to France. There as a girl I learned how to multiply my beauty, and thus gained my glorious career. There I learned how to keep my youth. Now, at a grandmother's age, I look like a debutante. The thousands who see me daily on the stage marvel at my bloom.

I am sharing these helps with others. Any toilet counter can supply you Edna Wallace Hopper's beauty aids. They are the best beautifiers the world gave me and I believe them the best in existence. This is to urge you to try them at my cost. See how quickly they bring new fascinations. I believe you will be amazed and delighted.

Edna Wallace Hopper

Miss Hopper as She Appears Today *Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston*

Do What I Do

Watch the new loveliness develop Your friends will marvel at the change

By Edna Wallace Hopper

These are the leading Edna Wallace Hopper beauty helps. These four preparations combine 52 ingredients and embody the best I have found. Send coupon for a trial. When you once learn what any one can do, I believe you will use them all.

White Youth Clay

This is a new-type clay, the final results of 20 years of scientific study. It is white, refined and dainty. It combines with three clays other factors which every skin requires. So don't confuse it with the old-type crude and muddy clays.

Youth Clay purges the skin of all that clogs and mars it. It draws out the causes of blackheads and blemishes. It combats all lines and wrinkles. It brings the blood to the skin to nourish and revive it. The quick result is a rosy afterglow.

I have seen Youth Clay bring to countless girls new beauty in half an hour. Older women often seem to drop ten years. The sample will prove to you that no girl or woman can appear at her best without it.

A Multiple Cream

My Youth Cream comes in two types—cold cream and vanishing. One is for night use, the other for day. No skin should ever be an hour without it.

My Youth Cream applies many valuable factors, all in one application. These include products of both lemon and strawberry. Also all the best that science knows to foster, feed and preserve the skin.

The first night's use of my Youth Cream will be a revelation to you. And my baby-like complexion shows what daily use can do.

My Facial Youth

My Facial Youth is a liquid cleanser which I found in France. Today this formula is recognized everywhere as the greatest of skin cleansers. The leading beauty experts advise and employ it, for nothing else known can compare. But my Facial Youth is first to offer this great cleanser at a modest price.

Facial Youth contains no animal, no vegetable fat. It cannot assimilate in any way with the skin. It simply cleans to the depths, then departs. And with it goes all the grime and dirt, dead skin and clogging matter.

I never knew what a clean skin meant until I found this product. Nor will you. And a clean skin is the foundation of beauty. I urge you to learn what it means.

My Hair Youth

Millions marvel at my hair. It is thick and lustrous, far more luxuriant than 40 years ago. I have never had falling hair or dandruff and never a touch of gray.

This I also owe to France. Her great experts gave me what is now combined in my Hair Youth. The product is concentrated, so I apply it with an eye-dropper directly to the scalp. There it combats the hardened oil and dandruff which stifle the hair roots. It tones and stimulates the scalp. You feel that instantly. Hair thrives on a scalp so cared for as flowers thrive in a well-kept garden.

The sample bottle which I send with eye-dropper will show you what Hair Youth does.

This coupon will bring you a sample of the help you most desire. My Beauty Book will come with it, also some samples of my Face Powders. Clip it and send it to me.

Your Choice FREE

Mail this coupon to Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. Check the sample wanted. My Beauty Book will come with it, also samples of my Face Powders.

☐ Facial Youth ☐ White Youth Clay
☐ Hair Youth ☐ Youth Cream

Name.....

Address.....

One sample is free. If you want more than one, enclose 10 cents for each additional sample.

88-L

To Have and To Hold Those Locks of Yours

Some Valuable Information About the Care of Hair

An Article by

EILEEN BOURNE

Picture by GUY HOFF

SHAMPOOING once a week not too often, provided care is taken to dry the hair thoroughly.

LIKE blue eyes, red hair, and an inclination to freckles, baldness is prone to run in families. The skin of the father, in other words, is visited upon his children. The best remedy offered is to pick a father with a luxuriant crop of hair.

However, this theory of baldness does not apply to all types of hair loss. It fits only the type of scalp that responds with not so much as a fuzzy promise after months of religious application of hair fertilizer.

Hair specialists are fully agreed that not all baldness may be blamed on a parent. There is toxic baldness and baldness due to diseases of the scalp with which heredity may have nothing whatever to do. And these may not result in permanent loss of hair, providing measures of correction are adopted early enough.

Advice on how to restore the disappearing plumage is applicable to the sexes equally where the cause of hair loss is toxic or due to a scalp disease.

Dr. William Allen Pusey of Chicago, a skin specialist of high repute and formerly president of the American Medical Association, explains toxic baldness as due to disturbances of the general health and associated with definite diseases that are directly assignable as its cause. It occurs after typhoid fever, after any of the acute febrile diseases, and after infectious diseases.

Following illnesses, complete baldness does not ensue, but there is a rapid falling of hair. With renewed health the prospect of regaining the lost hair is always good.

While women are less susceptible to permanent baldness, it is agreed that they are more prone to periodic thinning of the hair than men, due to their more unstable nervous organization. Mental and nervous stress affects the hair markedly.

In all instances of hair loss originating with general health disturbances, treatment of the underlying condition must be given before hope may be pinned on local measures.

One scalp disease alone is known to be responsible for 70 per cent of hair loss. Its professional name is seborrheic dermatitis, familiarly recognized as dandruff. The condition represents a chronic inflammatory process in the scalp, which in time results in thinning of the hair or ultimate baldness.

It is important, therefore, to recognize dandruff as a potential devastator. There is no need for anxiety over a slight dry scaling from the scalp. But the persistent presence of a scaly condition is alarming.

To prevent this hair loss or stop its progress, the scalp must be kept perfectly clean. The hair must be brushed daily. Dr. Pusey says in cases of dandruff shampooing once a week is not too often, provided care is taken to dry the hair thoroughly.

As an antiseptic and a measure of cleanliness, the application of alcohol to the scalp is recommended as useful in combating dandruff. It dissolves some of the oil from hair and scalp. Dryness may be avoided by adding from one to five teaspoonfuls of castor oil to a pint of alcohol.

Sulphur applied in the form of an ointment or cream helps to get rid of dandruff. An effective preparation is made of sixty grains of sulphur to an ounce of vaseline, rubbed into the scalp every few days.

The advent of short hair is responsible for the neglect of a practice that does more to preserve and beautify hair than any other known—the regular, daily brush. There are women who go for months without ever touching a brush to hair and scalp. They lack the courage to disturb the marcel wave.

Nothing furnishes such valuable mechanical stimulation to the skin of the scalp as the daily practice of brushing the hair until the scalp tingles. It frees the scalp from dandruff and it distributes the fat of the glands through the hair, thus providing sheen and gloss. The hair should not be permitted to remain dry and lusterless from lack of oil. When the natural supply is lacking, it is necessary to treat the scalp with olive oil, sweet almond oil, or vaseline.

The alarm current about bobbed hair presaging an era of bald women is based on a lapse of common sense about hair preservation.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene upon which you need the advice of an expert? Perhaps your figure is too heavy or too thin. You may want to know how to get that enviable sheen on your hair; how to shampoo it properly, and how to clear your complexion of blemishes. You also may want to know how to have lovely teeth, and beautiful but useful hands.

Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your query or queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address your question to Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

The Story of the Bad Contest

FIRST GRADE

See the ed-it-or.
The ed-it-or is smiling.
What makes the edit-or smile?

He has just bought a car-toon.
He thinks it is a fun-ny car-toon.

No won-der the ed-it-or smil-ed when he bought his pret-ty car-toon. He smil-ed be-cause he only look-ed at one side of the pic-ture.

Does the pic-ture have two sides?

Yes, there is an-other side to the pic-ture. That is the dark side of the pic-ture. It is call-ed the Sub-scrip-tion.

If the fun-ny ed-it-or had look-ed at *that* side of the pic-ture he might have laugh-ed out of the oth-er side of his mouth.

Sup-pose we look at the other side of the pic-ture for the ed-it-or. May-be *we* will see some-thing to smile at.

Why who is this? He seems to be an old man. He walks with a cane. His long, white beard comes almost to his knees. He wab-bles when he walks.

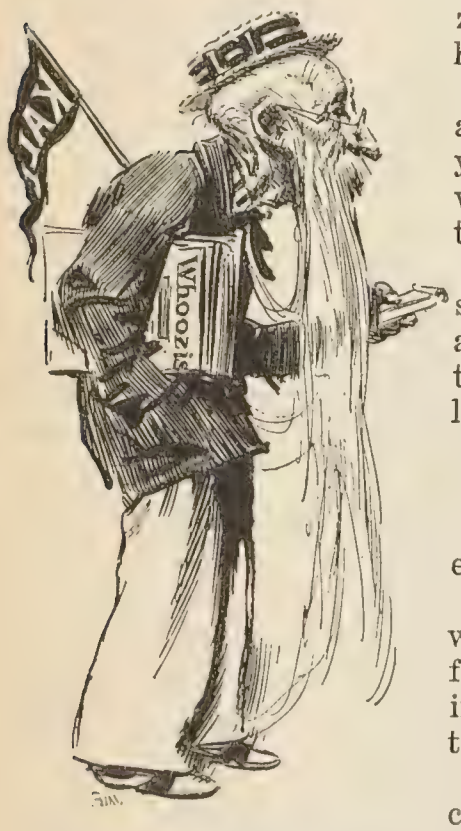
No, children, you are wrong, he is not San-ta Claus. Let us ask him who he is.

"Who are you, old man?"

"I am a young man working my way through college. Won't you buy a sub-scrip-tion for a ma-ga-zine from me to help me?"

How our heart aches for the young old man working his way through col-lege.

Let us buy ten sub-scrip-tions and help him through ten col-leges.



He is not San-ta Claus. Let us ask him who he is.

SECOND GRADE

Here is another editor.

He has just work-ed up a page for Col-lier's, pok-ing fun at con-tests.

He thought his contest page was the fun-niest thing in the un-i-ver-se.

He is wrong. For *he* is funnier. He does not think his readers will see through him. May-be he does not think at all!

Can his readers see through him?

They see through him like a lad-der.

They know that when LIBERTY ma-ga-zine first started, it began to pub-lish contests.

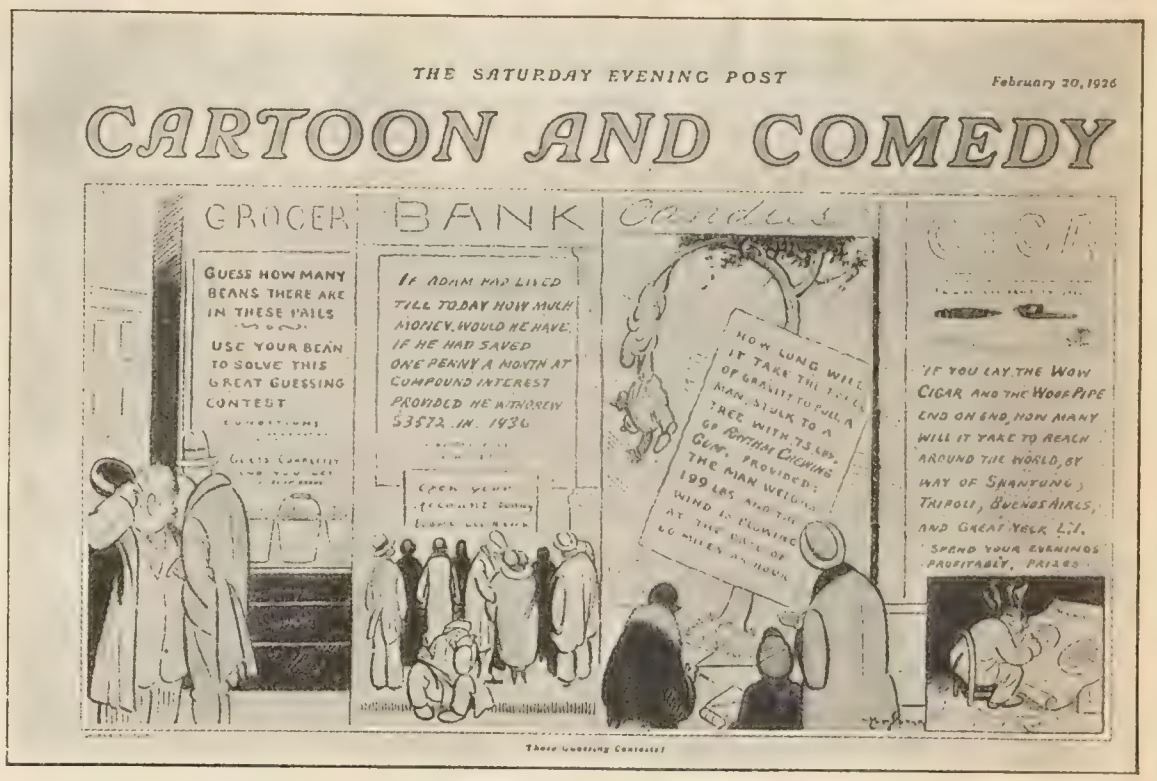
That was the time for Col-lier's editor to laugh. But the time did not last long.

For with-in six months LIBERTY had out-stripped Collier's.

Is not the Collier's man fun-ny?

He is a great kid-der. But he is only kid-ding himself.

What makes the ed-it-or smile?



THIRD GRADE

Miss Clara and Her Books.

Now, children, let us meet several kinds of people, and ask them how they feel about sub-scrip-tions.

This is Miss Clara, the school teacher. She has just bought something. She does not know what she has bought, but she thought it was a sub-scrip-tion to a ma-ga-zine.

She did not es-pecial-ly want the magazine. But the can-vass-er told her he would give her a van load of books worth $35 ab-so-lute-ly free, if she would sub-scribe to his magazine.

Now she won-ders why she thought she wanted the *Life of Peter the Great,* in twelve vol-umes down and ten years to pay.

May-be she did not want it, but the man was a good sales-man.

Kitty Brown and Her Little Brood.

See poor Kitty Brown. Poor little girl, she seems so sad. Let us dis-cover why she is down-cast.

"Kitty, why do you cry? A little girl like you ought to be playing with the other chil-dren and not sulking all day."

"Oh, dear sir, I am weep-ing because my husband is out of work and my eight children lie abed at home, sick of the pip.

"Bernadine, my oldest, is at the point of death. And Ik, my baby, has a fever of 107° in the shade.

"In the attempt to keep toge-ther my little flock I am taking subscriptions for the Whoozit Monthly and the Wheezer Weakly at $5 apiece."

Thankfully she receives our money and de-parts to her suffering family.

And Ik, my baby, has a fever of 107° in the shade.

Lawyer Magruder and Mrs. Clark

Lawyer Scrooge Magruder banged the gate as he came into Mrs. Clark's front yard.

"Good morning, sir," said Mrs. Clark.

"It's not morning, it's afternoon," said Lawyer Magruder, "and anyway it's not good."

"I have come for the 253rd installment you owe on the Homely Woman's Friend, together with the baby grand piano, the tabouret, the bearskin rug, the bridge lamp, the set of china, and the overstuffed chair you purchased from the Gouge Publishing Company."

"I didn't buy all those things," said Mrs. Clark, wringing her hands.. "All I bought was an eleven-year subscription to the Homely Woman's Friend, and the nice young gentle-man threw in all this rummage and a used deck of cards and part of a trading stamp book to boot."

Let us draw the curtain here, for the rest is too dread-ful. But the moral, children, is never buy magazines in such a way that you will wind up in the police court!

JUNIOR HIGH

Andrew Optic and His Uncle.

Last vacation Andrew Optic spent the summer on his Uncle Ebenezer's farm.

There he enjoyed feeding the animals and helping his uncle with the chores.

The illustration shows An-drew at one of his daily tasks. No, he is not carrying wood, for his uncle is a modern farmer and owns an oil stove.

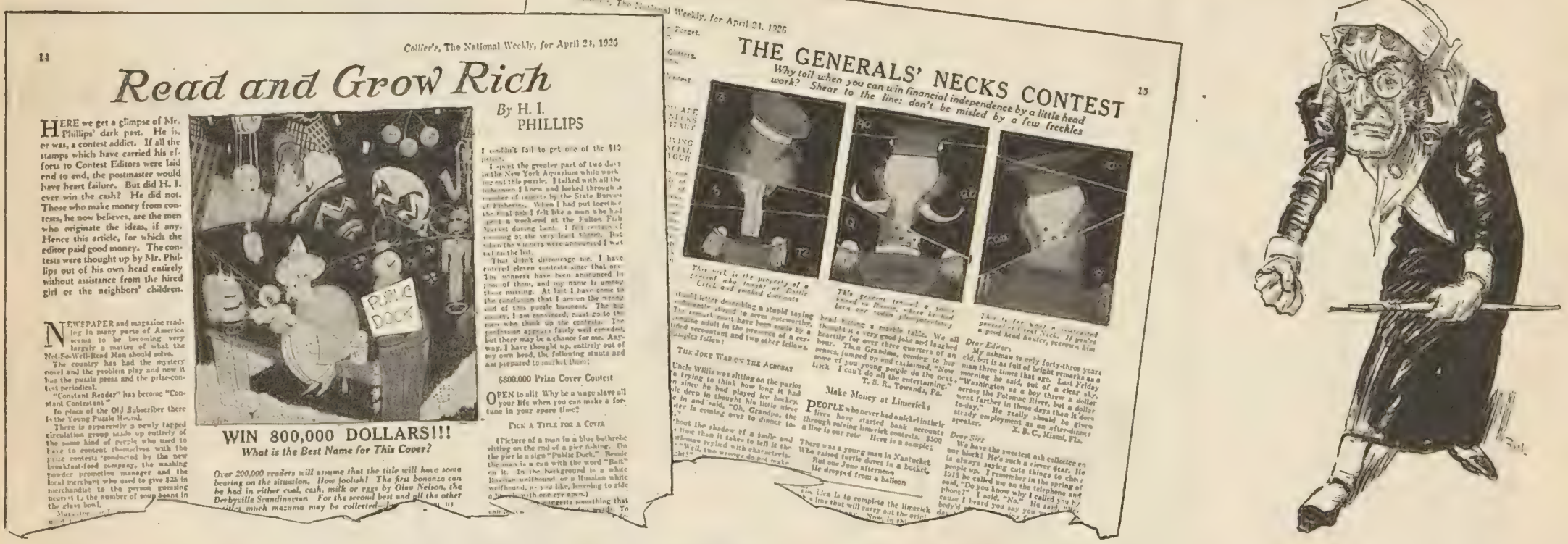
He is carrying in the daily mail from the R. F. D. box. It consists of one letter and an armful of wrapped-up magazines.

Uncle Ebenezer fell for a club offer last year and paid the equivalent of 800 bushels of corn for three hundred and twelve different maga-zines.

The price of the 312 at club rates was only equal to the regular price of 311 of them bought separately.

And after Uncle Ebenezer began checking up, when the R. F. D. man left the first truck

and the GOOD Subscription



He thought his contest page was the fun-niest thing in the un-i-verse.

load he was disappointed.

"I find I have *Beauty Hints* and the *Housewife's Guide* and the *Cop's Gazette*—but I really wanted the *Farmer's Friend.*"

One of his friends, looking at Uncle Ebenezer's barnyard, said, "Eb, I think there's a nigger in the woodpile."

"That ain't no woodpile," said Uncle Eb, "it's the club magazines I hope to get a chance to read some day.

"The Pustman dumped a whole supply on me one day when I was in the barn, milking. And the black shiny thing he dumped 'em on ain't no colored boy, either. It's my Ford seedan!"

College Entrance Examinations

Logic.

1. The experiences of Liberty, the Chicago Tribune, and The News, *New York's Picture Newspaper,* all show that over-the-counter newsdealer sales have built their publications to unheard-of success in their respective fields.

Contrast these successful properties and their business methods with (a) premium offers; (b) clubbing offers; (c) the general run of subscription methods.

Mathematics.

2. Liberty's circulation is in excess of 1,100,000, and 99% of it is sold through newsdealers, and concentrated in the 225 richest counties in the U. S. What would its circulation be had it used the obsolete methods described in 1, (a) (b) and (c)?

Uncle Ebenezer fell for a club offer last year.

English.

3. The authors who write for Liberty meet *each week* the test of the newsstand. If the public does not like *this* week's issue, it will not buy *next* week's. What sort of editing and what sort of writing ability is required to meet this condition?

Post Graduate Course for Business Men

University of Hard Knocks.

This exhibit, gentlemen, is a page advertisement inserted in metropolitan newspapers by the publisher of McCall's Magazine—and it illustrates an important sales point.

To drive home to advertisers the worth, responsiveness and vitality of his magazine as an advertising medium, he used 168 column inches.

His message is devoted to telling about the over-the-counter sales of 1,100,000 copies of his magazine out of a total of 2,100,000 circulation.

He devotes over 166 column inches to the worth of his over-the-counter circulation—to his subscription circulation he devotes exactly *two lines of type!*

What is subscription circulation worth to any advertiser?

Subscription circulation *must* go wherever subscribers live—out into the thinly populated areas where distribution of manufactured goods is most costly.

He devotes 166 column inches to the worth of his over-the-counter sales and just two lines to subscriptions. Try to find the two lines!

Over-the-counter circulation can be *directed, controlled* and *concentrated.* Liberty's circulation is 99% through newsdealers. And 78% of it is concentrated in just 7% of the counties of the U. S.—the counties that make 74% of the income tax returns.

Subscription circulation—what with free deals, sob stories, cut prices, premiums, misrepresentation and all the other crutches commonly used to keep it going—who can evaluate it truly?

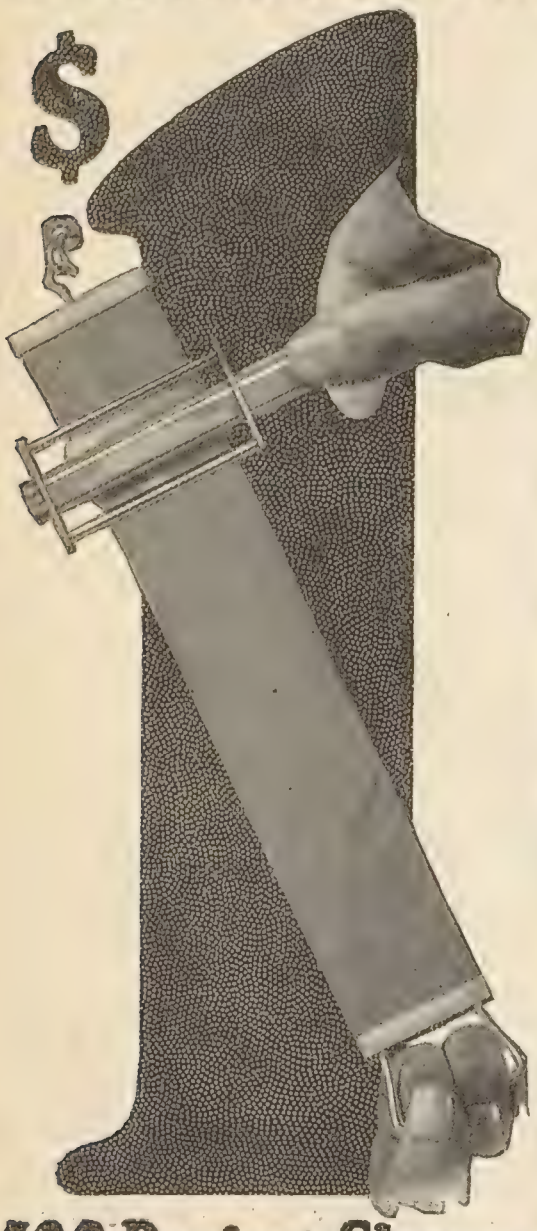
(Compare the yearly price of most of the magazines with that of Liberty. Liberty's 1% of subscription circulation costs each subscriber $2.50 per year. The Saturday Evening Post and Collier's each charge $2.00 per year.)

And newsdealer circulation carries no flywheel of paid-in-advance to carry it along over weak spots.

Put out a succession of weak issues, and you have a flop on your hands. Put out a series of strong issues and you have a magazine like Liberty.

The *only* guaranty of continuing prosperity with Liberty is a sustained reader interest and a strong, imperative reader demand which Liberty has to work night and day to supply.

Ingersoll
DOLLAR
STROPPING OUTFIT



300 Perfect Shaves From One Blade

REMARKABLE invention by Robert H. Ingersoll, originator of the dollar watch, ends all your shaving troubles. Cuts out all blade expense. Gives at least 300 perfect shaves from one blade. Saves $5 to $10 every year in blade money.

The Ingersoll Dollar Stropper is constructed on an entirely new principle. Automatically brings the edge of the blade in contact with the leather strop, at the proper angle, thus insuring a keen cutting edge. Can be used by any one.

Ten Days' Trial

The Ingersoll Dollar Stropper is more than an accessory to your shaving kit—it is a life investment in a new kind of shaving comfort. It costs no more than a few blades and will save you all future blade-money and all the dull-blade torment. If you have not had the stropper demonstrated to you send us $1.00 and we will send you the complete Outfit, including patent Stropper (blade holder) and fine leather Strop. Use it 10 days and if you do not get the most comfortable, quickest and cleanest shaves you ever had, return it and we will return your $1 at once.

Dealers
This clever invention is meeting with nation - wide approval—in fact, it is sweeping the country. Dealers are cashing in heavily. Quick sales, quick profits. Every man a prospect. If interested in dealers' plan, check square in coupon.

Robt. H. Ingersoll, Pres. New Era Mfg. Co.
Dept. A-536, 476 Broadway, New York City

I enclose $1 for which please send me the Ingersoll Dollar Stropper Outfit complete, including the Ingersoll Specially Prepared Leather Strop. It is understood that I can return the Stropper in 10 days if not satisfied, and that you will return my dollar. (Canadian price, $1.50.)

Name.. .....

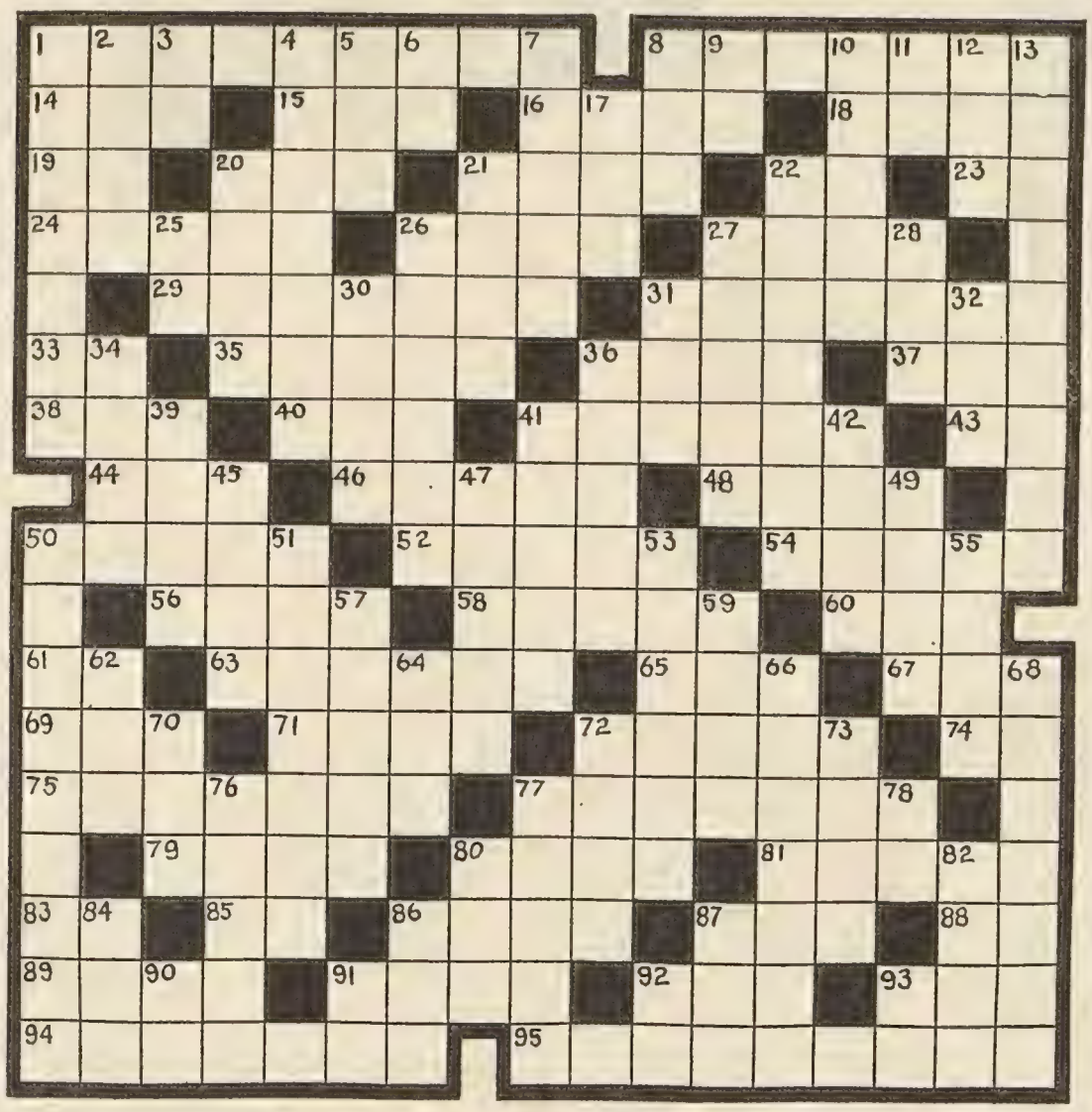
Address.. .....

Make of Razor Used.....

☐ I am interested in Dealers' Plan.

Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 73

QUEER, this cross-word puzzle thing. It isn't like hay fever, or golf, or chilblains. Doesn't seem to require special susceptibility. Everybody gets it; some mildly, some malignantly, but all hopelessly. It resists cure because the patient simply can't leave it alone. At one time when men wanted a mental and physical rest they put their feet up on the desk and told stories. Now they do cross-word puzzles. It does the trick better. It makes girls forget their shiny noses and their powder rags.

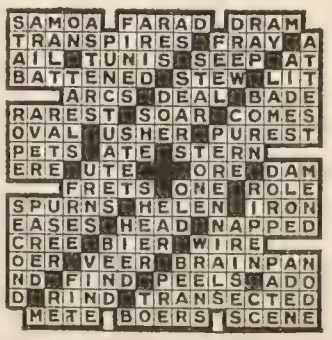


HORIZONTAL

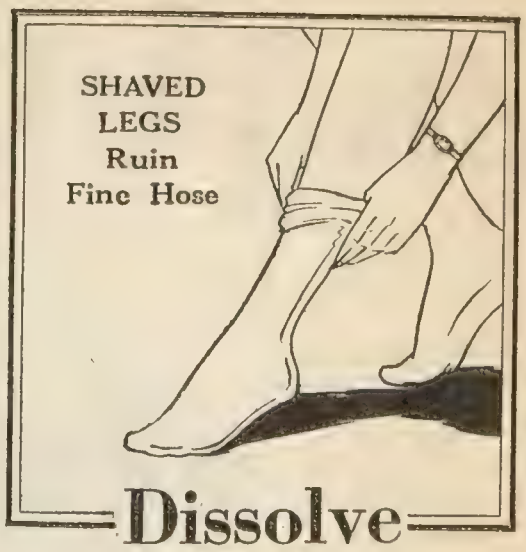
1 Any thin, soft, pliable layer of animal tissue (plural)
8 Wardens who patrol tracts of forest
14 A climbing evergreen shrub
15 A lizardlike animal
16 An English college town
18 To leave undone
19 A compass point
20 An explosive
21 Placed
22 A metric measure of area
23 A letter of the Greek alphabet
24 Brought to a conclusion
26 A fish
27 A wheelless vehicle
29 Burdensome
31 A European rustic
33 Exist
35 Fearful apprehension of danger
36 Native of a Balkan country
37 An insect
38 Allow
40 Perched
41 Airplane housing
43 Either
44 An inebriate
46 A first appearance before the public
48 To throw off or give out
50 A demonstrative pronoun (plural)
52 A woman of station or authority (plural)
54 Evade
56 A form of pastry
58 Shipping containers
60 Perception of sound
61 Exclamation of inquiry or surprise
63 Excuse
65 One circuit of a running track
67 Domestic animal
69 Without
71 A clique
72 Initiated
74 A letter of the Greek alphabet
75 Returned an impulse or impression
77 Leaves empty
79 Mounds
80 Greatest quantity
81 Rends
83 Therefore
85 The Christian era (initials)
86 Companion
87 A color
88 That is
89 Flaps or appendages
91 Diminish
92 By; in place of
93 Likely
94 Saturated
95 Exercises control over

VERTICAL

1 An inorganic substance
2 Level
3 A pronoun
4 Extracts or clarifies by melting, as lard
5 The stern portion of a vessel
6 A division of the Scriptures (initials)
7 Burns
8 A measure of length
9 One indefinitely of a number
10 Stabs
11 A measure of type
12 Margin
13 Stammered
17 To tilt
20 To incline in a particular direction
21 To praise
22 The Cotton State
25 A syllable applied to a note of the scale
26 Covered with a layer of any substance
27 A twilled woolen fabric
28 A slight thrust
30 Peruse
31 A place of confinement
32 New (prefix)
34 One of the openings in a net
36 Satisfies to repletion
39 One of a series of short rapid blasts
41 Relating to man
42 To split
45 A monarch
47 Salted and smoked pork
49 A frog
50 Those who form opinions solely by theory
51 Constructed
53 Exclusive
55 A metal
57 Narratives
59 An ancient Scandinavian legend
62 Color
64 Downcast
66 A model
68 Triangular pieces inserted in a garment
70 To make knotted lace
72 The bottom of an object considered as its support
73 Requirement
76 To come to an end
77 Exercised a preference
78 A part of the New World (initials)
80 A piece used in the game of chess
82 Mature
84 A cereal grain
86 Rabid
87 A Portuguese coin
90 To partake of reality
91 A pronoun
92 The afternoon
93 In



Answer to Puzzle No. 72



Dissolve Hair

then skin stays smooth
Test Is Free—Mail Coupon

There is a quick inexpensive way to dissolve unsightly hair. Millions use it. Both here and in Europe. Entirely unlike shaving, it leaves arms, underarms and legs, soft, clear, and velvety smooth. Ends the hair at the roots. Amazingly thorough. It is a dainty cream called Neet. At all drug stores 50c per tube. But make a test free.

Shaving makes your skin feel like a man's face. Underarm surfaces rub. Sharp cut hairs prick and annoy. Shaved legs ruin sheer hose. But for beauty's sake alone, science says dissolve unsightly hair. And to do it with this dainty cream. A test will delight you. It is free. Send coupon.

Perfect loveliness depends no less on freedom from perspiration odor than on pleasing freedom from unsightly hair. So we send you also a trial tube of the dainty cream. Immac. It banishes perspiration odor as this test shows.

Trial Tube FREE **Neet**

Hannibal Pharmacal Company,
4316 Duncan Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
Mail me trial tube of Neet, the hair removing cream.

_____

_____

Ten Dollars a Day
Commissions Paid Daily

Part time representatives can easily increase their income $30.00 weekly in spare time. Full time people can earn

$250.00 Monthly $500.00

Johnson Earned $90 in a Day

Selling America's most fairly priced and widely known line of "Made-to-Order" Personal and Business Christmas Greeting Cards, in universal demand among Banks, Business, Society and Professional people. For full details and exclusive territory

ADDRESS DEPT. B
The Process Engraving Co., Inc.,
Troy at 21st St., Chicago

The Truth About George
—another great
WODEHOUSE STORY
In Next Week's LIBERTY

EARAKINE

STOPS EARACHE
Relieves pain. Softens the wax. A reliable, harmless product. All druggists, or by mail 50 cents.
C.S. Dent & Company, Detroit

Don't Suffer
With Itching Rashes
Use Cuticura

Soap, Ointment, Talcum sold everywhere. Samples free of Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. B, Malden, Mass.

PRESSURE

THE STORY OF THE SOUL OF JAPAN

An Article by

Roderick O. Matheson

Picture by C. B. Falls

MALTHUS or Mars? Birth control or war? Which will Japan invoke to settle her population problem?

The choice of the Japanese people, in the conviction of many of her leading thinkers, lies between the two.

They have outgrown their borders, and can neither raise enough food on their own land to feed themselves nor produce the materials to clothe themselves.

In a land that is four-fifths mountainous or otherwise unfitted for farming, with a total area only slightly larger than the State of Montana, sixty million people are crowded, while every hour there are being added, through excess of births over deaths, eighty-five new mouths to feed.

More babies are being born within the narrow limits of Japan every year than are being born in the entire continental United States. Except by immigration, the population of Japan is increasing annually faster than the American population.

The latest available statistics show that in the United States between 1910 and 1920 the births over deaths averaged 739,000 a year. In Japan, between 1920 and 1925, the births were 754,000 each year in excess of the deaths. In America in 1920, 1,508,874 babies were born. In Japan in 1924, 1,998,520 babies arrived.

As far as arable land area is concerned, Japan is one-fortieth the size of the United States. Like every other nation, Japan necessarily must live upon the products of her soil or become industrially developed, like England, to be able to live as an international middleman. Such, however, is not within the limit of probability for Japan.

With a great lack of all raw materials and coal, Japan has lagged, after her first great

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-SEVEN]

spurt into the modern world, until today the problem of feeding her people is upon her, permitting no time for industrialization. Her capital is limited; her people are untrained; and a hungry stomach cannot wait for schooling.

Japan has made the great mistake of laying aside those things she could do well. She is attempting to manufacture things in which she cannot compete with others either in price or in quality. The war brought that about. In those days other nations were too busy fighting to manufacture, and they bought eagerly the shoddy output of Japan, boosting wages there which will not now go down, and encouraging the extension of plants which today lie idle through lack of orders.

Her trade surplus, piled up during the war, has been exhausted by the adverse balances of the last four years, while the great earthquake of 1923 destroyed ten billion yen of her wealth.

She is being forced into the world's money market as a borrower, and her statisticians are adding the loans raised abroad to her "invisible trade balance" in order to fool themselves with a better showing.

Japanese officials point with pride to the total of the foreign trade of 1925 as a record—which it was in yen: but nothing whatever is being said of the fact that the yen was at a discount in exchange of from 30 to 20 per cent. With the unit depreciated, the total number of units must necessarily increase in equal proportion in equal transactions. When the exchange depreciation is taken into account, last year's record total shrinks appreciably.

Japan's imports last year were valued at 2,489,239,000 yen, of which 872,000,000 was for raw cotton and 113,000,000 for raw wool. Japan exports much of cotton textiles, but must also import cotton for her own clothing, while all of her wool imports are for home consumption.

She also imported 120,000,000 yen worth of rice, the Japanese staff of life, despite the fact that last year's home rice crop was a record. Estimating that it requires five bushels of rice a year to feed one person in Japan, last year's imports show that 3,000,000 persons had to depend upon imported food in a year of record crop. And every year three-quarters of a million new mouths arrive in Japan.

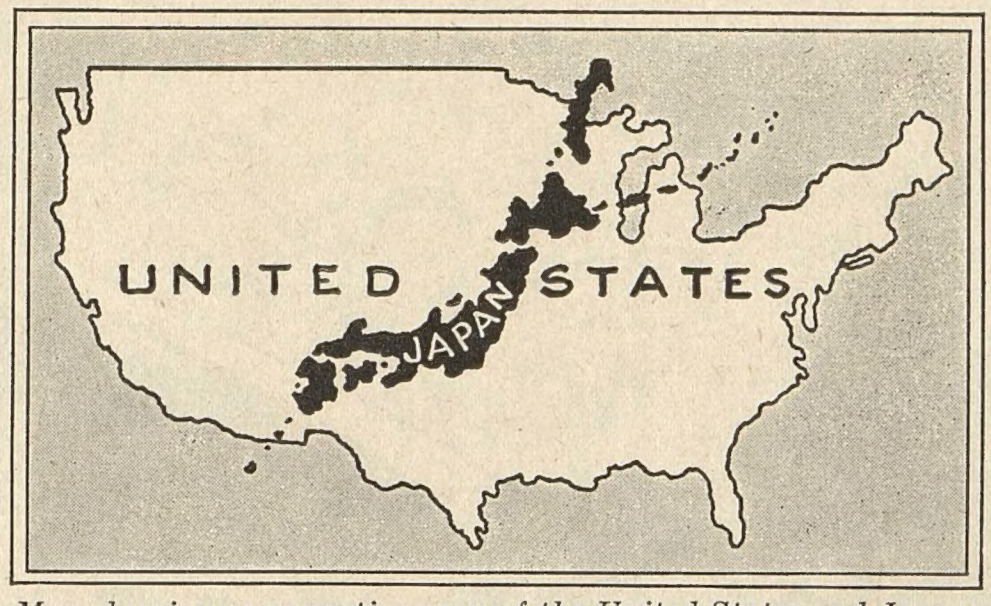
IF Americans would keep on buying silk at the rate they did last year, and pay as high prices for it, and if the Chinese and Indians would keep on purchasing Japanese manufactured cottons at a profit, Japan could face the next few years without worry. She would have money to buy food and clothes. The Japanese sold about a billion yen worth of raw, manufactured, and waste silk to America last year, representing five-elevenths of her entire exports.

Warnings are reaching Japan, however, that in the coming months Dame Fashion will bestow some of her smiles on American cotton-growers. LIBERTY'S fashion editor so intimates, and "Notes from Paris" hint that silk has held first place too long. Any great swing away from silk, or any return of hard times to the United States, forcing the use of cheaper clothing, would be a body blow to Japan, wiping out 40 per cent of her export trade. Again, rayon, the new artificial silk, is becoming more and more a competitor of the Japanese silkworm.

There are many warnings, also, in China and India that Japan's present hold upon the market for the cheaper grades of cotton is insecure. Bombay, egged on by Lancashire, is agitating for a protective tariff. From Canton to Mukden the anti-Japanese feeling in China is being augmented in exact proportion as Russian influence is growing. China has learned the effectiveness of a trade boycott.

WITHOUT the rest of Asia open as a market for her cotton textiles, Japan's second main export would go by the boards.

Throughout the country unemployment is increasing. A recent industrial census showed 40,000 persons out of work in Tokyo, despite the fact that the municipality is employing some 50,000 laborers on reconstruction jobs that were begun purely and solely as relief works.



Map showing comparative area of the United States and Japan.

Even were her population standing still, Japan would be in no enviable position; but her people are increasing at a rapid rate. To give a comparison between her position and that of America, let us suppose that all the people of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and West Virginia—were poured into the State of Montana. To these add all the people of Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin, and Kentucky, plus the people living now in Montana, and the congestion there would be what it is in Japan today.

Every year afterward add a new population equal to that of Maine, at which rate Japan's population is increasing. Everyone would have to agree that Montana would be a crowded section.

Or take all the people of the State of California, in all its thousand miles of length from Oregon to Mexico, and herd them into a strip across their State only fifty-five miles wide, and that would give a density of population equal to Japan's today.

Japan cannot support her growing population for many more years. She must either educate her people to exercise birth control, or the Japanese must emigrate at the rate of a million annually, for her surplus will soon reach that figure.

Against birth control is now arrayed all the conservatism of the East—all that has ever been taught Japanese wives as the prime duty of bearing sons; all the weight of Shintoism, which has preached the doctrine of the necessity of carrying on the family; and all the weight of Buddhism, which preaches "Thou must not kill" even the insect on the highway. Today the police forbid the advocacy of birth control in public; not one prominent leader dare advocate it; as yet not 1 per cent of the population know just what is meant by the phrase.

Without birth control, however, where are the Japanese of the future to live? They cannot stay at home and starve. No people as brave as the Japanese will die or suffer without a struggle.

At least a million a year will have to be placed somewhere for the next twenty years. These cannot go into the waste places of Canada or Australia without a war in which Japan would have to face the united British Empire.

Decidedly they cannot come into the United States, even if the existing exclusion law be modified. The agitation that has resulted from the entry of some 200,000 in the last twenty years in Hawaii and the American mainland would be as nothing compared with the coming of twice, thrice, or five times that number in one year, with an equal number the next and the next.

The United States would unquestionably resent and prevent any great influx, by the hundreds of thousands a year, into Mexico—even if Mexico did not—while no South American republic is going to permit itself to become Japanized by an immigration that would outnumber the original inhabitants in a very few years.

Lying close to Japan are two great stretches of territory which are as yet largely unoccupied. One is Manchuria; the other Siberia. Japan has a sphere of influence in South Manchuria, where she controls virtually all the railways, and within which she has acquired, through treaty, the right for her subjects to lease land for agricultural purposes. So far, her farmers have failed to take advantage of this right—which is even now being disputed by the Chinese, only a few Koreans being able to compete with the Chinese as agriculturists. When the pinch comes, however, the Japanese will go to Manchuria, if they are permitted.

Already the validity of the Japanese-acquired rights in Manchuria are being disputed by the Chinese at both Peking and Mukden. There have been formal demands—brushed aside, so far, by Japan—for the return of the Kwantung Leased Territory, which contains the great port of Dairen and the fortification of Port Arthur, and for the turning over to China of the South Manchurian Railway, which, with its allied industries, represents the fruits of the Russo-Japanese War plus an investment of two billion yen.

TO colonize Manchuria, Japan must govern it, for the sake of stability, security, and prosperity. Such extension of government would array China against Japan; and while China probably would be unable to do anything by herself, she might easily find allies.

Russia, which Japan drove out of South Manchuria, is intrenching herself in North Manchuria, and an extension of Japanese influence might easily arouse the Bear. Certainly any attempt to colonize Siberia would precipitate a clash in which the whole world might become involved.

But, unless the Japanese have only one baby in the future where they now have two, where will the other one go without having to fight for his place in the sun?

The problem of the surplus population of Japan is the problem before the world, demanding solution.

THE END

You can easily rid every room of flies and mosquitoes!

A filthy nuisance, a menace to health—how everyone hates and detests flies, mosquitoes, and other annoying household insects! *Now*—you can quickly rid your home, from cellar to attic, of these tormenting, disease-bearing pests.

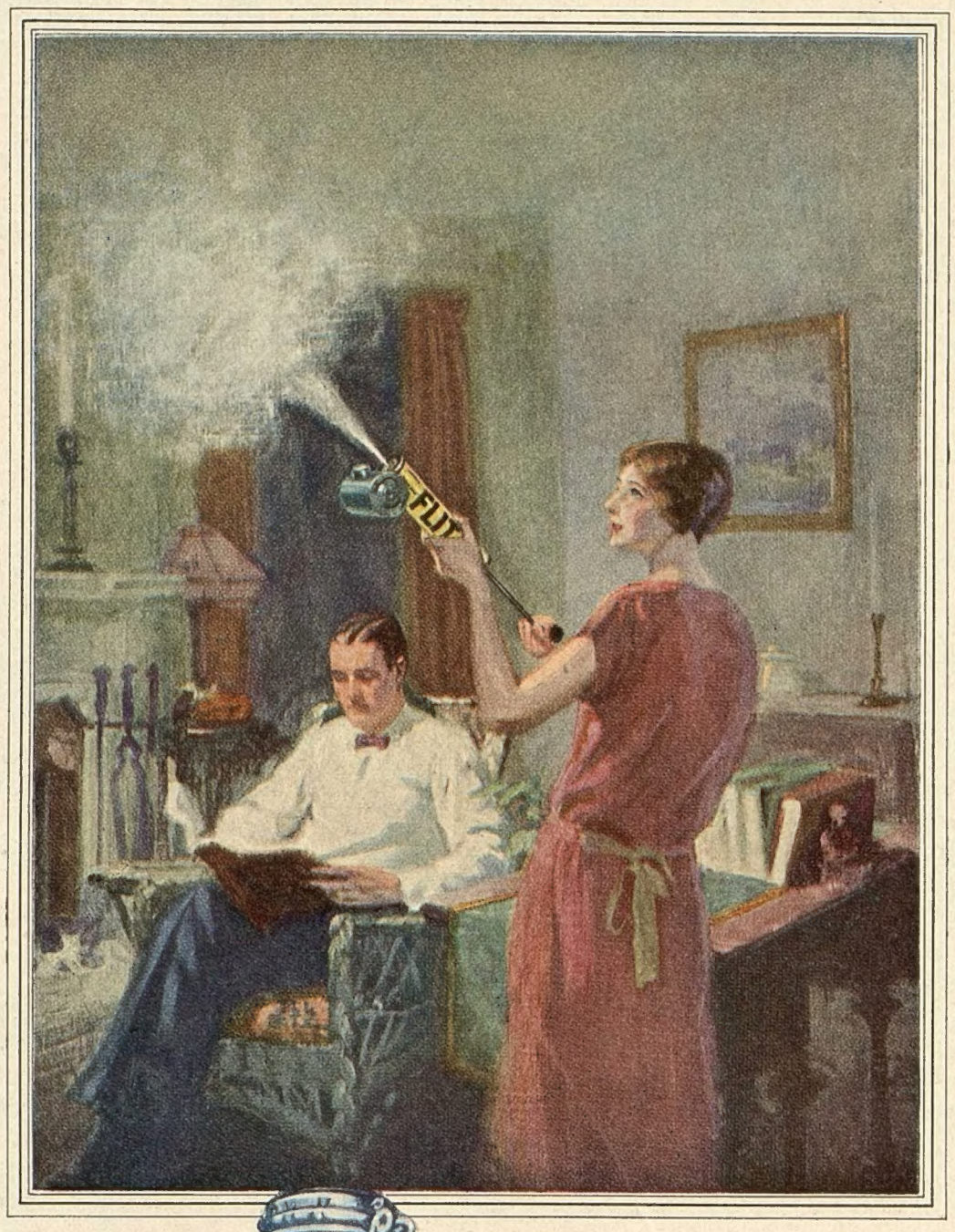
Spray Flit! Flit brings new cleanliness by day—new comfort by night.

Insects a menace to health

Beware of the fly, says the Director of the Maryland State Health Department. "The fly breeds in filth and feeds on filth. It flies from filth to food. It spreads tuberculosis, typhoid, dysentery, and other diseases. It is no respecter of persons. It carries infection to both children and grown-ups. Destroy each fly that comes your way."

Spray Flit

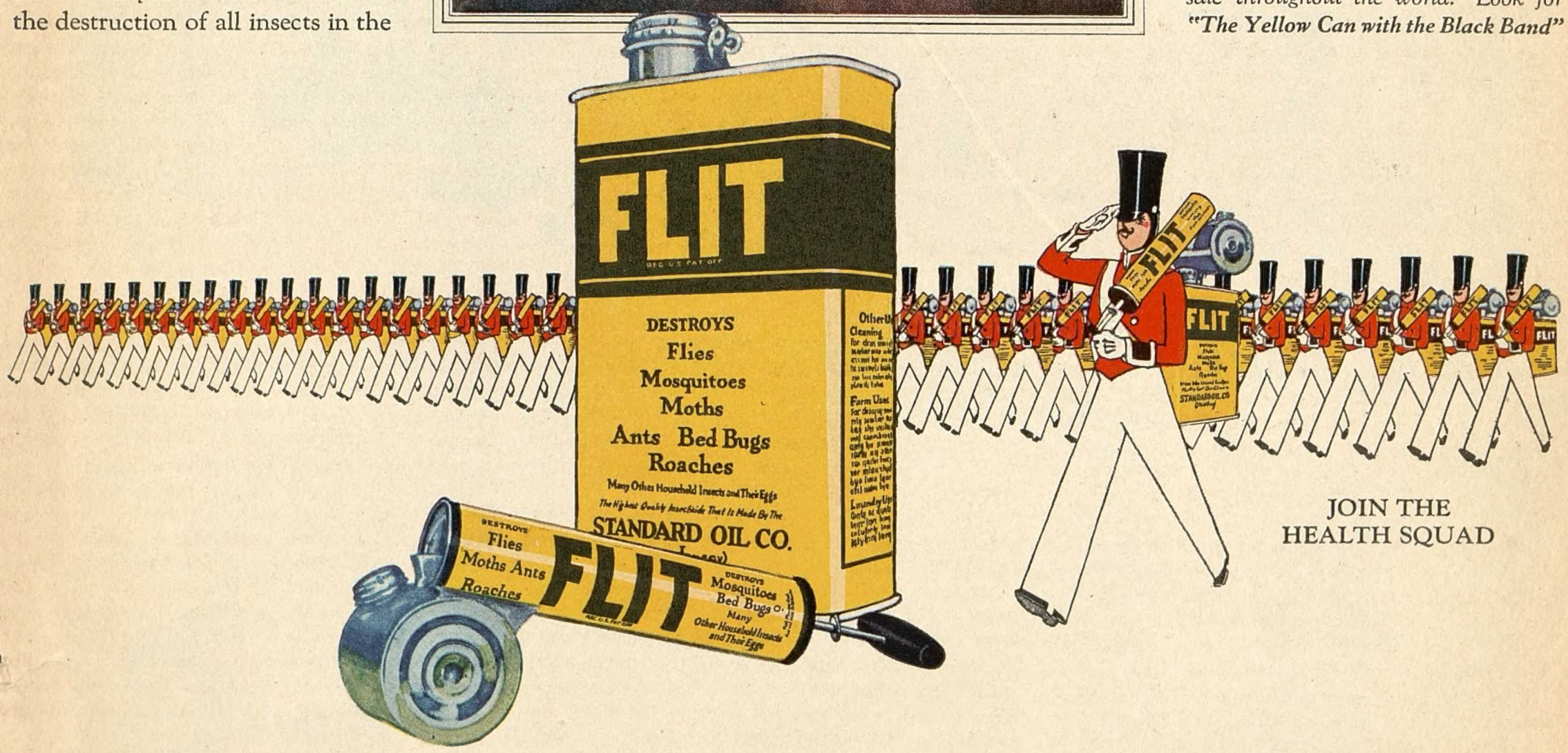
Flit is a simple and sure means for the destruction of all insects in the home. It protects the health of your family. It is the result of exhaustive research by expert entomologists and chemists. More than 70 formulas were tested on the various household insects before Flit was finally perfected. Flit is the highest quality household insecticide that is made by the Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey).



Clean, safe and easy to use

Flit clears the house in a few minutes of disease-bearing flies, mosquitoes, bed bugs, roaches, and ants. It searches out the cracks and crevices where insects hide and breed, destroying their eggs and larvae. Flit kills moths and their tiny worms which eat holes. Extensive tests showed that Flit spray did not stain the most delicate fabrics.

Get a Flit can and sprayer today. For sale throughout the world. Look for ***"The Yellow Can with the Black Band"***



Made by the STANDARD OIL CO. *(New Jersey)*

© S.O.Co. (N.J.) 1926

The Receiving Set illustrated is the Atwater Kent Model 30.
The Radio Speaker is Model H.

Simple, swift, sure—with ONE DIAL

SCEPTICS said a reliable, honest-to-goodness ONE DIAL receiving set could not be made. *But here it is.*

You can hardly believe radio operation could be made so simple, so swift, so *sure*, until you try this Atwater Kent ONE DIAL receiving set.

When you try it—at any Atwater Kent dealer's—you will find that

—you hear every station within range, without hunting

—you get the station you want as fast as you can turn the fingers of one hand

—the ease, speed and certainty of one dial operation offer Radio's greatest thrill.

You will also find that Atwater Kent engineering has again improved tone, range, and ability to shut out undesired stations.

And that the beautiful compact cabinet is just the size to fit into any home without raising a problem.

In short, you will find that this ONE DIAL receiver, matched with an Atwater Kent Radio Speaker, is what you wanted Radio to be.

Write for illustrated booklet of Atwater Kent Radio

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
A. Atwater Kent, President
4749 WISSAHICKON AVENUE PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING

The Atwater Kent Radio Artists bring you their summer program at 9:15 Eastern Daylight Time, 8:15 Central Time, through:

WEAF . *New York*
WEEI . . . . *Boston*
WSAI . . *Cincinnati*
WCAP . *Washington*
WCCO. *Minneapolis* / *St. Paul*
WGN . . . *Chicago*
WGR . . . *Buffalo*
WWJ . . . *Detroit*

Model 30 with battery cable, Radio Speaker Model H